

SELECTIONS
FROM CARLYLE'S
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

SAMUEL B. HEMINGWAY, PH.D.

AND

CHARLES SEYMOUR, PH.D.

WITH PREFACE AND NOTES

BY

MISS B. J. H. ROWE, M.A., B.LITT. (OXON.)

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, MADRAS



GEOFFREY CUMBERLEGE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Oxford University Press, Amen House, London E. C. 4
GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE WELLINGTON
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS CAPE TOWN
Geoffrey Cumberlege, Publisher to the University

First published 1948

PRINTED AT THE MADRAS PUBLISHING HOUSE (1945) LTD., MADRAS
BY GEOFFREY CUMBERLEGE, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
MADRAS

PREFACE

The French Revolution ushers in modern Europe with a clap of thunder whose echoes still reverberate among the hills of time. It is, in fact, the focal point of modern history, and must be recognized as such by any who seek to understand the world in which we live.

The social and political system of pre-revolutionary France, and indeed, broadly speaking, of continental Europe, the system which the Revolution destroyed, (the *Ancien Regime* as it is called), was built upon the doctrine of privilege: social and political privilege by right of birth for rulers and the nobility; privilege of position for the clergy; privilege of hereditary office for many of the bureaucracy; privilege of association for the trading classes safely entrenched against competition in guilds and corporations. The relics of a feudal system which had outlived its usefulness still clogged society; in many countries, though less so in France, serfdom tied the peasant to the soil, and left him very much at the mercy of his feudal lord. Class was divided from class by impassible chasms.¹ Centuries earlier the rights enjoyed by the nobility had been the reward for services rendered to the community as the protectors and guardians of society; but that day had long passed. The country was organized now under a powerful monarchy and had no

¹ It must be recognized that these generalizations, like most generalizations, are only broadly speaking true, and if pressed too far become misleading. In France particularly the rigid pattern of society was already breaking up before the Revolution: classes and interests overlapped at many points; quite a number of the peasants already owned their farms; many of the nobility were conscientious landlords, imbued with the spirit of reform. It was just because the 18th century was an age of improvement in France, and changes were already taking place, that it was France which generated the revolutionary power that ultimately overthrew the old order.

need for such services from local lords. Louis XIV, (1643-1715), had gathered into his hands the powers carefully garnered by his predecessors, and remembering the many times when an arrogant nobility had conspired against the throne, had reduced the nobles to the level of mere courtiers, bright planets revolving round the king, their sun.¹ Louis XIV could declare with much truth 'I am the State': he not only reigned but governed, for by his time all power in the state was in the hands of the king, and, with all his faults, Louis knew how to be a king. But when the Revolution broke over France more than seventy years had passed since the days of the 'sun-king', and during the long and sordid reign of Louis XV, and the bewildered manœuvres which marked the early years of Louis XVI, the inept, it had become apparent that though the form of monarchy still stood the spirit had departed. The Church too was suffering the assaults of scepticism, and to many generous and critical spirits appeared to be both intellectually and spiritually exhausted, whilst the luxury of the upper clergy, largely little more than a specialized branch of the nobility, invited attack.

The nobility, the clergy, the monarchy: where could France look for leadership in an age of change? New forces must arise. For change was in the air in 18th century Europe: it was the age of the philosophers, and their pupils the Benevolent Despots.² Louis XVI to do him justice, had a genuine desire to carry out the reforms which France needed; he had all the aspirations, all the benevolence, of a benevolent despot, but none of the self-confidence by which alone a king could transform society. More fatal to the cause of monarchy than many a tyrant,

¹ Cf. p. 10, footnote 3.

² Cf. p. 10, footnote 2 and p. 31, footnote 1. The 'Benevolent Despots' such as Frederick II of Prussia, Joseph II of Austria, and Catherine II of Russia were much influenced by the French philosophers.

he roused hopes and left them unsatisfied.¹ Talk without action, privilege without responsibility, authority without control; an age, so it seemed to Carlyle, of Shams and Names and Quacks, of Scepticism and Doubt and Paralysis; and though those who study the period more closely do not accept his sweeping condemnations, there is some truth in the picture that he gives.² It was this society, in which the ruling caste lived on the overdraft of bankrupt privilege, that was swept away in the torrent of the French Revolution; this age which was purged by the waters of death.

Democracy had already sounded a reveillé in the New World beyond the Atlantic: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.' (American Declaration of Independence, 1776). The French Revolution was her trumpet call to Europe: 'Men are born free and with equal rights: free and equal they remain.' (French Declaration of the Rights of Man, 1789).³

'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! Oh! times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!'

.....
.....

¹ It was de Tocqueville, in his classic study of the Ancien Régime, (published 1856), who pointed out that 'the moment when a bad government tries to reform itself is always the most dangerous'.

² For a criticism of the older over-simplified view of pre-revolutionary France, and especially of Carlyle's 'fantastic parody' of society in the 18th century, see A. Cobban, *The Causes of the French Revolution*, (Historical Association Pamphlet, 1946).

³ The doctrine of equality is basic to democracy; but the doctrine of certain 'inalienable natural rights' is open to criticism; see any good textbook of political science.

' . . . Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
France standing at the top of golden hours,
And human nature seeming born again.'

*Wordsworth*¹

But Carlyle was no democrat. He disbelieved profoundly in theories of government, and parliamentary 'talking-shops'; the levelling doctrines of the revolutionaries were abhorrent to him; it is all the more interesting that he should have chosen the Revolution as his theme. He wrote not to commend democracy but to preach the gospel of Action. No democrat, he was however deeply humanitarian. The function of government, he held, was to care for the people. Only a government which stood this test could survive. Before all else a moralist, all he wrote was didactic. His French Revolution is written to teach lessons to his own generation: the lesson that rulers who do not rule but who use power instead for personal pleasure 'must end by being burnt up'; that the overthrow of a sham government does not of itself bring liberty, for the collapse of government spells anarchy and anarchy ends in despotism; that nothing can be built without faith²; these lessons that we can recognize as containing much truth, and one cherished doctrine of his own to whose dangers he was blind: that 'might is right', that those who succeed in impressing their own design on events are the instruments of Eternal Justice, that in them Truth is seen as Fact, as Event, for they fulfil in themselves an eternal law which we can only summarize as 'the survival of the fittest'. This doctrine has only to be examined for its dangers to be perceived; success is not the criterion

¹ *The French Revolution as it appeared to Enthusiasts at its Commencement*, ll. 4-8, included in *The Prelude* XI, ll. 108-12 and *The Prelude* VI, ll. 339-41.

² Note his comment on the opening of the Estates General; the would-be rulers and healers of the nation are 'without life-rule for themselves'; (p. 40) What hope is there, he seems to say, for the nation they would lead; the coming tragedy is fore-shadowed.

of truth or righteousness: it is a half truth which becomes false if taken as an absolute. In his treatment of the French Revolution Carlyle falls a victim to his own false absolute, for he makes a false god of Action and in so doing falsifies the event.

Modern scholars warn us that we must read Carlyle's History as the work of a poet, a dramatist, a prophet, but not a historian. Not only are there minor errors of fact, these do not matter, but, and here is the historians charge against Carlyle, and a weighty charge, his judgement is the child of his emotions and his doctrines. A modern authority on the Revolution, Alfred Cobban¹ calls Carlyle's picture of pre-revolutionary France 'a phantasmagoria' fit only for the Arabian Nights, a 'fantastic parody of French eighteenth-century society with the oracular judgements of a minor prophet as a running commentary'.² When he comes to the Terror we notice that he condemns Robespierre, the cold and calculating 'sea-green incorruptible', but he cannot condemn the warm-hearted Titan Danton, author though he was of the infamy of the September Massacres. We need Acton's sober warning, 'We are in the company of men fit for Tyburn'.³ Some may urge this plea: Robespierre made terror an instrument for his own preservation; Danton used crime for what he conceived to be the needs of his country. Again we need Acton's warning, 'Do not open your minds to the filtering of the fallacious doctrine that it is less infamous to murder men for their politics than for their religion or their money'.

Cobban calls Carlyle's History a 'Hollywood Scenario', and suggests that 'Carlyle on the French Revolution is best left alone'.⁴ For those who set out to write

¹ See above p. v (2).

² Cobban, *op. cit.*, p. 7; also *Selections* pp. 1-14.

³ See p. 132 note on line 7.

⁴ Cobban, *op. cit.*, pp. 8, 27. Students studying the book as a prescribed text may be tempted to agree. Carlyle's style is admittedly difficult, having something of the nature of elemental chaos;

the history of the Revolution this may well be true. But some readers will feel that to 'leave Carlyle on the French Revolution alone' is to miss a great historical experience. He is prophet, poet, dramatist, but he is also historian, for history is an exercise of the imagination and the emotions as well as of the intellect; and though Carlyle misses much and unconsciously misrepresents a good deal yet he gives his readers the experience of revolution.¹ Yet here also a warning is necessary. The French Revolution is often mistakenly identified with the Reign of Terror, and for this mistake Carlyle's dramatic treatment of the subject is partly responsible, for the popular view of the Revolution among English readers is largely derived from Carlyle, perhaps most often via Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*. Fouquier-Tinville and his terrible Tribunal; the daily procession of the tumbrils with their pathetic cargo; the shocking outline of the guillotine against the Paris sky; the fall of the great knife; the bloody heads held aloft by Samson the executioner; the howling mob; the pathos, the dignity, the heroism of many of the victims; it is these things which stand for the French Revolution in the popular imagination: and naturally, for here is the material of drama, of human tragedy; here the human spirit is confronted with the final issues of life and death. For the same reasons no doubt, it is the story of the mount-

yet there is in Carlyle treasure beyond price. 'The irregularities and eccentricities of his style are bound up with its richness' (Nichol, *Carlyle*, English Men of Letters Series, p. 241). His phrases never hide superficialities or shallow thought; they come red-hot from his innermost being and speak to the individual mind and conscience.

¹ He worked, often uncritically, from narrative sources; seems to have made no attempt to analyse the evidence as to social conditions; missed the hidden forces at work; ignored the all-important economic factors; and, as has already been pointed out, judged men and events from the standpoint of his own doctrines. But he has the dramatist's faculty of identifying himself with the creatures of his imagination: the figures he evokes from the past are flesh and blood. As an example of his broad humanity note his final comment on Robespierre, p. 181.

ing tide of violence, and above all of the Terror, which comes out most vividly in these Selections, and especially in the later sections; an attempt has been made to redress the balance in some of the notes. For the French Revolution was much more than the Reign of Terror, and this is something which will be realized by those who read the whole of Carlyle's great work, or better still a modern history of the Revolution.

The Reign of Terror is the flash of the lightning, the crash of the thunder, but the power is elsewhere, the power is hidden. The essence of the Revolution lay in the overthrow of authority and established institutions, and in an experiment in direct democracy, an experiment in popular sovereignty, the direct rule of 'the people', which in practice gave power to a small clique in Paris. Autocracy was destroyed before the machinery of popular government had been designed, still less tested. The driving force of the Revolution was 'the conflict of classes and the war of ideas'.¹ But this conflict, this war, was violently diverted from its natural course by the impact of another conflict, another war, the actual war upon the frontiers where France turned to bay against her enemies. It was the acute danger of foreign conquest which provoked the Terror, which was a bloody and unscrupulous method of centralising power in the hands of those who knew how to use it. The Terror was itself a form of civil war, a contest for power in which moral standards were abandoned, between opposing forces in the state, and in the end a struggle for survival between rival leaders.

But behind the scene of conflict the real work of the Revolution went on: the re-organization of the administration; the experiment in elective institutions; above all the creation and equipment of a new army, the national army of the people of France, a new thing in the history

¹ Cobban, *op. cit.*

of Europe. The most patriotic, the most public-spirited, the most able citizens left politics aside and gave their time and their energies to the actual tasks of government: and so a new France arose.

But the new France was not a democracy. The first experiment in democracy had been a failure. The fall of the monarchy had left a void which democracy had not known how to fill; the inevitable sequence had followed: the collapse of government, mob violence, anarchy, terrorism, dictatorship. The first duty of the sovereign power in a state, be it King or People, is to govern; this truth, at least, the Jacobins grasped; but their logic of the guillotine was a poor substitute for statecraft; and human nature revolted, as it always will, against a rule of terror. The Jacobin dictatorship fell with Robespierre: but none the less the reins of power slipped from the people's hands, for 'government of the people, by the people, for the people' is not a magic formula which of itself creates the thing it speaks of. A people used for centuries to absolutism had little aptitude, and perhaps little taste, for the tasks and labours of self-government. The immediate sequel to the Revolution was not a democratic government but the popular dictatorship of Napoleon. Authority alone could bridle anarchy. Yet this is not the end of the story. The cry of liberty had been heard; the gospel of equality had been preached; hereditary authority, privilege, class exclusiveness had been challenged with the words 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity'; the power of the people had been asserted. Henceforth no throne, no autocratic power, no privileged society was safe. The seeds of democracy were sown by the people's army of France as it marched victoriously through Europe led by the people's general Bonaparte, and the harvest was reaped during the 19th century.

There is a passage in which Carlyle speaks of Goethe which seems to provide us with a clue to his attitude to

the French Revolution: 'With him Anarchy has now become Peace. . . . the once perturbed spirit is serene and rich in good fruits. . . . Neither, which is most important of all, has this Peace been attained by a surrender to Necessity, or any compact with Delusion.'¹ Put this beside his final comment on the sequel to the Revolution, ' . . . by milder methods growing ever milder shall events of French History be henceforth brought to pass. . . . France, since the Reign of Terror hushed itself, has been a new France, awakened like a giant out of torpor; and has gone on in the Internal Life of it with continual progress. . . . Shams are burnt up. . . . the very Cant of them is burnt up.'²

Writing in the eighteen-thirties, when he could believe that the fruits of the Revolution were being harvested in peace, Carlyle conceived of it as a great volcanic upheaval from whose cooling lava would come a rich volcanic soil to fertilize the plains of history. But, though there have been intervals of calm, the eruption is not yet passed; we live still in the age of revolution; 'the soil of common life' has not yet cooled³; for the field has widened; what once touched France alone, touched Europe; and what touched Europe touched the world. Issues which we must all face are the issues displayed before us in the French Revolution: how long shall privilege survive if it evades responsibility? Will any form of government stand, be it monarchy or democracy, if the spirit is absent? How may liberty be not only a word on human lips, but a fact in human lives? How shall freedom and order be harmonised, so that freedom shall not give rein to anarchy nor order harden into tyranny? What forces sap and under-

¹ Quoted in Nichol, *op. cit.*, p. 233.

² See p. 182, 6-20.

³ Wordsworth described the tension in France during the Revolution in this striking metaphor.

'The soil of common life, was, at that time,

Too hot to tread upon.'

The Prelude IX, ll. 166-7.

mine the frail barriers man has built against his own vile passions? What is the gain, and what the loss, in revolution? And, the issue most central surely in all human activity, how may a man rise to the stature of his full humanity caught though he is in the web of circumstance? It is to be brought face to face with such questions as these that we read Carlyle's French Revolution.

But perhaps for most of us as we read these Selections it will be the human aspect that touches us most deeply. To follow the course of the French Revolution is to experience great tragedy. There is a picture in one of the Paris museums which takes us back to an October day in 1793: a line drawing of the seated figure of a woman, Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine. As we look at that quiet face under the widow's cap, that still figure, we know within ourselves the power of tragedy 'to purge by pity and by terror'.

Madras
19 June 1948

B. J. H. R.

CONTENTS

PREFACE	iii
INTRODUCTION	xv

VOLUME I. THE BASTILLE

Book I—DEATH OF LOUIS XV

I. Louis the Well-beloved	1
II. Realized Ideals	4
III. Viaticum	14
IV. Louis the Unforgotten	16

Book IV—STATES-GENERAL

IV. The Procession	25
------------------------------	----

Book V—THE THIRD ESTATE

VI. Storm and Victory	40
VII. Not a Revolt	40

Book VII—THE INSURRECTION OF WOMEN

II. O Richard, O my King	53
III. Black Cockades	58
IV. The Menads	60
V. Usher Maillard	63
VI. To Versailles	65
VII. At Versailles	70
VIII. The Equal Diet	71
IX. Lafayette	75
X. The Grand Entries	77
XI. From Versailles	81

VOLUME II. THE CONSTITUTION

Book III—THE TUILERIES

VI. Mirabeau	86
VII. Death of Mirabeau	87

Book IV—VARENNES

I.	Easter at Saint-Cloud	.	.	.	96
III.	Count Fersen	.	.	.	99
IV.	Attitude	.	.	.	106
V.	The New Berline	.	.	.	110
VI.	Old-dragoon Drouet	.	.	.	115
VII.	The Night of Spurs	.	.	.	118
VIII.	The Return	.	.	.	124

VOLUME III. THE GUILLOTINE

Book I—SEPTEMBER

IV.	September in Paris	.	.	.	128
-----	--------------------	---	---	---	-----

Book II—REGICIDE

III.	Discrowned	.	.	.	138
VI.	At the Bar	.	.	.	139
VII.	The Three Votings	.	.	.	142
VIII.	Place de la Revolution	.	.	.	146

Book IV—TERROR

I.	Charlotte Corday	.	.	.	153
VII.	Marie-Antoinette	.	.	.	159

Book V—TERROR THE ORDER OF THE DAY

II.	Death	.	.	.	162
-----	-------	---	---	---	-----

Book VI—THERMIDOR

II.	Danton, No Weakness	.	.	.	168
IV.	Mumbo-Jumbo	.	.	.	174
VII.	Go Down To	.	.	.	178

Book VII—VENDEMIARE

VIII.	Finis	.	.	.	181
-------	-------	---	---	---	-----

	A NOTE ON REFERENCE BOOKS	.	.	.	185
--	---------------------------	---	---	---	-----

	NOTES	.	.	.	187
--	-------	---	---	---	-----

INTRODUCTION

IN the Journal of Ralph Waldo Emerson for August, 1833, is the following entry: 'Thomas Carlyle lives in the Parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles from Dumfries, amid wild and desolate heathery hills, and without a single companion in this region out of his own house. There he has his wife, a most accomplished and agreeable woman. Truth and peace and faith dwell with them and beautify them. I never saw more amiableness than in his countenance. He speaks broad Scotch with evident relish.' At the time of Emerson's visit, the Carlyles had been living at Craigenputtock, Mrs Carlyle's modest ancestral farm, for five years. In 1834 Carlyle settled in London.

'I should not have known what to make of this world at all, if it had not been for the French Revolution,' once said Carlyle, who saw in that great social upheaval a dramatic confirmation of some of his most precious theories of life and of history. An age of burning, passionate faith in the Rights and Might of Man is seen supplanting an age of scepticism, doubt, and paralysis of action. Shams give way to Facts, Names to Realities, Quacks to Heroes. Which is the real King of France, Louis the Weakling or Mirabeau the Titan? Was the French Revolution an accident that might have been prevented or was it the inevitable result of the years that preceded it? Does Right eventually make Might? Is the Great Man the creature of his Times? Conclusive and convincing answers to these familiar questions Carlyle found in the French Revolution. 'We will hail the French Revolution, then, as ship-wrecked mariners might the sternest rock, in a world otherwise all of baseless sea and waves. A true Apocalypse, though a terrible one, to the false artificial times, testifying once more that Nature is *preternatural*; if not divine, then diabolic; that Semblance is not

Reality; that is has to become Reality or the world will take-fire under it—burn it into what it is, namely Nothing. Plausibility has ended; empty routine has ended; much has ended. This as with the Trump of Doom has been proclaimed to all men.¹ The French Revolution is to Carlyle a second Ragnarök,² in which society is regenerated by a fiery Death-Birth.

Carlyle's interest in eighteenth century France began apparently during the autumn of 1831, while he was in London seeking a publisher for *Sartor* and preparing to write an essay on Diderot. His eighteenth century studies were continued in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, during the first four months of 1833, which the dreary winter at Craigenputtock forced the Carlyles to spend in town. During this winter he was undecided whether his new book should be on The French Revolution or on John Knox and the Reformation in Scotland, but the next autumn (1 Oct., 1833) he wrote his brother: 'One of the subjects that engages me most is the French Revolution, which indeed for us is still the subject of subjects. My chief errand to Paris were freer enquiry into this; one day, if this mood continue, I may have something of my own to say on it.'

In June, 1834, the Carlyles took up their permanent abode in Chelsea, then a suburb of London, and Fraser, the publisher, was at once consulted about the proposed book. He agreed to publish it 'for half-profits, that is zero,' and Carlyle proposes "very soon with all his heart to address himself" to this new undertaking. The summer of 1834 was spent in bewildering investigations of his subject: "The French Revolution, alas, perplexes me much. More *Books* are but a repetition of those before read. I can learn nothing further from Books and yet I

¹ *Here as King*, (ed. Adams p. 280; ed. Murch, p. 217).

² The end of the world in Scandinavian mythology.

am as far as possible from understanding it.'¹ To Emerson, a few days before, he had written: 'I am studying with all my might for a Book on the French Revolution. It is part of my creed that the only Poetry is History, could we but tell it right.'

The first volume was finished in February, 1835, after five months of slow and painful labour. The actual composition of a book seems to have caused Carlyle untold agony: 'I sit down to write, there is not an idea discernible in the head of me; one dull cloud of pain and stupidity. . . . I go floundering along.'² The fate of this first version of Volume I is well known: let us listen to Carlyle's own account of it.³ '(John Stuart) Mill had borrowed the first volume of my poor *French Revolution* that he might write some observations on it. I was busy meanwhile with Volume Second, working like a *Nigger*, but with the heart of a free Roman: indeed I had not felt so clear and independent, sure of myself and of my task, for many long years. Well, one night about three weeks ago, we sat at tea, and Mill's short rap was heard at the door. Jane rose to welcome him; but he stood there unresponsive, pale, the very picture of despair. . . . After some considerable gasping, I learned from Mill this fact: that my poor Manuscript, all except some four tattered leaves, was *annihilated*! He had left it out (too carelessly); it had been taken for waste paper: and so five months of as tough labour as I could remember of, were gone like a whiff of smoke—There never in my life had come upon me any other *accident* of much moment; but this I could not but feel to be a hard one. The thing was lost, and perhaps worse; for I had not only forgotten all the structure of it, but the spirit it was written with

¹ Letter to Dr. Carlyle, 15 Aug., 1834.

² Letter to Sterling, 3 Oct., 1836.

³ Letter to Dr. Carlyle, 23 Mar., 1835. Cf. also letters to his Mother, 25 Mar., 1835, and to Emerson, 13 May, 1835.

was past. . . . Mill, whom I had to comfort and speak peace to, remained injudiciously enough till almost midnight, and my poor Jane and I had to sit talking of different matters; and could not till then get our lament freely uttered. She was very good to me; and the thing did not beat us. I felt in general that I was as a little schoolboy, who had laboriously written out his *Copy* as he could, and was showing it not without Satisfaction to his Master: but lo! the Master had suddenly torn it, saying: "No, boy, thou must go and write it *better*." What could I do but sorrowing go and try to obey.' It is needless to comment on the noble resignation, and courage, and unselfishness with which Carlyle faced this 'accident.' 'Mill, whom I had to comfort,' 'The thing did not beat us,' 'No, boy, thou must go and write it better': it is such phrases as these that give the lie to the popular conception of Carlyle as a self-centered, growling monster.

Mill offered Carlyle £200 as partial compensation for his loss, and Carlyle reluctantly accepted half the amount, 'that he might be kept alive to work more.' The night that followed Mill's visit was a hard one: 'something from time to time tying me tight all round the region of the heart, and strange dreams haunting me: however, I was not without good thoughts, too, that came like healing life into me.' The next morning he began afresh with courage and resolution, but the task which had cost five months of agony before, now occupied seven very black months of Carlyle's life. The new version of Volume I was at length completed in the autumn of 1835. 'The rest will be child's play in comparison. My Teufelsdröckh¹ humour of looking through the clothes finds considerable scope here.'²

But it was not all to be child's play. Another year passes and the work is not yet done. 'My one wish is to

¹ The character through whom Carlyle presents his philosophy, of clothes in *Sartor Resartus*.

² To Dr. Carlyle, 23 Sept., 1835.

have the miserable rubbish washed off my hands: the sole blessedness I expect or desire from it is that of being done with it.¹ 'The joy I anticipate in finishing the Book is considerable. Go, thou unhappy Book, that hast nearly wrung the life out of me; go, in God's name or the Devil's! One will be free after that, and look abroad over the world to see what it holds for one.'² On 12 January, 1837, 'on a damp evening, just as light was failing'³ Carlyle handed the MS. to his wife with these words: 'I know not whether this Book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest: but this I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flaming from the heart of a living man.'

The publication of *The French Revolution* brought Carlyle from obscurity into fame. He was henceforth a man to reckon with in English literature. His Book perplexed, irritated, baffled many of his eminent contemporaries, but even those who disagreed with him most vigorously were forced to admit 'that there had arisen a new star, of baleful and perhaps ominous aspect, but a star of the first magnitude.'⁴ Thackeray reviewed the Book for the *London Times*,⁵ and the mixture of enthusiastic admiration and complete bewilderment in this review is both amusing and instructive. He finds the style 'astonishing to the admirers of simple Addisonian English, to those who love history as it gracefully runs in Hume, or struts pompously in Gibbon. But the reader speedily learns to admire and sympathize; just as he would admire a Gothic cathedral *in spite of*⁶ the quaint carvings and hideous images on door and buttress.' The comparison

¹ To Rev. J. Sterling, 11 Sept., 1836.

² To Dr. Carlyle, 12 Sept., 1836.

³ Froude, *Thomas Carlyle, Life in London*, I. 84.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 93.

⁵ Reprinted in Thackeray's *Sultan Stork*, etc., 1887.

⁶ The italics are not Thackeray's.

with Gothic architecture is suggestive, though the phrase 'in spite of' in this connection has a strange sound to modern ears. Emerson makes a similar criticism and comparison¹: 'I insist, of course, that it might be more simple, less Gothically efflorescent.' 'Young men say it is the only History they have ever read. The middle-aged and old shake their heads and cannot make anything of it.'

What Carlyle has done in his history is not merely to reconstruct the past; he has made a past age live again. We live through the French Revolution with him; we are present in the terrible death-chamber of Louis XV; we stand at a window with Carlyle, watching the procession of the notables, and he tells us something not only of the past but of the future of each man; we are in the mob surging about the Bastille, and we hear Carlyle shout: 'On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, ye Sons of Liberty! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, Cartwright of the Marais; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistle round thee.' The brewer Santerre, standing close by, 'advises that the place be fired by a mixture of phosphorus and oil of turpentine.' The suggestion is somewhat impracticable, and Carlyle turns suddenly upon the theorizing brewer with the question: 'O Spinola Santerre, hast thou the mixture ready?' As the drama proceeds, we find ourselves forced to flee from Paris with King Louis. The King is phlegmatic and undisturbed: we are in shuddering suspense. We accompany the King through his later, sad, royal processions; with the Valet Cléry we stand outside the glass-doors and watch the tragic parting of Louis and his family. And we live through all the agonies of The Terror.

This is not then a staid and sober, scientific record of historic fact. It is a great prose-poem displaying creative

¹ Letters of 18 Sept., 1837, and 9 Feb., 1838.

art rather than critical scholarship. It is sometimes inaccurate in detail—less often however than is popularly supposed—it often bewilders the matter-of-fact, unimaginative reader who insists upon having facts marshalled before him in orderly sequence. ‘It has been to me an inexhaustible joy for twenty or thirty years back,’ says Saintsbury,¹ ‘to read the excellent persons who, in English, in French, and in German, have undertaken to “correct” Carlyle. They have demonstrated in the most sufficient and triumphant way that he sometimes represents a thing as having happened at two o’clock on Thursday when it actually happened on Tuesday at three. . . . But have they altered or destroyed one feature in the Carlylean picture? . . . Not they! . . . The French Revolution of Carlyle is the French Revolution as it happened, as it was. The French Revolution of others is the French Revolution dug up in lifeless fragments by excellent persons with the newest patent pickaxes.’ ‘It has been said,’ writes John Burroughs,² ‘that Carlyle has been superseded by more scientific historians. When the scientific artist supersedes Michaelangelo and the scientific poet supersedes Shakespeare, then probably the scientific historian will supersede Carlyle.’ Saintsbury and Burroughs merely echo what Carlyle himself said of his own Book after he had written three chapters of it³: ‘I feel that the work will be strange, that it either must be so or be another of the thousand and one “Histories” which are so many dead thistles for Pedant-chaffinches to peck and fill their crops with.’ ‘Since Carlyle wrote French History,’⁴ says Emerson,⁴ ‘we see that no history that we have is safe.’

S. B. H.
C. S.

¹ *Corrected Impressions*, p. 51.

² *Indoor Studies*, p. 138.

³ To Dr. Carlyle, 28 Oct., 1834.

⁴ *Literary Ethics*, p. 170.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

VOLUME I—BOOK I

DEATH OF LOUIS XV

CHAPTER I

LOUIS THE WELL-BELOVED

PRESIDENT HENAULT, remarking on royal Surnames of Honour how difficult it often is to ascertain not only why, but even when, they were conferred, takes occasion in his sleek official way to make a philosophical reflection. "The Surname of *Bien-aimé* (Well-beloved)," says he, "which Louis XV bears, will not leave posterity in the same doubt. This Prince, in the year 1744, while hastening from one end of his kingdom to the other, and suspending his conquests in Flanders that he might fly to the assistance of Alsace, was arrested at Metz by a malady which threatened to cut short his days. At the news of this, Paris, all in terror, seemed a city taken by storm: the churches resounded with supplications and groans; the prayers of priests and people were every moment interrupted by their sobs: and it was from an interest so dear and tender that this Surname of *Bien-aimé* fashioned itself,—a title higher still than all the rest which this great Prince has earned."

So stands it written; in lasting memorial of that year 1744. Thirty other years have come and gone; and "this great Prince" again lies sick: but in how altered circumstances now! Churches resound not with excessive groanings; Paris is stoically calm: sobs interrupt no prayers, for indeed none are offered: except Priests' Litanies, read or chanted at fixed money-rate per hour, which are not liable to interruption. The shepherd of the people has been

carried home from Little Trianon, heavy of heart, and been put to bed in his own Château of Versailles:¹ the flock knows it, and heeds it not. At most, in the immeasurable tide of French Speech (which ceases not day after day, and only ebbs towards the short hours of night), may this of the royal sickness emerge from time to time as an article of news. Bets are doubtless depending; nay, some people "express themselves loudly in the streets." But for the rest, on green field and steeped city, the May sun shines out, the May evening fades; and men ply their useful or useless business as if no Louis lay in danger.

Dame Dubarry,² indeed, might pray, if she had a talent for it; Duke d'Aiguillon too, Maupeou and the Parlement Maupeou:³ these, as they sit in their high places, with France harnessed under their feet, know well on what basis they continue there. Look to it, D'Aiguillon; sharply as thou didst, from the Mill of St. Cast, on Quiberon and the invading English;⁴ thou "covered if not with glory yet with meal." Fortune was ever accounted inconstant: and each dog has but his day. . . .

¹ The former was the small villa with rustic gardens, built by Louis XV in 1766; it was situated at the extremity of the large park surrounding the magnificent palace of Versailles, which since the time of Louis XIV had been the home of royalty.

² Comtesse du Barry (born in 1744 and guillotined in 1793) was royal mistress during Louis' later years and largely responsible for the vast extravagances which characterized the close of his reign. A woman of great beauty, she was of low birth and vulgar manners; the old nobility despised her upon social grounds. Her personal influence with Louis was supreme and resulted in disastrous appointments; but unlike her predecessor, the Pompadour, she had little ambition, and no aptitude, for ruling.

³ The former was minister of foreign affairs. The latter, who was chancellor, had reduced the Parlement, or supreme judicial body, to absolute subjection to the royal will; it was derisively called the Parlement Maupeou by the people. Both d'Aiguillon and Maupeou acted as instruments of Louis' vicious and impolitic despotism and were objects of popular hatred.

⁴ At the battle of Quiberon (1746), d'Aiguillon, who commanded the French against the British, fled the field to hide in a mill.

Beautiful Arnida-Palace,¹ where the inmates live enchanted lives; lapped in soft music of adulation; waited on by the splendours of the world;—which nevertheless hangs wondrously as by a single hair. Should the Most Christian King die; or even get seriously afraid of dying? For, alas, had not the fair haughty Chateauroux² to fly, with wet cheeks and flaming heart, from that Fever-scene at Metz, long since; driven forth by sour shavelings? She hardly returned, when fever and shavelings were both swept into the background. Pompadour too, when Damiens³ wounded Royalty “slightly under the fifth rib,” and our drive to Trianon went off futile, in shrieks and madly shaken torches,—had to pack, and be in readiness: yet did not go, the wound not proving poisoned. For his Majesty has religious faith: believes at least in a Devil. And now a third peril: and who knows what may be in it! For the Doctors look grave; ask privily, If his Majesty had not the small-pox long ago?—and doubt it may have been a false kind. Yes, Maupeou, pucker those sinister brows of thine, and peer out on it with thy malign rat-eyes: it is a questionable case. Sure only that man is mortal, that with the life of one mortal snaps irrevocably the wonderfullest talisman, and all Dubarrydom rushes off, with tumult, into infinite Space: and ye, as subterranean Apparitions are wont, vanish utterly,—leaving only a smell of sulphur!

¹ Arnida was one of the most seductive heroines of *Jerusalem Delivered*, who by her enchantments held Renaud from joining his fellow crusaders; her palace is typical of fantastic and luxurious sensuality.

² Duchess of Chateauroux (1717–1744), a mistress of Louis XV during his earlier days.

³ The Marquise de la Pompadour (1721–1764) controlled France for nineteen years, dominating the king partly by her beauty, but chiefly by her tact and wit. France owes much to her patronage of the arts, but her influence in state affairs resulted in the loss of the French colonial empire in America and in India. Her power suffered an eclipse for a few days in 1757, when Damiens (a maniac) attacked the king with murderous intent; it was speedily re-established and continued until the end of her life.

These, and what holds of these may pray,—to Beelzebub, or whoever will hear them. But from the rest of France there comes, as was said, no prayer; or one of an *opposite* character, “expressed openly in the streets.” . . . O Hénault! Prayers? From a France smitten (by black-art) with plague after plague; and lying now, in shame and pain, with a Harlot’s foot on its neck, what prayer can come? Those lank scarecrows, that prowl hunger-stricken through all highways and byways of French Existence, will they pray? The dull millions that, in the workshop or furrowfield, grind foredone at the wheel of Labour, like haltered gin-horses, if blind so much the quieter? Or they that in the Bicêtre Hospital, “eight to a bed,” lie waiting their manumission? Dim are those heads of theirs, dull stagnant those hearts: to them the great Sovereign is known mainly as the great Regrater of Bread.¹ If they hear of his sickness, they will answer a dull *Tant pis pour lui*;² or with the question, Will he die?

Yes, will he die? that is now, for all France, the grand question, and hope; whereby alone the King’s sickness has still some interest.

CHAPTER II

REALIZED IDEALS

SUCH a changed France have we; and a changed Louis. Changed, truly; and further than thou yet seest!—To the eye of History many things, in that sick-room of Louis, are now visible, which to the Courtiers there present were invisible. For indeed it is well said, “in every object there is inexhaustible meaning; the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing.” To Newton and to Newton’s

¹The “regrating or petty commerce in bread, salt, coal, fruit etc., was strictly supervised by the government; the price of common commodities was thus enhanced and the government was rendered extremely unpopular.

²“So much the worse for him.”

Dog Diamond,¹ what a different pair of Universes; while the painting on the optical retina of both was, most likely, the same! Let the Reader here, in this sick-room of Louis, endeavour to look with the mind too.

Time was when men could (so to speak) of a given man, by nourishing and decorating him with fit appliances, to the due pitch, *make* themselves a King, almost as the Bees do; and, what was still more to the purpose, loyally obey him when made. The man so nourished and decorated, thenceforth named royal, does verily bear rule; and is said, and even thought, to be, for example, "prosecuting conquests in Flanders," when he lets himself like luggage be carried thither: and no light luggage; covering miles of road. For he has his unblushing Chateauroux, with her bandboxes and rouge-pots, at his side: so that, at every new station, a wooden gallery must be run up between their lodgings. He has not only his *Maison-Bouche*, and *Valetaille*² without end, but his very Troop of Players, with their pasteboard coulisses, thunder-barrels, their kettles, fiddles, stage-wardrobes, portable larders, (and chaffering and quarrelling enough); all mounted in wagons, tumbrils, second-hand chaises,—sufficient not to conquer Flanders, but the patience of the world. With such a flood of loud jingling appurtenances does he lumber along, prosecuting his conquests in Flanders: wonderful to behold. So nevertheless it was and had been: to some solitary thinker it might seem strange; but even to him, inevitable, not unnatural.

For ours is a most *fictile* world; and man is the most fingent plastic of creatures. A world not fixable; not fathomable! An unfathomable Somewhat, which is *Not we*; which we can work with, and live amidst,—and model, miraculously in our miraculous Being, and name World.

¹ Sir Isaac Newton's dog, Diamond, acquired lasting fame through overturning a candle, thereby destroying all his master's papers on the theory of light, the result of the labor of twenty years.

² The staff of lackeys and valets in charge of the royal meals and service

—But if the very Rocks and Rivers (as Metaphysic teaches) are, in strict language, *made* by those Outward Senses of ours, how much more, by the Inward Sense, are all Phenomena of the spiritual kind: Dignities, Authorities, Holies, Unholies! Which inward sense, moreover, is not permanent like the outward ones, but for ever growing and changing. (Does not the Black African take of Sticks and Old Clothes (say, exported Monmouth-Street cast-clothes) what will suffice; and of these, cunningly combining them, fabricate for himself an Eidolon (Idol, or *Thing Seen*), and name it *Mumbo-Jumbo*;) which he can thenceforth pray to, with upturned awestruck eye, not without hope? The white European mocks; but ought rather to consider; and see whether he, at home, could not do the like a little more wisely.

So it *was*, we say, in those conquests of Flanders, thirty years ago: but so it no longer is. Alas, much more lies sick than poor Louis: not the French King only, but the French Kingship; this too, after long rough tear and wear, is breaking down. The world is all so changed; so much that seemed vigorous has sunk decrepit, so much that was not is beginning to be!—Borne over the Atlantic, to the closing ear of Louis, King by the Grace of God, what sounds are these; muffled-ominous, new in our centuries? (Boston Harbour is black with unexpected Tea: behold a Pennsylvanian Congress gather; and ere long, on Bunker Hill, DEMOCRACY announcing, in rifle-volleys death-winged, under her Star Banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and, whirlwind-like, will envelop the whole world!)

Sovereigns die and Sovereignties; how all dies, and is for a Time only; is a "Time-phantasm, yet reckons itself real!" The Merovingian Kings, slowly wending on their bullock-carts through the streets of Paris, with their long hair flowing, have all wended slowly on,—into Eternity: Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon ground

only Fable expecting that he will awaken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? . . . They are all gone; sunk,—down, down, with the tumult they made; and the rolling and the trampling of ever new generations passes over them; and they hear it not any more for ever.

And yet withal has there not been realized somewhat? Consider (to go no further) these strong Stone-edifices, and what they hold! Mud-Town of the Borderers (*Lutetia Parisiorum* or *Barisiorum*) has paved itself, has spread over all the Seine Islands, and far and wide on each bank, and become City of Paris, sometimes boasting to be "Athens of Europe," and even "Capital of the Universe." Stone towers frown aloft; long-lasting, grim with a thousand years. Cathedrals are there, and a Creed (or memory of a Creed) in them: Palaces, and a State and Law. Thou seest the Smoke-vapour; *unextinguished* Breath as of a thing living. Labour's thousand hammers ring on her anvils: also a more miraculous Labour works noiselessly, not with the Hand but with the Thought. How have cunning workmen in all crafts, with their cunning head and right-hand, tamed the Four Elements to be their ministers; yoking the Winds to their Sea-chariot, making the very Stars their Nautical Timepiece;—and written and collected a *Bibliothèque du Roi*: among whose Books is a Hebrew Book! A wondrous race of creatures: *these* have been realized, and what of Skill is in these: call not the Past Time, with all its confused wretchednesses, a lost one.

(Observe, however, that of man's whole terrestrial possessions and attainments, unspeakably the noblest are his Symbols, divine or divine-seeming; under which he marches and fights, with victorious assurance, in this life-battle: what we can call his Realized Ideals.) Of which realized Ideals, omitting the rest, consider only these two: his Church, or spiritual Guidance; his Kingship, or temporal one. The Church: what a word was there;

richer than Golconda¹ and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little Kirk; the Dead all slumbering round it, under their white memorial-stones, "in hope of a happy resurrection:"—dull wert thou, O Reader, if never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such Kirk hung spectral in the sky, and Being was as if swallowed up of Darkness) it spoke to thee—things unspeakable, that went to thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a Church: he stood thereby, though "in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities," yet manlike towards God and man; the vague shoreless Universe had become for him a firm city, and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief; in these words, well spoken: *I believe*. (Well might men prize their *Credo*, and raise stateliest Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for.)

Neither was that an inconsiderable moment when wild armed men first raised their Strongest aloft on the buckler-throne; and, with clanging armour and hearts, said solemnly: Be thou our Acknowledged Strongest! In such Acknowledged Strongest (well named King, *Kön-ning*, Canning, or Man that was Able) what a Symbol shone now for them,—significant with the destinies of the world! A Symbol of true Guidance in return for loving Obedience; properly, if he knew it, the prime want of man. A Symbol which might be called sacred; for is there not, in reverence for what is better than we, an indestructible sacredness? On which ground, too, it was well said there lay in the Acknowledged Strongest a divine right; as surely there might in the Strongest, whether Acknowledged or not,—considering *who* it was that made him strong. And so, in the midst of confusions and unutterable incongruities (as all growth is confused), did this of Royalty,

¹A fort in India, famous for the diamonds and treasure there collected by the Nabobs.

with Loyalty environing it, spring up; and grow mysteriously, subduing and assimilating (for a principle of Life was in it); till it also had grown world-great, and was among the main Facts of our modern existence. Such a Fact, that Louis XIV, for example, could answer the expostulatory Magistrate with his "*L'Etat c'est moi* (The State? I am the State):" and be replied to by silence and abashed looks. . . .

How such Ideals do realize themselves; and grow, wondrously, from amid the incongruous ever fluctuating chaos of the Actual: this is what World-History, if it teach any thing, has to teach us. How they grow: and, after long stormy growth, bloom out mature, supreme; then quickly (for the blossom is brief) fall into decay; sorrowfully dwindle; and crumble down, or rush down, noisily or noiselessly disappearing. (The blossom is so brief: as of some centennial Cactus-flower, which after a century of waiting shines out for hours!) . . .

In such a decadent age, or one fast verging that way, had our poor Louis been born. Grant also that if the French Kingship had not, by course of Nature, long to live, he of all men was the man to accelerate Nature. (The blossom of French Royalty, cactus-like, has accordingly made an astonishing progress. In those Metz days, it was still standing with all its petals, though bedimmed by Orleans Regents and *Roué* Ministers and Cardinals; but now, in 1774, we behold it bald, and the virtue nigh gone out of it.)

Disastrous indeed does it look with those same "realized Ideals," one and all! The Church, which in its palmy season, seven hundred years ago, could make an Emperor wait barefoot, in penance-shirt, three days, in the snow,¹ has for centuries seen itself decaying; reduced even to forget old purposes and enmities, and join interest with the Kingship: on this younger strength it would fain stay

¹ Pope Gregory VII (Hildebrand) forced this humiliation upon the Emperor Henry IV at Canossa in 1077.

its decrepitude; and these two will henceforth stand and fall together. Alas, the Sorbonne¹ still sits there, in its old mansion; but mumbles only jargon of dotage, and no longer leads the consciences of men: not the Sorbonne; it is *Encyclopédies*,² *Philosophie*, and who knows what nameless innumerable multitude of ready Writers, profane Singers, Romancers, Players, Disputators, and Pamphleteers, that now form the Spiritual Guidance of the world. The world's Practical Guidance too is lost, or has glided into the same miscellaneous hands. Who is it that the King (*Able-man*, named also *Roi*, *Rex*, or *Director*) now guides? His own huntsmen and prickers: when there is to be no hunt, it is well said, "*Le Roi ne fera rien* (To-day his Majesty will do *nothing*)."³ He lives and lingers there, because he is living there, and none has yet laid hands on him.

The Nobles, in like manner, have nearly ceased either to guide or misguide; and are now, as their master is, little more than ornamental figures. It is long since they have done with butchering one another or their king: the Workers, protected, encouraged by Majesty, have ages ago built walled towns, and there ply their crafts; will permit no Robber Baron to "live by the saddle," but maintain a gallows to prevent it. Ever since that period of the *Fronde*,³ the Noble has changed his fighting sword into a court rapier; and now loyally attends his King as ministering satellite; divides the spoil, not now by violence and murder, but by soliciting and *finesse*. (These men call themselves supports of the throne: singular guilt-

¹ The faculty of theology in the University at Paris; to-day, the seat of the faculties of letters and sciences.

² The *Encyclopædia* had been published shortly before under the direction of Diderot and a group of philosophers who were known as the *Encyclopædists*. Because of their fearless criticism of existing abuses, they did much to prepare the mind of France for the coming revolution.

³ A civil war (1648-1653) which marked the last effort of the nobility to maintain their independence of the royal power.

pasteboard caryatides in that singular edifice!) For the rest, their privileges every way are now much curtailed. That Law authorizing a Seigneur, as he returned from hunting, to kill not more than two Serfs, and refresh his feet in their warm blood and bowels, has fallen into perfect desuetude,—and even into incredibility; for if Deputy Lapoule can believe in it, and call for the abrogation of it, so cannot we. No Charolois, for these last fifty years, though never so fond of shooting, has been in use to bring down slaters and plumbers, and see them roll from their roofs; but contents himself with partridges and grouse. Close-viewed, their industry and function is that of dressing gracefully and eating sumptuously. As for their debauchery and depravity, it is perhaps unexampled since the era of Tiberius and Commodus.¹ Nevertheless, one has still partly a feeling with the lady Maréchale: "Depend upon it, Sir, God thinks twice before damning a man of that quality." These people, of old, surely had virtues, uses; or they could not have been there. Nay, one virtue they are still required to have (for mortal man cannot live without a conscience): the virtue of perfect readiness to fight duels.

Such are the shepherds of the people: and now how fares it with the flock? With the flock, as is inevitable, it fares ill, and ever worse. They are not tended, they are only regularly shorn. They are sent for, to do statute-labour, to pay statute taxes; to fatten battlefields (named "bed of honour") with their bodies, in quarrels which are not theirs; their hand and toil is in every possession of man; but for themselves they have little or no possession. Untaught, uncomforted, unfed; to pine stagnantly in thick obscurity, in squalid destitution and obstruction: this is the lot of the millions; *peuple*

¹ Roman emperors, of the first and second centuries, noted for their cruelty and vices.

taillable et corvéable à merci et miséricorde.¹ In Brittany they once rose in revolt at the first introduction of Pendulum Clocks; thinking it had something to do with the *Gabelle*.² Paris requires to be cleared out periodically by the Police; and the horde of hunger-stricken vagabonds to be sent wandering again over space—for a time. "During one such periodical clearance," says Lacretelle, "in May, 1750, the Police had presumed withal to carry off some reputable people's children, in the hope of extorting ransoms for them. The mothers fill the public places with cries of despair; crowds gather, get excited; so many women in distraction run about exaggerating the alarm: an absurd and horrid fable rises among the people; it is said that the Doctors have ordered a Great Person to take baths of young human blood for the restoration of his own, all spoiled by debaucheries. Some of the rioters," adds Lacretelle, quite coolly, "were hanged on the following day;" the Police went on. O ye poor naked wretches! and this then is your inarticulate cry to Heaven, as of a dumb tortured animal, crying from uttermost depths of pain and debasement? Do these azure skies, like a dead crystalline vault, only reverberate the echo of it on you? Respond to it only by "hanging on the following days?"—Not so: not for ever! Ye are heard in Heaven. And the answer too will come,—in a horror of great darkness, and shakings of the world, and a cup of trembling which all the nations shall drink.

Remark, meanwhile, how from amid the wrecks and dust of this universal Decay new Powers are fashioning themselves, adapted to the new time, and its destinies. Besides the old Noblesse, originally of Fighters, there is a new recognized Noblesse of Lawyers; whose gala-day and proud battle-day even now is. An unrecognized

¹ "People subject to *taille* and *corvée*, according to the grace and pity [of the State]." The *taille* was the chief direct tax of France, generally levied upon land; the nobles were exempt. The *corvée* was the labor which the peasants owed the State or their lord.

² The tax on salt.

Noblesse of Commerce; powerful enough, with money in its pocket. Lastly, powerfulest of all, least recognized of all, a Noblesse of Literature; without steel ~~on~~ their thigh, without gold in their purse, but with the "grand thaumaturgic faculty of Thought" in their head. French Philosophism has arisen; in which little word how much do we include! Here, indeed, lies properly the cardinal symptom of the whole wide-spread malady. Faith is gone out; Scepticism is come in. Evil abounds and accumulates; no man has Faith to withstand it, to amend it, to begin by amending himself; it must even go on accumulating. While hollow languor and vacuity is the lot of the Upper, and want and stagnation of the Lower, and universal misery is very certain, what other thing is certain? That a Lie cannot be believed! Philosophism knows only this: her other Belief is mainly, that in spiritual supersensual matters no Belief is possible. Unhappy! Nay, as yet the Contradiction of a Lie is some kind of Belief; but the Lie with its Contradiction once swept away, what will remain? The five unsatiated Senses will remain, the sixth insatiable Sense (of Vanity); the whole *daemonic* nature of man will remain,—hurled forth to rage blindly without rule or rein; savage itself, yet with all the tools and weapons of civilization: a spectacle new in History.

In such a France, as in a Powder-tower, where fire unquenched and now unquenchable is smoking and smouldering all round, has Louis XV lain down to die. With Pompadourism and Dubarryism, his Fleur-de-lis has been shamefully struck down in all lands and on all seas; Poverty invades even the Royal Exchequer, and Tax-farming can squeeze out no more; there is a quarrel of twenty-five years' standing with the Parlement; everywhere Want, Dishonesty, Unbelief, and hotbrained Sciolists for state-physicians: it is a portentous hour. Such things can the eye of History see in this sick-room of King Louis, which were invisible to the Courtiers there.

It is twenty years, gone Christmas-day, since Lord Chesterfield, summing up what he had noted of this same France, wrote, and sent off by post, the following words, that have become memorable: "In short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in History, previous to great Changes and Revolutions in Government, now exist and daily increase in France."

CHAPTER III

VIATICUM ¹

1 For the present, however, the grand question with the Governors of France is: Shall extreme unction, or other ghostly viaticum (to Louis, not to France), be administered?

2 It is a deep question. For, if administered, if so much as spoken of, must not, on the very threshold of the business, Witch Dubarry vanish; hardly to return should Louis even recover? With her vanishes Duke d'Aiguillon and Company, and all their Armida-Palace, as was said; Chaos swallows the whole again, and there is left nothing but a smell of brimstone. But then, on the other hand, what will the Dauphinists and Choiseulists² say? Nay, what may the royal martyr himself say, should he happen to get deadly-worse, without getting delirious? For the present, he still kisses the Dubarry hand; so we, from the anteroom, can note: but afterwards? Doctors' Bulletins may run as they are ordered, but it is "confluent small-pox,"—of which, as is whispered too, the Gatekeeper's once so buxom Daughter lies ill: and Louis XV is not a man to be trifled with in his viaticum. Was he not wont to catechize his very girls in the *Parc-aux-*

¹ The sacrament of the eucharist, administered to the sick who are in danger of death.

² The last sacraments could not be administered so long as the king was living in sin with his mistress; she must first be definitely dismissed. Her dismissal meant the triumph of Choiseul and Marie Antoinette, both of whom were hostile to Du Barry. Naturally they were eager that the sacrament should be administered.

cerfs,¹ and pray with and for them, that they might preserve their—orthodoxy? A strange fact, not an un-exampld one; for there is no animal so strange as man.

.3. The doors are well watched, no improper figure can enter. Indeed, few wish to enter; for the putrid infection reaches even to the *Œil de Bœuf*², so that "more than fifty fall sick, and ten die." Mesdames the Princesses alone wait at the loathsome sick-bed; impelled by filial piety. The three Princesses, *Graille*, *Chiffe*, *Coche* (Rag, Snip, Pig, as he was wont to name them), are assiduous there; when all have fled. The fourth Princess, *Loque* (Dud), as we guess, is already in the Nunnery, and can only give her orisons. Poor *Graille*, and Sisterhood, they have never known a Father; such is the hard bargain Grandeur must make. (Scarcely at the *Débotter* (when Royalty took off its boots) could they snatch up their "enormous hoops, gird the long train round their waists, huddle on their black cloaks of taffeta up to the very chin;" and so, in fit appearance of full dress, "every evening at six," walk majestically in; receive their royal kiss on the brow; and then walk majestically out again, to embroidery, small-scandal, prayers, and vacancy.) If Majesty came some morning, with coffee of its own making, and swallowed it with them hastily while the dogs were uncoupling for the hunt, it was received as a grace of Heaven. Poor withered ancient women! in the wild tossings that yet await your fragile existence, before it be crushed and broken; as ye fly through hostile countries, over tempestuous seas, are almost taken by the Turks; and wholly, in the Sansculottic³ Earthquake,

¹ A house at Versailles which served as shelter for the girls of low birth and poor education who were not openly recognized as mistresses by Louis XV.

² The ante-chamber of the royal apartment at Versailles was called the *Œil de Bœuf*, or "Bull's Eye," because of the large round window which lighted it.

³ Sansculottish: The term Sansculotte (literally *without knee-breeches*) was applied during the French Revolution to the lower classes of Paris who, unlike the gentry, wore long pantaloons.

know not your right hand from your left, be this always an assured place in your remembrance: for the act was good and loving! To us also it is a little sunny spot, in that dismal howling waste, where we hardly find another. . .

CHAPTER IV

LOUIS THE UNFORGOTTEN

POOR Louis! With these it is a hollow phantasmagory, where like mimes they mope and mowl, and utter false sounds for hire; but with thee it is frightful earnest.

Frightful to all men is Death; from of old named King of Terrors. Our little compact home of an Existence, where we dwelt complaining, yet as in a home, is passing, in dark agonies, into an Unknown of Separation, Foreignness, unconditioned Possibility. The Heathen Emperor asks of his soul: Into what places art thou now departing? The Catholic King must answer: To the Judgment-bar of the Most High God! Yes, it is a summing up of Life; a final settling, and giving-in the "account of the deeds done in the body:" they are done now; and lie there unalterable, and do bear their fruits, long as Eternity shall last.

Louis XV had always the kingliest abhorrence of Death. Unlike the praying Duke of Orleans, *Egalité's*¹ grandfather,—for indeed several of them had a touch of madness, —who honestly believed that there was no Death! He, if the Court Newsmen can be believed, started up once on a time, glowing with sulphurous contempt and indignation on his poor Secretary, who had stumbled on the words,

Thence it came to denote a revolutionary reformer. Frequently in *The French Revolution*, Carlyle used the term sansculottism as a synonym of descendentism, the stripping off of all adventitious "wrappages" in the search for "naked Truth".

¹ *Egalité*, or "Equality," was the name taken by Philippe, Duke of Orleans, cousin of the King, who sought to curry favor with the popular party during the Revolution; he has nevertheless guillotined in 1793. His grandfather, to whom reference is here made, was the son of the regent of France during the minority of Louis XV.

feu roi d'Espagne (the late King of Spain): "*Feu roi, Monsieur?*"—"Monseigneur," hastily answered the trembling but adroit man of business, "*c'est une titre qu'ils prennent* ('tis a title they take)." Louis, we say, was not so happy; but he did what he could. He would not suffer Death to be spoken of; avoided the sight of churchyards, funereal monuments, and whatsoever could bring it to mind. It is the resource of the Ostrich; who, hard hunted, sticks his foolish head in the ground, and would fain forget that his foolish unseeing body is not unseen too. Or sometimes, with a spasmodic antagonism, significant of the same thing, and of more, he *would* go; or stopping his court carriages, would send into churchyards, and ask "how many new graves there were to-day," though it gave his poor Pompadour the disagreeablest qualms. We can figure the thought of Louis that day, when, all royally caparisoned for hunting, he met, at some sudden turning in the Wood of Senart, a ragged Peasant with a coffin: "For whom?"—It was for a poor brother slave, whom Majesty had sometimes noticed slaving in those quarters: "What did he die of?"—"Of hunger".—the King gave his steed the spur.

4 But figure his thought, when Death is now clutching at his own heart-strings; unlooked for, inexorable! Yes, poor Louis, Death has found thee. No palace walls or life-guards, gorgeous tapestries or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial could keep him out; but he is here, here at thy very life-breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a chimera and scenic show, at length becomest a reality: sumptuous Versailles burst asunder, like a Dream, into void Immensity; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked with hideous clangour round thy soul: the pale Kingdoms yawn open; there must thou enter, naked, all unking'd, and await what is appointed thee! Unhappy man, there as thou turnest, in dull agony, on thy bed of weariness, what a thought is thine! Purgatory and Hellfire, now all

too possible, in the prospect: in the retrospect,—alas, what thing didst thou do that were not better undone; what mortal didst thou generously help; what sorrow hadst thou mercy on? Do the “five hundred thousand” ghosts, who sank shamefully on so many battle-fields from Rossbach to Quebec, that thy Harlot might take revenge for an epigram,¹—crowd round thee in this hour? Thy foul Harem; the curses of mothers, the tears and infamy of daughters? Miserable man! thou “hast done evil as thou couldst:” thy whole existence seems one hideous abortion and mistake of Nature; the use and meaning of thee not yet known. (Wert thou a fabulous Griffin, *devouring* the works of men; daily dragging virgins to thy cave;—clad also in scales that no spear would pierce: no spear but Death’s?) A Griffin not fabulous but real. Frightful, O Louis, seem these moments for thee.—We will pry no further into the horrors of a sinner’s deathbed.

§ And yet let no meanest man lay flattering unction to his soul. Louis was a Ruler; but art not thou also one? His wide France, look at it from the fixed Stars (themselves not yet Infinitude), is no wider than thy narrow brickfield, where thou too didst faithfully, or didst unfaithfully. Man, “Symbol of eternity imprisoned into Time!” it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the Spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.

¶ But reflect, in any case, what a life-problem this of poor Louis, when he rose as *Bien-Aimé* from that Metz sick-bed, really was! What son of Adam could have swayed such incoherences into coherence? Could he? Blindest

¹ Madame Pompadour exercised her powerful influence to bring on the Seven Years’ War, in which these battles were fought. It was said that one cause of her animosity against Frederick of Prussia, France’s opponent, was that he had bestowed upon her the epithet “Cotillon II,” in allusion to her having succeeded “Cotillon I,” that is, Madame de Chateauroux. “Cotillon” was the familiar and not too elegant term for a royal mistress.

Fortune alone has cast *him* on the top of it: he swims there; can as little sway it as the drift-log sways the wind-tossed moon-stirred Atlantic. "What have I done to be so loved?" he said then. He may say now: What have I done to be so hated? Thou hast done nothing, poor Louis! Thy fault is properly even this, that thou didst *nothing*. What could poor Louis do? Abdicate, and wash his hands of it,—in favour of the first that would accept! Other clear wisdom there was none for him. (As it was, he stood gazing dubiously, the absurdest mortal extant (a very Solecism Incarnate) into the absurdest confused world;—wherein at last nothing seemed so certain as this, That he, the incarnate Solecism, had five senses; that there were Flying Tables¹ (*Tables Volantes*, which vanish through the floor, to come back reloaded), and a *Parc-aux-cerfs*.)

¶ Whereby at least we have again this historical curiosity: a human being in an original position; swimming passively, as on some boundless "Mother of Dead Dogs," towards issues which he partly saw. For Louis had withal a kind of insight in him. So when a new Minister of Marine, or what else it might be, came announcing his new era, the Scarlet-woman would hear from the lips of Majesty at supper: "Yes, he spread out his ware like another; promised the beautifullest things in the world, not a thing of which will come: he does not know this region; he will see." Or again: "'Tis the twentieth time I have heard all that; France will never get a Navy, I believe." How touching also was this: ("If I were Lieutenant of Police, I would prohibit those Paris cabriolets."²) *Amos* A

¹ Referring to the fantastic luxury of Louis' banquets, which were enlivened by devices of this kind.

² The streets of Paris were narrow and there were no sidewalks, so that the poor on foot were constantly being run down by the coaches of the rich; it was said that one hundred persons were thus killed every year. The general attitude of the upper classes was

g Doomed mortal;—for is it not a doom to be Solecism incarnate! A new *Roi Fainéant*, King Donothing; but with the strangest new *Mayor of the Palace*: no bow-legged Pepin now for *Mayor*, but that same cloud-capt, fire-breathing Spectre of DEMOCRACY; incalculable, which is enveloping the world!—Was Louis, then, no wickedder than this or the other private Donothing and Eatall; such as we often enough see, under the name of Man of Pleasure, cumbering God's diligent Creation, for a time? Say, wretcherder! His Life-solecism was seen and felt of a whole scandalized world; him endless Oblivion cannot engulf, and swallow to endless depths,—not yet for a generation or two.

q However, be this as it will, we remark, not without interest, that “on the evening of the 4th,” Dame Dubarry issues from the sick-room, with perceptible “trouble in her visage.” It is the fourth evening of May, year of Grace 1774. Such a whispering in the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*! Is he dying then? What can be said, is that Dubarry seems making up her packages; she sails weeping through her gilt boudoirs, as if taking leave. D'Aiguillon and Company are near their last card; nevertheless they will not yet throw up the game. But as for the sacramental controversy, it is as good as settled without being mentioned; Louis sends for his Abbé Moudon in the course of next night; is confessed by him, some say for the space of “seventeen minutes,” and demands the sacraments of his own accord.

b Nay already, in the afternoon, behold is not this your Sorceress Dubarry with the handkerchief at her eyes, mounting D'Aiguillon's chariot; rolling off in his Duchess's consolatory arms? She is gone: and her place knows her no more. Vanish, false Sorceress; into Space! Needless to hover at neighbouring Ruel; for thy day is done. Shut

that the poor had no rights. Louis XV considered it beneath his dignity and grandeur to put a stop to such a state of affairs. (Mercier, *Tableaux de Paris*, I. chap. xx.)

are the royal palace-gates for evermore; hardly in coming years shalt thou, under cloud of night, descend once, in black domino, like a black night-bird, and disturb the fair Antoinette's music-party in the Park; all Birds of Paradise flying from thee, and musical windpipes growing mute. Thou unclean, yet unmalignant, not unpitiable thing! What a course was thine: from that first truckle-bed (in Joan of Arc's country) where thy mother bore thee, with tears, to an unnamed father; forward, through lowest subterranean depths, and over highest sunlit heights, of Harlotdom and Rascaldom—to the guillotine-axe, which sheers away thy vainly whimpering head! Rest there uncursed; only buried and abolished; what else befitted thee?

Louis, meanwhile, is in considerable impatience for his sacraments; sends more than once to the window, to see whether they are not coming. Be of comfort, Louis, what comfort thou canst: they are under way, these sacraments. Towards six in the morning, they arrive. Cardinal Grand-Almoner Roche-Aymon is here in pontificals, with his pyxes and his tools: he approaches the royal pillow; elevates his wafer; mutters or seems to mutter somewhat;—and so (as the Abbé Georgel, in words that stick to one, expresses it) has Louis “made the *amende honorable* to God;” so does your Jesuit construe it.—“*Wa, Wa,*” as the wild Clotaire groaned out, when life was departing, “what great God is this that pulls down the strength of the strongest kings!”)

12. The *amende honorable*, what “legal apology” you will, to God:—but not, if D’Aiguillon can help it, to man. Dubarry still hovers in his mansion at Ruel; and while there is life, there is hope. Grand-Almoner Roche-Aymon, accordingly (for he seems to be in the secret), has no sooner seen his pyxes and gear repacked, than he is stepping majestically forth again, as if the work were done! But King’s Confessor Abbé Moudon starts forward; with anxious acidulent face, twitches him by the sleeve;

whispers in his ear. Whereupon the poor Cardinal has to turn round; and declare audibly, "that his Majesty repents of any subjects of scandal he may have given (*à pu donner*); and purposes, by the strength of Heaven assisting him, to avoid the like—for the future!" Words listened to by Richelieu with mastiff-face, growing blacker; and answered to, aloud, "with an epithet,"—which Besenval will not repeat. Old Richelieu,¹ conqueror of Minorca, companion of Flying-Table orgies, perforator of bed-room walls, is thy day also done? *breaker*

13 Alas, the Chapel organs may keep going; the Shrine of Sainte Genevieve be let down,² and pulled up again,—without effect. In the evening the whole Court, with Dauphin and Dauphiness,³ assist at the Chapel: priests are hoarse with chanting their "Prayers of Forty Hours;" and the heaving bellows blow. Almost frightful! For the very heaven blackens; battering rain-torrents dash, with thunder; almost drowning the organ's voice: and electric fire-flashes make the very *flambeaux* on the altar pale. So that the most, as we are told, retired, when it was over, with hurried steps "in a state of meditation (*recueillement*)," and said little or nothing.

14 So it has lasted for the better half of a fortnight; the Dubarry gone almost a week. Besenval says, all the world was getting impatient *que cela finit*; that poor Louis would have done with it. It is now the 10th of May, 1774. He will soon have done now.

¹ The duc de Richelieu (1696–1788), grand nephew of the famous cardinal, was a successful diplomat and general. Witty and brave, but totally lacking in moral sense, as in convictions, he typifies the good and evil characteristics of his century.

² Sainte Genevieve (circ. 420–512) was the patron saint of Paris, and was said to have assisted in the conversion of the Frankish king. Clovis. The shrine in which her relics were preserved—at this time in the new church built by Louis XV—was visited and adored by pilgrims of all ranks. The shrine was opened when the special intercession of the saint was desired for the mortally sick.

³ Louis' grandson, later Louis XVI, and his wife, Marie Antoinette, daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa. Dauphin was the title given to the heir-apparent.

15 This tenth May day falls into the loathsome sick-bed; but dull, unnoticed there: for they that look out of the windows are quite darkened; the cistern-wheel moves discordant on its axis; Life, like a spent steed, is panting towards the goal. In their remote apartments, Dauphin and Dauphiness stand road-ready; all grooms and equerries hooted and spurred: waiting for some signal to escape the house of pestilence.* And, hark! across the Œil-de-Bœuf, what sound is that; sound "terrible and absolutely like thunder?" It is the rush of the whole Court, rushing as in wager, to salute the new Sovereigns: Hail to your Majesties! The Dauphin and Dauphiness are King and Queen! Overpowered with many emotions, they two fall on their knees together, and, with streaming tears, exclaim: "O God, guide us, protect us; we are too young to reign!"—Too young indeed.

16 But thus, in any case, "with a sound absolutely like thunder," has the Horologe of Time struck, and an old Era passed away. The Louis that was, lies forsaken, a mass of abhorred clay; abandoned "to some poor persons, and priests of the *Chapelle Ardente*,"—who make haste to put him "in two lead coffins, pouring in abundant spirits of wine." The new Louis with his Court is rolling towards Choisy, through the summer afternoon: the royal tears still flow; but a word mispronounced by Monseigneur

* One grudges to interfere with the beautiful theatrical "candle,"¹ which Madame Campan (i. 79) has lit on this occasion, and blown out at the moment of death. What candles might be lit or blown out, in so large an Establishment as that of Versailles, no man at such distance would like to affirm: at the same time, as it was two o'clock in a May Afternoon, and these royal Stables must have been some five or six hundred yards from the royal sick-room, the "candle" does threaten to go out in spite of us. It remains burning indeed—in her fantasy; throwing light on much in those *Mémoires* of hers. [Carlyle.]

¹ Madame Campan, lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, relates that the Dauphin decided to depart the moment that the king breathed his last. But decency forbade that positive orders for departure should be passed from mouth to mouth. A lighted taper was accordingly placed in a window at the palace; when the head of the stables saw it extinguished, as signal of the king's death, he ordered the pages and equerries to mount, and all was ready for setting off. [Editor.]

d'Artois sets them all laughing, and they weep no more. (Light mortals, how ye walk your light life-minuet, over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a film!)

[7 For the rest, the proper authorities felt that no Funeral could be too unceremonious. Besenval himself thinks it was unceremonious enough. Two carriages containing two noblemen of the usher species, and a Versailles clerical person; some score of mounted pages, some fifty palfreniers: these, with torches, but not so much as in black, start from Versailles on the second evening, with their leaden bier. At a high trot, they start; and keep up that pace. For the jibes (*brocards*) of those Parisians, who stand planted in two rows, all the way to St. Denis,¹ and "give vent to their pleasantry, the characteristic of the nation," do not tempt one to slacken. Towards midnight the vaults of St. Denis receive their own: unwept by any eye of all these; if not by poor *Loque* his neglected Daughter's whose Nunnery is hard by.

¶ Him they crush down, and huddle under-ground, in this impatient way; him and his era of sin and tyranny and shame: for behold a New Era is come; the future all the brighter that the past was base.

¹ The kings of France were buried in the Abbey of St. Denis, a few miles to the north of Paris.

[The accession of the young king, Louis XVI, in 1774, changed the administration of France for the better, but did not alter the conditions making for revolution. The misery of the peasants continued; upon them fell the brunt of the taxation from which the noblesse and clergy were exempt. The middle class were discontented and jealous of the social prestige of the nobility, who did nothing to justify their preëminent position. The extravagance of the court and the scandals of its life brought discredit upon the name of royalty.

More important, however, was the spread of philosophy which demonstrated the futility and expense of the existing fabric of society. The feudal system, the Church, and the absolute monarchy were undermined by the arguments of reason and were held up as outworn remnants of an age that was past. Following this critical philosophy came the constructive theories of Rousseau, which opened up the possibility of a new and better social structure, based

upon the sovereignty of the people. And at the same time the American Revolution furnished a practical example of the success of his doctrines.

But the one steady fact of supreme significance, as Carlyle said, was the continued deficit of revenue. France was on the verge of bankruptcy and the mechanism of government threatened to run down. Reforming ministers vainly attempted to fill up the financial deficit. The curtailment of expenditure aroused discontent at Court; the floating of loans was nothing but "quenching fire by oil thrown on it;" attempts to force the noblesse and clergy to pay taxes were balked by the opposition of those classes.

Finally in 1788, as a last resource, the king decided to call the States-General. This body, representative of the three estates, clergy, noblesse, and bourgeois, was now believed to be the sole remaining means for the raising of supplies. In January, 1789, elections were held and France looked forward to a settlement of her difficulties. On May 4th the Deputies assembled at Versailles.]

VOLUME I—BOOK IV

STATES-GENERAL

CHAPTER IV

THE PROCESSION.

ON the first Saturday of May, it is gala at Versailles: and Monday, fourth of the month, is to be a still greater day. The Deputies have mostly got thither, and sought out lodgings; and are now successively, in long well-ushered files, kissing the hand of Majesty in the Château. Supreme Usher de Brézé does not give the highest satisfaction: we cannot but observe that in ushering Noblesse or Clergy into the Anointed Presence, he liberally opens *both* his folding-doors; and on the other hand, for members of the Third Estate, opens only one! However, there is room to enter; Majesty has smiles for all.

The good Louis welcomes his Honourable Members, with smiles of hope. He has prepared for them the Hall of *Menus*, the largest near him; and often surveyed the workmen as they went on. A spacious Hall: with raised platform for Throne, Court and Blood-royal; space for

six hundred Commons Deputies in front; for half as many Clergy on this hand, and half as many Noblesse on that. It has lofty galleries; wherefrom dames of honour, splendid in *gaze d'or*; foreign Diplomacies, and other gilt-edged white-frilled individuals, to the number of two thousand,—may sit and look. Broad passages flow through it; and outside the inner wall, all round it. There are committee-rooms, guard-rooms, robing-rooms: really a noble Hall; where upholstery, aided by the subject fine-arts, has done its best; and crimson tasselled cloths, and emblematic *fleurs-de-lys* are not wanting. *trif of loosely hanging thread.*
 The Hall is ready: the very costume, as we said, has been settled; and the Commons are *not* to wear that hated slouch-hat (*chapeau clabaud*), but one not quite so slouched (*chapeau rabattu*). As for their manner of working, when all dressed; for their “voting by head or by order” and the rest,—this, which it were perhaps still time to settle, and in few hours will be no longer time, remains unsettled; hangs dubious in the breast of Twelve Hundred men.

But now finally the Sun, on Monday the 4th of May, has risen;—unconcerned, as if it were no special day. And yet, as his first rays could strike music from the Memnon's Statue on the Nile, what tones were these, so thrilling, tremulous, of preparation and foreboding, which he awoke in every bosom at Versailles! Huge Paris, in all conceivable and inconceivable vehicles, is pouring itself forth; from each Town and Village come subsidiary rills: Versailles is a very sea of men. But above all, from the Church of St. Louis to the Church of Notre-Dame: one vast suspended-billow of Life,—with *spray* scattered even to the chimney-tops! For on chimney-tops too, as over the roofs, and up thitherwards on every lamp-iron, signpost, breakneck coign of vantage, sits patriotic Courage; and every window bursts with patriotic Beauty: for the Deputies are gathering at St. Louis

Church; to march in procession to Notre-Dame, and hear sermon.

Yes, friends, ye may sit and look; bodily or in thought, all France, and all Europe, may sit and look; for it is a day like few others. Oh, one might weep like Xerxes:— So many serried rows sit perched there; like winged creatures, alighted out of Heaven: all these, and so many more that follow them, shall have wholly fled aloft again, vanishing into the blue Deep; and the memory of this day still be fresh. It is the baptism day of Democracy; sick Time has given it birth, the numbered months being run. The extreme-unction day of Feudalism! A superannuated System of Society, decrepit with toils (for has it not done much; produced *you*, and what ye have and know!)—and with thefts and brawls, named glorious-victories; and with profligacies, sensualities, and on the whole with dotage and senility,—is now to die: and so, with death-throes and birth-throes, a new one is to be born. What a work, O Earth and Heavens, what a work! Battles and bloodshed, September Massacres, Bridges of Lodi, retreats of Moscow, Waterloos, Peterloos, Tenpound Franchises, Tarbarrels and Guillotines;¹—and from this present date, if one might prophesy, some two centuries of it still to fight! (Two centuries; hardly less; before Democracy go through its due, most baleful, stages of *Quackocracy*; and a pestilential World be burnt up, and have begun to grow green and young again.)

Rejoice nevertheless, ye Versailles multitudes; to you, from whom all this is hid, the glorious end of it is visible. This day, sentence of death is pronounced on Shams; judgement of resuscitation, were it but afar off, is pro-

¹Notable events and characteristics of the approaching era of transition September Massacres (see p. 134) mark the rising of the Paris mob against aristocracy. Lodi, Moscow, and Waterloo were steps in the rise and fall of Napoleon. Peterloo was the place where the lower classes in England were put down in their attempt to win the right to vote. The tenpound franchise was the suffrage qualification enacted in England in 1832.

nounced on Realities. This day, it is declared aloud, as with a Doom-trumpet, that *a Lie is unbelievable*. Believe that, stand by that, if more there be not; and let what thing or things soever will follow it follow. ("Ye can no other; God be your help!" So speak a greater than any of you; opening *his* Chapter of World-History.)

Behold, however! The doors of St. Louis Church flung wide; and the Procession of Processions advancing towards Notre-Dame! Shouts rend the air; one shout, at which Grecian birds might drop dead. It is indeed a stately, solemn sight. The Elected of France, and then the Court of France; they are marshalled and march there, all in prescribed place and costume. Our Commons "in plain black mantle and white cravat;" Noblesse, in gold-worked, bright-dyed cloaks of velvet, resplendent, rustling with laces, waving with plumes; the Clergy in rochet, alb, or other best *pontificalibus*; lastly comes the King himself, and King's Household, also in their brightest blaze of pomp,—their brightest and final one. Some Fourteen Hundred Men blown together from all winds, on the deepest errand.

Yes, in that silent marching mass there lies Futurity enough. No symbolic Ark, like the old Hebrews, do these men bear: yet with them too is a Covenant; they too preside at a new Era in the History of Men. The whole Future is there, and Destiny dim-brooding over it; in the hearts and unshaped thoughts of these men, it lies illegible, inevitable. Singular to think: *they* have it in them; yet not they, not mortal, only the Eye above can read it,—as it shall unfold itself, in fire and thunder, of siege, and field artillery; in the rustling of battle-banners, the tramp of hosts, in the glow of burning cities, the shriek of strangled nations! Such things lie hidden, safe-wrapt in this Fourth day of May;—say rather, had lain in some other unknown day, of which this latter is the public fruit and outcome. (As indeed what wonders

lie in every Day,—had we the sight, as happily we have not, to decipher it: for is not every meanest Day “the conflux of two Eternities!”)

Meanwhile, suppose we too, good Reader, should, as now without miracle Muse Clio enables us,—take *our* station also on some coign of vantage; and glance momentarily over this Procession, and this Life-sea; with far other eyes than the rest do,—namely with prophetic? We can mount, and stand there, without fear of falling. As for the Life-sea, or onlooking unnumbered Multitude, it is fortunately all-too dim. Yet as we gaze fixedly, do not nameless Figures not a few, which shall not always be nameless, disclose themselves: visible or presumable there! . . .

Surely also, in some place not of honour, stands or sprawls up querulous, that he too, though short, may see,—one squalidest bleared mortal, ^{sym⁴}redolent of soot and horse-drugs: Jean Paul Marat of Neuchâtel!¹ O Marat, Renovator of Human Science, Lecturer on Optics; O thou remarkablest Horseleech, once in D’Artois’ Stables,—as thy bleared soul looks forth, through thy bleared, dull-acid, woe-stricken face, what sees it in all this? Any faintest light of hope; like dayspring after Nova-Zembla, night? Or is it but blue sulphur-light, and spectres; woe, suspicion, revenge without end?

Of Draper Lecointre, how he shut his cloth-shop hard by, and stepped forth, one need hardly speak. Nor of Santerre, the sonorous Brewer from the Faubourg St. high-sounding, imposing

¹ Jean Paul Marat (born in 1743, assassinated in 1793), one of the most influential leaders of the extreme popular party in the coming revolution, was a man of scientific attainments but unbalanced mentality. Taking up the pen of a journalist, he became a noted interpreter of democratic ideas; and, animated by fanatical pity for the misery of the masses, he sought a remedy in the destruction of their oppressors. It was his demand for the blood of aristocrats and moderates, and his share in the worst horrors of the revolution, that led to his assassination by Charlotte Corday (see p. 153).

Antoine.¹ Two other Figures, and only two, we signalize there. The huge, brawny Figure; through whose black brows, and rude flattened face (*figure écrasée*), there looks a waste energy as of Hercules not yet furibund,—he is an esurient, unprovided Advocate; Danton by name: him mark.² Then that other, his slight-built comrade, and craft-brother; he with the long curling locks; with the face of dingy blackguardism, wondrously irradiated with genius, as if a naphtha-lamp burnt within it: that Figure is Camille Desmoulins.³ A fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay humour; one of the sprightliest clearest souls in all these millions. Thou poor Camille, say of thee what they may, it were but falsehood to pretend one did not almost love thee, thou headlong lightly sparkling man! But the brawny, not yet furibund Figure, we say, is Jacques Danton; a name that shall be “tolerably known in the Revolution.”⁴ He is President

¹ Santerre (1752–1809), a leader of the Paris mob and later general of the National Guard (see p. 47). The Faubourg St. Antoine was the labourers' quarter.

² Georges-Jacques Danton (1759–1794), coming from a provincial town, was entering upon a successful career at the outbreak of the Revolution. He represented the democratic aspirations of the lower middle class, but his real title to greatness lies in the energy and skill displayed at the moment when France was threatened by foreign invaders. Largely responsible for the deposition and execution of Louis, which he regarded as a measure of public safety, he advocated the relaxation of the Reign of Terror after the defeat of the foreign and domestic enemies of the Revolution. Using this as an excuse, Robespierre, his rival, was able to bring him to the guillotine. (See p. 173).

³ Camille Desmoulins (1760–1793) was the most brilliant journalist of the Revolution, and by his pamphlets contributed largely to the dissemination of popular opinions. In general a poor orator, he is noted for the rousing of the people to their attack on the Bastille in July. 1789. He shared the ideas of Danton, and it was because he demanded a relaxation of the Reign of Terror in his journal that Robespierre turned against him. Desmoulins was included in the judgment pronounced against Danton and died on the scaffold with him. (See p. 174).

⁴ It was in these words that Danton described himself when on trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. (See p. 171).

of the electoral Cordeliers District at Paris, or about to be it; and shall open his lungs of brass.

We dwell no longer on the mixed shouting Multitude: for now, behold, the Commons Deputies are at hand!

Which of these Six Hundred individuals, in plain white cravat, that have come up to regenerate France, might one guess would become their *king*? For a king or leader they, as all bodies of men, must have: be their work what it may, there is one man there who, by character, faculty, position, is fittest of all to do it; that man, as future not yet elected king, walks there among the rest. He with the thick black locks, will it be? With the *hure*, as himself calls it, or black *boar's-head*, fit to be "shaken" as a senatorial portent? Through whose shaggy beetle-brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence, bankruptcy,—and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire glaring fuliginous through murkiest confusions? It is *Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau*, the world-compeller; man-ruling Deputy of Aix! According to the Baroness de Staël, he steps proudly along, though looked at askance here; and shakes his black *chevelure*, or lion's-man; as if prophetic of great deeds.

Yes, Reader, that is the Type-Frenchman of this epoch; as Voltaire¹ was of the last. He is French in his aspirations, acquisitions, in his virtues, in his vices; perhaps more French than any other man;—and intrinsically such a mass of manhood too. Mark him well. The National Assembly were all different without that one; nay, he might say with the old Despot: "The National Assembly? I am that."

¹ François-Marie Voltaire (1694-1778) was the most noted of the 18th century philosophers. A poet, historian, and scientist, his influence upon the ideas of his time is incalculable. His destructive criticism, launched against the worn-out institutions of society and especially against the Roman Church, did more than anything else to awaken the people of intelligence to the necessity of change.

Of a southern climate, of wild southern blood: for the Riquettis, or Arrighettis, had to fly from Florence and the Guelfs, long centuries ago, and settled in Provence; where from generation to generation they have ever approved themselves a peculiar kindred: irascible, indomitable, sharp-cutting, true, like the steel they wore; of an intensity and activity that sometimes verged towards madness, yet did not reach it. One ancient Riquetti, in mad fulfilment of a mad vow, chains two Mountains together; and the chain, with its "iron star of five rays," is still to be seen. May not a modern Riquetti unchain so much, and set it drifting,—which also shall be seen?

Destiny has work for that swart burly-headed Mirabeau; Destiny has watched over him, prepared him from afar. Did not his Grandfather, stout *Col-d'Argent* (Silver-Stock, so they named him), shattered and slashed by seven-and-twenty wounds in one fell day, lie sunk together on the Bridge at Casano; while Prince Eugene's cavalry galloped and regalloped over him,—only the flying sergeant had thrown a camp-kettle over that loved head; and Vendôme, dropping his synglass, moaned out, "Mirabeau is *dead*, then!" nevertheless he was not dead: he awoke to breath, and miraculous surgery;—for Gabriel was yet to be. With his *silver stock* he kept his scarred head erect, through long years; and wedded; and produced tough Marquis Victor, the *Friend of Men*. Whereby at last in the appointed year 1749, this long-expected rough-hewn Gabriel Honoré did likewise see the light: roughest lion's whelp ever littered of that rough breed. How the old lion (for our old Marquis too was lionlike, most unconquerable, kindly-genial, most perverse) gazed wondering on his offspring; and determined to train him as no lion had yet been! It is in vain, O Marquis! This cub, though thou slay him and flay him, will not learn to draw in dogcart of Political Economy, and be a *Friend of Men*; he will not be Thou, but must and will be Himself, another than Thou. Divorce lawsuits, "whole family

save one in prison, and three-score *Lettres-de-Cachet*"¹ for thy own sole use, do but astonish the world.

Our luckless Gabriel, sinned against and sinning, has been in the Isle of Rhé, and heard the Atlantic from his tower; in the Castle of If, and heard the Mediterranean at Marseilles. He has been in the Fortress of Joux; and forty-two months, with hardly clothing to his back, in the Dungeon of Vincennes;—all by *Lettre-de-Cachet*, from his lion father. He has been in Pontarlier Jails (self-constituted prisoner); was noticed fording estuaries of the sea (at low water), in flight from the face of men. He has pleaded before Aix Parlements (to get back his wife); the public gathering on roofs, to see since they could not hear: "the clatter teeth (*claque-dents*)!" snarls singular old Mirabeau; discerning in such admired forensic eloquence nothing but two chattering jaw-bones, and a head vacant, sonorous, of the drum species.

But as for Gabriel Honoré, in these strange wayfarings, what has he not seen and tried! From drill-sergeants, to prime ministers, to foreign and domestic booksellers, all manner of men he has seen. All manner of men he has gained; for at bottom it is a social, loving heart, that wild unconquerable one:—more especially all manner of women. From the Archer's Daughter at Saintes to that fair young Sophie Madame Monnier, whom he could not but "steal," and be beheaded for—in effigy! For indeed hardly since the Arabian Prophet lay dead to Ali's admiration, was there seen such a Love-hero, with the strength of thirty men. In War, again, he has helped to conquer Corsica; fought duels, irregular brawls; horsewhipped calumnious barons. In Literature, he has written on *Despotism*, on *Lettres-de-Cachet*; Erotics Sapphic-Werter-

¹ *Lettres-de-Cachet*: orders signed by the king which authorized the summary arrest and imprisonment of the person named. No trial was allowed and the term of secret detention which followed was often long.

ean,¹ Obscenities, Profanities; Books on the *Prussian Monarchy*, on *Cagliostro*,² on *Calonne*,³ on the *Water Companies of Paris*,—each Book comparable: we will say, to a bituminous alarum-fire; huge, smoky, sudden! The firepan, the kindling, the bitumen were his own; but the lumber, of rags, old wood and nameless combustibile rubbish (for all is fuel to him), was gathered from hucksters, and ass-paniers, of every description under heaven. Whereby, indeed, hucksters enough have been heard to exclaim: Out upon it, the fire is *mine*!

Nay, consider it more generally, seldom had man such a talent for borrowing. The idea, the faculty of another man he can make his; the man himself he can make his. "All reflex and echo (*tout de reflet et de réverbère*)!" snarls old Mirabeau, who can see, but will not. Crabbed old Friend of Men! it is his sociality, his aggregative nature; and will now be the quality of qualities for him. In that forty years' "struggle against despotism," he has gained the glorious faculty of *self-help*, and yet not lost the glorious natural gift of *fellowship*, of being helped. Rare union: this man can live self-sufficing—yet lives also in the life of other men; can make men love him, work with him; a born king of men!

But consider further how, as the old Marquis still snarls, he has "made away with (*humé*, swallowed) all *Formulas*";—a fact which, if we meditate it, will in these days mean much. This is no man of system, then; he is only a man of instincts and insights. A man neverthe-

¹ Erotics Sapphic-Wertereian: love poetry of a passionate and sentimental nature. Sappho, the great lyric poetess of Greece (600 B.C.); Werther. The name of the young and sentimental hero of Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*.

² Cagliostro (1743-1795) was an Italian adventurer and quack-doctor who came to Paris in 1785. For a time he was much in vogue with fashionable society because of his pretended knowledge of the occult.

³ Calonne (1734-1802) was Minister of Finances from 1785 to 1787. His rather fantastic plan of reform was opposed by the nobles and he resigned, discredited and financially ruined.

less who will glare fiercely on any object; and see through it, and conquer it: for he has intellect, he has will, force beyond other men. A man not with *logic-spectacles*; but with an *eye*! Unhappily without Decalogue, moral Code or Theorem of any fixed sort; yet not without a strong living Soul in him, and Sincerity there: a Reality, not an Artificiality, not a Sham! And so he, having struggled "forty years against despotism," and "made away with all formulas," shall now become the spokesman of a Nation bent to do the same. For is it not precisely the struggle of France also to cast off despotism; to make away with *her* old formulas,—having found them naught, worn out, far from the reality? She will make away with *such* formulas;—and even go *bare*, if need be, till she have found new ones.

Toward such work, in such manner, marches he, this singular Riquetti Mirabeau. In fiery rough figure, with black Samson-locks under the slouch-hat, he steps along there. A fiery fuliginous mass, which could not be choked and smothered, but would fill all France with smoke. And now it has got *air*; it will burn its whole substance, its whole smoke-atmosphere too, and fill all France with flame. Strange lot! Forty years of that smouldering, with foul fire-damp and vapour enough; then victory over that;—and like a burning mountain he blazes heaven-high; and for twenty-three resplendent months, pours out, in flame and molten fire-torrents, all that is in him, the Pharos and Wondersign of an amazed Europe;—and then lies hollow, cold for ever! Pass on, thou questionable Gabriel Honoré, the greatest of them all: in the whole National Deputies, in the whole Nation, there is none like and none second to thee.

But now if Mirabeau is the greatest, who of these Six Hundred may be the meanest? Shall we say, that anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; his eyes (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with

upturned face, snuffing dimly the uncertain future times; complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar colour, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green. That greenish-coloured (*verdâtre*) individual is an Advocate of Arras; his name is *Maximilien Robespierre*.¹ The son of an Advocate; his father founded mason-lodges under Charles Edward, the English Prince or Pretender. Maximilien the first-born was thriftily educated; he had brisk Camille Desmoulins for school-mate in the College of Louis le Grand, at Paris. But he begged our famed Necklace-Cardinal, Rohan, the patron, to let him depart thence, and resign in favour of a younger brother. The strict-minded Max departed; home to paternal Arras; and even had a Law-case there and pleaded, not unsuccessfully, "in favour of the first Franklin thunder-rod." With a strict painful mind, an understanding small but clear and ready, he grew in favour with official persons, who could foresee in him an excellent man of business, happily quite free from genius. The Bishop, therefore, taking counsel, appoints him Judge of his diocese; and he faithfully does justice to the people: till behold, one day, a culprit comes whose crime merits hanging; and the strict-minded Max must abdicate, for his conscience will not permit the dooming of any son of Adam to die. A strict-minded, strait-laced man! A man unfit for Revolutions? Whose small soul, transparent wholesome-looking as small-ale, could by no chance ferment into virulent *alegar*,—the mother of ever new *alegar*; till all France were grown acetous virulent? We shall see. . . .

¹ Robespierre (1759-1794) played a minor rôle in the early years of the Revolution. By extreme caution and by his skill in acquiring a reputation for unswerving virtue and sincere interest in the welfare of the people, he gradually increased his influence in Paris and later in the National Convention. Largely responsible for the organization of the System of Terror, he was supreme during the months which succeeded the death of Danton. For a time his popularity far transcended that of any other man of the Revolution; but in July, 1794, he was destroyed by a coalition of political enemies who feared for their own lives. (See p. 178).

And worthy *Doctor Guillotin*, whom we hoped to behold one other time? If not here, the Doctor should be here, and we see him with the eye of prophecy: for indeed the Parisian Deputies are all a little late. Singular Guillotin, respectable practitioner; doomed by a satiric destiny to the strangest immortal glory that ever kept obscure mortal from his resting-place, the bosom of oblivion! Guillotin can improve the ventilation of the Hall; in all cases of medical police and *hygiène* be a present aid: but, greater far, he can produce his "Report on the Penal Code;" and reveal therein a cunningly devised Beheading Machine, which shall become famous and world-famous. This is the product of Guillotin's endeavours, gained not without meditation and reading: which product popular gratitude or levity christens by a feminine derivative name, as if it were his daughter: *La Guillotine*! "With my machine, Messieurs, I whisk off your head (*vous fais sauter le tête*) in a twinkling, and you have no pain;"—whereat they all laugh. Unfortunate Doctor! For two-and-twenty years he, unguillotined, shall hear nothing but guillotine, see nothing but guillotine; then dying, shall through long centuries wander, as it were, a disconsolate ghost, on the wrong side of Styx and Lethe; his name like to outlive Caesar's. . . .

Thus, however, amid skyrending *vivats*, and blessings from every heart, has the Procession of the Commons Deputies rolled by.

Next follow the Noblesse, and next the Clergy; concerning both of whom it might be asked, What they specially have come for? Specially, little as they dream of it, to answer this question, put in a voice of thunder: What are you doing in God's fair Earth and Task-garden; where whosoever is not working is begging or stealing? Wo, wo to themselves and to all, if they can only answer: Collecting tithes, Preserving game!—Remark, meanwhile,

how *D'Orléans*¹ affects to step before his own Order, and mingle with the Commons. For him are *vivats*: few for the rest, though all wave in plumed "hats of a feudal cut," and have sword on thigh; though among them is *D'Antraigues*, the young Languedocian gentleman,—and indeed many a Peer more or less noteworthy.

There are *Liancourt*, and *La Rochefoucault*; the liberal Anglomaniac Dukes. There is a filially pious *Lally*; a couple of liberal *Lameths*. Above all, there is a *Lafayette*;² whose name shall be Cromwell-Grandison,³ and fill the world. Many a "formula" has this Lafayette too made away with; yet not *all* formulas. He sticks by the Washington-formula; and by that he will stick;—and hang by it, as by sure bower-anchor hangs and swings the tight war-ship, which, after all changes of wildest weather and water, is found still hanging. Happy for him; be it glorious or not! Alone of all Frenchmen he has a theory of the world, and right mind to conform thereto; he can become a hero and perfect character, were it but the hero of one idea. . . .

King Louis with his Court brings up the rear: he cheerful, in this day of hope, is saluted with plaudits; still more Necker his Minister. Not so the Queen: on whom hope shines not steadily any more. Ill-fated Queen! Her hair is already grey with many cares and

¹ The duc d'Orleans sought to flatter the mob, already hoping, perhaps, that he might be chosen king if Louis were forced to abdicate. His subsequent intrigues for the crown were disgraceful and ultimately proved disastrous to himself.

² Marie Joseph Lafayette (1757–1834) was the most distinguished of the younger French noblesse who sympathized with the cause of liberty in the New World and actively assisted the American revolutionaries. He occupied a position of importance during the early days of the French Revolution, but was forced into exile by the triumph of the extremists. He returned to France after the fall of Napoleon and was an important factor in the liberal Revolution of 1830.

³ Cromwell-Grandison: Oliver Cromwell and Sir Charles Grandison in one. *Sir Charles Grandison*, a novel by Samuel Richardson written in 1753; the hero is a combination of all the virtues and graces.

crosses; her firstborn son is dying in these weeks: black falsehood has ineffaceably soiled her name; ineffaceably while this generation lasts. Instead of *Vive la Reine*, voices insult her with *Vive d'Orléans*.¹ Of her queenly beauty little remains except its stateliness: not now gracious, but haughty, rigid, silently enduring. With a most mixed feeling, wherein joy has no part, she resigns herself to a day she hoped never to have seen. Poor Marie Antoinette; with thy quick noble instincts; vehement glancings, vision all-too fitful narrow for the work thou hast to do! O there are tears in store for thee; bitterest wailings, soft womanly meltings, though thou hast the heart of an imperial Theresa's Daughter. Thou doomed one, shut thy eyes on the future!—

And so, in stately Procession, have passed the Elected of France. Some towards honour and quick fire-consummation; most towards dishonour; not a few towards massacre, confusion, emigration, desperation: all towards Eternity!—So many heterogeneities cast together into the fermenting-vat; there, with incalculable action, counteraction, elective affinities, explosive developments, to work out healing for a sick moribund System of Society! Probably the strangest Body of Men, if we consider well, that ever met together on our Planet on such an errand. So thousandfold complex a Society, ready to burst up from its infinite depths; and these men, its rulers and healers, without life-rule for themselves,—other life-rule than a Gospel according to Jean Jacques!² To the wisest of them, what we must call the wisest, man is properly an Accident under the sky. Man is without Duty round

¹ Because of the bitter enmity between the Queen and Orleans, a cheer for the latter would be an insult to Marie Antoinette.

² Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778), by his exposition and advocacy of popular sovereignty, supplied the constructive criticism which was lacking in the writings of Voltaire, and was largely accountable for the spread of revolutionary opinion. He is often called the Evangelist or Apostle of Democracy.

him; except it be "to make the Constitution." He is without Heaven above him, or Hell beneath him; he has no God in the world.

[The universal optimism which attended the opening of the States-General was speedily dampened by a quarrel between the deputies of the Third Estate and those of the upper orders. The former desired that all the deputies should meet and vote together; the latter that each order should assemble by itself. After much delay the king decided to support the nobility, and commanded the Estates to meet separately. He also informed them that their sole duty was to find a solution of the financial problem; they were not to attempt a general reform of the abuses of government.

But the Third Estate, led by Mirabeau, refused to cede, declared themselves the National Assembly,—representative of all France,—and invited the other two orders to join them. They also swore not to disperse until they had given a constitution to the nation. Their determination was met with complete surrender on the part of Louis XVI, and they were soon joined by the other orders.

The queen and the court party, however, were resolved that if the moral authority of royalty was insufficient, physical force should be employed to subdue the ambitions of the popular deputies. Marie Antoinette planned to dismiss Necker, the liberal minister, gather an armed force, and disband the Assembly. She brought troops into Versailles and Paris, and for the moment the destruction of the National Assembly seemed imminent. But the people of Paris saved the Revolution. Inflamed by the news of Necker's dismissal, which they regarded as the signal for the execution of the royal plot, and terrified by the sight of the foreign troops, they rose to defend themselves and the Assembly.]

VOLUME I—BOOK V

THE THIRD ESTATE

CHAPTER VI

STORM AND VICTORY

BUT, to the living and the struggling, a new, Fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted City is the nodus of a drama, not untragic, crowding towards solution. The bustlings and preparings, the tremors and menaces; the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my

sons, ye shall quit you like men. By the memory of your fathers' wrongs, by the hope of your children's rights! Tyranny impends in red wrath: help for you is none, if not in your own hands. This day ye must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless Permanent Committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous: Arms! Arms! Provost Flesselles, or what traitors there are among you, may think of those Charleville Boxes.¹ A hundred-and-fifty thousand of us: and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful: with arms we are an unconquerable man-defying National Guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot.

Happily the word has arisen, for no secret can be kept,—that there lie muskets at the *Hôtel des Invalides*.² Thither will we: King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of authority a Permanent Committee can lend, shall go with us. Besenval's Camp³ is there; perhaps he will not fire on us; if he kill us, we shall but die.

Alas, poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humour to fire! At five o'clock this morning, as he lay dreaming, oblivious in the *Ecole Militaire*, a "figure" stood suddenly at his bedside; "with face rather handsome; eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air audacious:" such a figure drew Priam's curtains! The message and monition of the figure was, that resistance would be hopeless; that if blood flowed, woe to him who shed it. Thus spoke the figure: and vanished. "Withal there was a kind of eloquence that struck one."

¹ The provost had promised that the gun manufactory at Charleville would send 30,000 guns, and pointed to boxes marked with the word *Artillerie* which had just come in. But when opened they were found to contain only rags.

² *Hôtel des Invalides* was built by Louis XIV as a retreat for his veterans. Here was located the most important arsenal in Paris.

³ The royal party had concentrated a large number of foreign troops with which to overawe Paris and break up the National Assembly. Besenval was in command of the camp outside of Paris, with his headquarters at the Invalides.

Besenal admits that he should have arrested him, but did not. Who this figure with inflamed eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be? Besenal knows, but mentions not. Camille Desmoulins? Pythagorean Marquis Valadi, inflamed with "violent motions all night at the Palais Royal?" Fame names him, "Young M. Meillar;" then shuts her lips about him for ever.

In any case, behold about nine in the morning, our National Volunteers rolling in long wide flood, south-westward to the *Hôtel des Invalides*; in search of the one thing needful. King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there; the Curé of Saint-Étienne du Mont marches unpacific, at the head of his militant Parish; the Clerks of the Basoche¹ in red coats we see marching, now Volunteers of the Basoche; the Volunteers of the Palais Royal:²—National Volunteers, numerable by tens of thousands; of one heart and mind. The King's muskets are the Nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil,³ how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers; but it skills not: the walls are scaled, no Invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open. Patriotism rushes in, tumultuous, from grunsel up to ridge-tile, through all rooms and passages; rummaging distractedly for arms. What cellar, or what cranny can escape it? The arms are found; all safe there; lying packed in straw,—apparently with a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangour and vociferation, pounces on them; struggling, dashing, clutching:—to the jamming-up, to the pressure, fracture and probable extinction of the weaker Patriot. And so, with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant

¹ The Basoche was the association of students and clerks in the Paris law-courts.

² The Palais Royal was the property of the Duke of Orleans, and with its gardens, cafés, and galleries formed the rendezvous of all the elements of resistance.

³ Sombreuil was the governor of the Invalides.

Orchestra-music, the Scene is changed; and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient firelocks are on the shoulders of as many National Guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets, as they flash by! Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon levelled on him; ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the River. Motionless sits he; "astonished," one may flatter oneself, "at the proud bearing (*fière contenance*) of the Parisians."—And now, to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grapeshot still threatens: thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending.

Old De Launay,¹ as we hinted, withdrew "into his interior" soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel-de-Ville "invites" him to admit National Soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder; but, alas. only one day's provision of victuals. The city too is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere: To the Bastille! Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot *de la Rosière* gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all

¹ De Launay was the governor of the Bastille, the ancient fortress which dominated the working-class quarter of Paris, the Suburb St. Antoine.

duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street: tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*: the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering Spectral Realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt! "*Que voulez-vous?*" said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral-sublime, "what mean *you*? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height,"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fumescent: then descends; departs with protest; with warning addressed also to the Invalides,—on whom, however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigua des buissons*). They think, they will not fire,—if not fired on, if they can help it; but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grapeshot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *unquestionable*. Ever wider swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The Outer Draw-bridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the Outer Court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his

Drawbridge. A slight sputter;—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration;—and over head, from the Fortress, let one great gun, with its grape-shot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at the Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some “on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall,” Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact;—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Forecourts, *Cour Avancé*, *Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now

fight); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Fight Towers: a labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in coloured clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is “pale to the very lips,” for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine Service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam’s cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like): Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn: the King of Siam’s cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises also will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighbouring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The Invalides lie flat, ~~fring~~ comparatively at their ease from behind stone;

hardly through portholes, show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms. A distracted "Perukemaker with two fiery torches" is for burning "the saltpetres of the Arsenal";—had not a woman run screaming; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Clurts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a paillasse: but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke, almost to the choking of Patriotism itself; so that Elic had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Réole the "gigantic haberdasher" another. Smoke as of Top-het; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the Crack of Doom!

Blood flows: the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides cannon, to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *cata-pults*. Santerre, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb Saint-

Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a "mixture of phosphorus and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps." O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come: real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began; and is now pointing towards Five, and still the firing slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults, the seven Prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their Turnkeys answer vaguely.

Wo to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitring, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks: "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, It is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple*! Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth: and yet this same day come four years—! —But let the curtains of the Future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the Powder-Magazine; motionless, like old Roman Senator, or Bronze Lamp-holder; coldly apprising

Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was:—Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in nowise be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honour; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such statuesque, taperholding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Basoche, Curé of Saint-Stephen and all the tag-rag-and-bob-tail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Glück confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men: the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailoring and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimera, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins: go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can

hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—“*Foi d'officier*, On the word of an officer,” answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, “they are!” Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

CHAPTER VII

NOT A REVOLT

WHY dwell on what follows? Hulin's *foi d'officier* should have been kept, but could not. The Swiss stand drawn up, disguised in white canvas smocks; the Invalides without disguise; their arms all piled against the wall. The first rush of victors, in ecstasy that the death-peril is passed, “leaps joyfully on their necks;” but new victors rush, and ever new, also in ecstasy not wholly of joy. As we said, it was a living deluge, plunging headlong: had not the Gardes Françaises, in their cool military way, “wheeled round with arms levelled,” it would have plunged suicidally, by the hundred or the thousand, into the Bastille-ditch.

And so it goes plunging through court and corridor; billowing uncontrollable, firing from windows—on itself; in hot frenzy of triumph, of grief and vengeance for its

slain. The poor Invalides will fare ill; one Swiss, running off in his white smock, is driven back, with a death thrust. Let all Prisoners be marched to the Townhall, to be judged!—Alas, already one poor Invalide has his right hand slashed off him; his maimed body dragged to the Place de Grève, and hanged there. This same right hand, it is said, turned back De Launay from the Powder-Magazine, and saved Paris.

De Launay, "discovered in grey frock with poppy-coloured riband," is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He shall to the Hôtel-de-Ville; Hulin, Maillard and others escorting him; Elie marching foremost "with the capitulation-paper on his sword's point." Through roarings and cursings; through hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes! Your escort is hustled aside, felled down; Hulin sinks exhausted on a heap of stones. Miserable De Launay! He shall never enter the Hôtel-de-Ville: only his "bloody hair-queue, held up in a bloody hand;" that shall enter, for a sign. The bleeding trunk lies on the steps there; the head is off through the streets; ghastly, aloft on a pike.

Rigorous De Launay has died; crying out, "O friends, kill me fast!" Merciful De Losme must die; though Gratitude embraces him, in this fearful hour, and will die for him; it avails not. Brothers, your wrath is cruel! Your Place de Grève is become a Throat of the Tiger; full of mere fierce bellowings, and thirst of blood. One other officer is massacred; one other Invalide is hanged on the Lamp-iron; with difficulty, with generous perseverance, the Gardes Françaises will save the rest. Provost Flesselles, stricken long since with the paleness of death, must descend from his seat, "to be judged at the Palais Royal":—alas, to be shot dead, by an unknown hand, at the turning of the first street!—

O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent

main; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-routed Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-Officers;—and also on this roaring Hellporch of a Hôtel-de-Ville! Babel Tower, with the confusion of tongues, were not Bedlam added with the conflagration of thoughts, was no type of it. One forest of distracted steel bristles, endless, in front of an Electoral Committee; points itself, in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring with Olympus; and they, scarcely crediting it, have *conquered*: prodigy of prodigies; delirious,—as it could not but be. Denunciation, vengeance; blaze of triumph on a dark ground of terror: all outward, all inward things fallen into one general wreck of madness! . . .

In the Court, all is mystery, not without whisperings of terror: though ye dream of lemonade and epaulettes, ye foolish women! His Majesty, kept in happy ignorance, perhaps dreams of double-barrels and the Woods of Meudon. Late at night, the Duke de Liancourt, having official right of entrance, gains access to the Royal Apartments; unfolds, with earnest clearness, in his constitutional way, the Job's-news. "*Mais,*" said poor Louis, "*c'est une révolte*, Why, that is a revolt!"—"Sire," answered Liancourt, "it is not a revolt,—it is a revolution."

[The victory of the people of Paris frustrated the second attempt of royalty to free itself from the threatening incubus of popular authority. The National Assembly continued its sessions, discussing the abstract rights of man and the practical reform of abuses. Throughout the country there swept a wave of revolt against the nobility and the feudal system. The demand for reform culminated when, on August 4th, the National Assembly voted the abolition of all the privileges of the clergy and noblesse.

But the misery of the people was not alleviated by the academic discussions of the Assembly. Paris, especially, was threatened by famine, and to the hunger and suffering of the people was added continual suspicion of court intrigues. Rumors came to them that the king and queen were planning to escape from Versailles and, by coöperation with the royal troops, to reëstablish the absolute

power of the court in some city of the provinces. The sole salvation of the people, they believed, lay in the presence of the king. They could then protect him from his false advisers and bread would be cheap. As always, in times of hardship, the women were most directly affected, and it is not surprising that to them fell the rôle of action.]

VOLUME I—BOOK VII THE INSURRECTION OF WOMEN

CHAPTER II

O RICHARD, O MY KING

FOR, alas, neither is the Townhall itself without misgivings. The Nether Sansculottic world has been suppressed hitherto: but then the Upper Court-world! Symptoms there are that the *Œil-de-Bœuf* is rallying.

More than once in the Townhall Sanhedrim,¹ often enough from those outspoken Bakers'-queues, has the wish uttered itself: O that our Restorer of French Liberty² were here; that he could see with his own eyes, not with the false eyes of Queens and Cabals, and his really good heart be enlightened! For falsehood still environs him; intriguing Dukes de Guiche, with Bodyguards; scouts of Bouillé;³ a new flight of intriguers, now that the old is flown. What else means this advent of the *Regiment de Flandre*;⁴ entering Versailles, as we hear, on the 23rd of September, with two pieces of cannon? Did not the Versailles National Guard do duty at the Château? Had

¹ The Sanhedrim was the supreme national council of the Jews. It was at the Hotel de Ville, or Townhall, of Paris that the municipal government held its sessions.

² The title voted to Louis XVI after his surrender and visit to Paris in July.

³ Bouillé commanded the army at Metz and upon him Marie Antoinette rested her hopes for protection against the dangers of the Paris mob, as well as for assistance in flight.

⁴ Which, because it had no affiliations with the people, would be ready to cover the retreat of the royal family.

Soldiers, be there plot, or only dim elements of a plot, are always good. Did not the Versailles Municipality (an old Monarchic one, not yet refounded into a Democratic) instantly second the proposal? Nay the very Versailles National Guard, wearied with continual duty at the Château, did not object; only Draper Lecointre, who is now Major Lecointre, shook his head.—Yes, Friends, surely it was natural this Regiment de Flandre should be sent for, since it could be got. It was natural that, at sight of military bandoleers, the heart of the rallied Cœil-de-Bœuf should revive; and Maids of Honour, and gentlemen of honour, speak comfortable words to epauletted defenders, and to one another. Natural also, and mere common civility, that the Body-guards, a Regiment of Gentlemen, should invite their Flandre brethren to a Dinner of welcome!—Such invitation, in the last days of September, is given and accepted.

Dinners are defined as “the *ultimate* act of communion;” men that can have communion in nothing else, can sympathetically eat together, can still rise into some glow of brotherhood over food and wine. The Dinner is fixed on, for Thursday the First of October; and ought to have a fine effect. Further, as such Dinner may be rather extensive, and even the Non-commissioned and the Common man be introduced, to see and to hear, could not his Majesty’s Opera Apartment, which has lain quite silent ever since Kaiser Joseph¹ was here, be obtained for the purpose?—The Hall of the Opera is granted; the Salon d’Hercule shall be drawing-room. Not only the Officers of Flandre, but of the Swiss, of the Hundred Swiss; nay of the Versailles National Guard, such of them as have any loyalty, shall feast: it will be a Repast like few.

And now suppose this Repast, the solid part of it, transacted; and the first bottle over. Suppose the customary loyal toasts drunk; the King’s health, the Queen’s with

¹peror of Austria and brother of Marie Antoinette. He died in 1790 and was succeeded by another brother, Leopold.

deafening vivats;—that of the Nation “omitted,” or even “rejected.” Suppose champagne flowing; with pot-valorous speech, with instrumental music; empty featherheads growing ever the noisier, in their own emptiness, in each other’s noise. Her Majesty, who looks unusually sad to-night (his Majesty sitting dulled with the day’s hunting), is told that the sight of it would cheer her. Behold! She enters there, issuing from her State-rooms, like the Moon from clouds, this fairest unhappy Queen of Hearts: royal Husband by her side, young Dauphin in her arms! She descends from the Boxes, amid splendour and acclaim; walks queenlike round the Tables; gracefully escorted, gracefully nodding; her looks full of sorrow, yet of gratitude and daring, with the hope of France on her mother-bosom! And now, the band striking up, *O Richard, O mon Roi, l’univers t’abandonne* (O Richard, O my King, the world is all forsaking thee)—could man do other than rise to height of pity, of loyal valour? Could feather-headed young ensigns do other than, by white Bourbon Cockades, handed them from fair fingers; by waving of swords, thrown to pledge the Queen’s health; by trampling of National Cockades; by scaling the Boxes, whence intrusive murmurs may come; by vociferation, tripudiation, sound, fury and distraction, within doors and without,—testify what tempest-tost state of vacuity they are in? Till champagne and tripudiation do their work; and all lie silent, horizontal; passively slumbering with meed-of-battle dreams!—

. A natural Repast; in ordinary times, a harmless one: now fatal, as that of Thyestes;¹ as that of Job’s sons, when a strong wind smote the four corners of their banquet-house!² Poor ill-advised Marie-Antoinette with a woman’s

¹ According to legend, Atreus, King of Mycenæ, slew the sons of his brother Thyestes and served their bodies to Thyestes in a banquet.

² *Job* i. 18, 19. “There came also another and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother’s house: And, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon

vehemence, not with a sovereign's foresight! It was so natural, yet so unwise. Next day, in public speech of ceremony, her Majesty declares herself "delighted with the Thursday."

The heart of the Cœur-de-Bœuf glows into Hope; into daring, which is premature. Rallied Maids of Honour, waited on by Abbés, sew "white cockades;" distribute them, with words, with glances, to epauletted youths; who, in return, may kiss, not without fervour, the fair sewing fingers. Captains of horse and foot go swashing with "enormous white cockades;" nay one Versailles National Captain has mounted the like, so witching were the words and glances, and laid aside his tricolor! Well may Major Lecointre shake his head with a look of severity; and speak audible resentful words. But now a swashbuckler, with enormous white cockade, overhearing the Major, invites him insolently, once and then again elsewhere, to recant; and failing that, to duel. Which latter feat Major Lecointre declares that he will not perform, not at least by any known laws of fence; that he nevertheless will, according to mere law of Nature, by dirk and blade, "exterminate" any "vile gladiator" who may insult him or the Nation;—whereupon (for the Major is actually drawing his implement) "they are parted," and no weasands slit.

CHAPTER III

BLACK COCKADES

BUT fancy what effect this Thyestes Repast, and tramping on the National Cockade, must have had in the *Salle des Menus*;¹ in the famishing Bakers'-queues at Paris! Nay, such Thyestes Repasts, it would seem, continue. Flandre has given its Counter-Dinner to the Swiss and Hundred Swiss; then on Saturday there has been another.

the young men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

¹ The hall where the National Assembly held its deliberations.

Yes, here with us is famine; but yonder at Versailles is food, enough and to spare! Patriotism stands in queue, shivering hungerstruck, insulted by Patrollotism; while bloodyminded Aristocrats, heated with excess of high living, trample on the National Cockade. Can the atrocity be true? Nay, look: green uniforms faced with red; black cockades,—the colour of Night! Are we to have military onfall; and death also by starvation? For behold the Corbeil Cornboat, which used to come twice a-day, with its Plaster-of-Paris meal, now comes only once. And the Townhall is deaf; and the men are laggard and dastard!—At the Café de Foy, this Saturday evening, a new thing is seen, not the last of its kind: a woman engaged in public speaking. Her poor man, she says, was put to silence by his District; their Presidents and Officials would not let him speak. Wherefore she here with her shrill tongue will speak; denouncing, while her breath endures, the Corbeil Boat, the Plaster-of-Paris bread, sacrilegious Opera-dinners, green uniforms, Pirate Aristocrats, and those black cockades of theirs!—

Truly, it is time for the black cockades at least to vanish. Them Patrollotism itself will not protect. Nay, sharp-tempered “M. Tassin,” at the Tuileries parade on Sunday morning, forgets all National military rule; starts from the ranks, wrenches down one black cockade which is swashing ominous there, and tramples it fiercely into the soil of France. Patrollotism itself is not without suppressed fury. Also the Districts begin to stir; the voice of President Danton reverberates in the Cordeliers:¹ People’s-Friend Marat has flown to Versailles and back again;—swart bird, not of the halcyon kind.

And so Patriot meets promenading Patriot, this Sunday; and sees his own grim care reflected on the face of another. Groups, in spite of Patrollotism, which is not so alert as

¹ The most democratic of the clubs of Paris, organized by Danton; so-called because it held its meetings in the old church of the Cordeliers, a monastic order.

usual, fluctuate deliberative; groups on the Bridges, on the Quais, at the patriotic Cafés. And ever as any black cockade may emerge, rises the many-voiced growl and bark: A *bas*, Down! All black cockades are ruthlessly plucked off: one individual picks his up again; kisses it, attempts to refix it; but a "hundred canes start into the air," and he desists. Still worse went it with another individual; doomed, by extempore *Plebiscitum*, to the Lanterne;¹ saved, with difficulty, by some active *Corps-de-Garde*.—Lafayette sees signs of an effervescence; which he doubles his Patrols, doubles his diligence, to prevent. So passes Sunday, the 4th of October 1789.

Sullen is the male heart, repressed by Patrollotism; vehement is the female, irrepressible. The public-speaking woman at the Palais Royal was not the only speaking one:—Men know not what the pantry is, when it grows empty; only house-mothers know. O women, wives of men that will only calculate and not act! Patrollotism is strong; but Death, by starvation and military onfall, is stronger. Patrollotism represses male Patriotism: but female Patriotism? Will Guards named National thrust their bayonets into the bosoms of women? Such thought, or rather such dim unshaped raw material of a thought, ferments universally under the female night-cap; and, by earliest daybreak, on slight hint, will explode.

CHAPTER IV

THE MENADS²

! . . . A thought, or dim raw material of a thought, was fermenting all night, universally in the female head, and might explode. In squalid garret, on Monday morning Maternity awakes, to hear children weeping for bread. Maternity must forth to the streets, to the herb-markets

¹ The lantern posts of Paris served conveniently as gibbets for mob lynching.

² The female companions of Dionysus ("Bacchantes").

and Bakers'-queues; meets there with hunger-stricken Maternity, sympathetic, exasperative. O we unhappy women! But, instead of Bakers'-queues, why not to Aristocrats' palaces, the root of the matter? *Allons!* Let us assemble. To the Hôtel-de-Ville; to Versailles; to the Lanterne!

In one of the Guardhouses of the Quartier Saint-Eustache, "a young woman" seizes a drum,—for how shall National Guards give fire on women, on a young woman? The young woman seizes the drum; sets forth, beating it, "uttering cries relative to the dearth of grains." Descend, O mothers; descend ye Judiths,¹ to food and revenge!—All women gather and go; crowds storm all stairs, force out all women: the female Insurrectionary Force, according to Camille, resembles the English Naval one; there is a universal "Press of women." Robust Dames of the Halle, slim Mantua-makers, assiduous, risen with the dawn; ancient Virginity tripping to matins; the Housemaid, with early broom; all must go. Rouse ye, O women; the laggard men will not act; they say, we ourselves may act!

And so, like snowbreak from the mountains, for every staircase is a melted brook, it storms; tumultuous, wild-shrilling, towards the Hôtel-de-Ville. Tumultuous; with or without drum-music: for the Faubourg Saint-Antoine also has tucked up its gown; and with besom-staves, fire-irons, and even rusty pistols (void of ammunition), is flowing on. Sound of it flies, with a velocity of sound, to the utmost Barriers. By seven o'clock, on this raw October morning, fifth of the month, the Townhall will see wonders. Nay, as chance would have it, a male party are already there; clustering tumultuously round some National Patrol, and a Baker who has been seized with

¹ Judith was the heroine of the Book of that name in the Apocrypha of the Old Testament. To save the Israelites from the Assyrian general, Holofernes, she entered his camp, and after consenting to spend the night in his tent, struck off his head while he slept.

short weights. They are there; and have even lowered the rope of the Lanterne. So that the official persons have to smuggle forth the short-weighting Baker by back doors, and even send "to all the Districts" for more force.

Grand it was, says Camille, to see so many Judiths, from eight to ten thousand of them in all, rushing out to search into the root of the matter! Not unfrightful it must have been; ludicro-terrific, and most unmanageable. At such hour the overwatched Three Hundred are not yet stirring: none but some Clerks, a company of National Guards; and M. de Gouvion, the Major-general. Gouvion has fought in America for the cause of civil Liberty; a man of no inconsiderable heart, but deficient in head. He is, for the moment, in his back apartment; assuaging Usher Maillard, the Bastille-sergeant, who has come, as too many do, with "representations." The assuagement is still incomplete when our Judiths arrive.

The National Guards form on the outer stairs, with levelled bayonets; the ten thousand Judiths press up, resistless; with obtestations, with outspread hands,—merely to speak to the Mayor. The rear forces them; nay, from male hands in the rear, stones already fly: the National Guard must do one of two things; sweep the Place de Grève with cannon, or else open to right and left. They open; the living deluge rushes in. Through all rooms and cabinets, upwards to the topmost belfry: ravenous; seeking arms, seeking Mayors, seeking justice;—while, again, the better-dressed speak kindly to the Clerks; point out the misery of these poor women; also their ailments, some even of an interesting sort.

Poor M. de Gouvion is shiftless in this extremity;—a man shiftless, perturbed: who will one day commit suicide. How happy for him that Usher Maillard the shifty was there, at the moment, though making representations! Fly back, thou shifty Maillard: seek the Bastille Company; and O return fast with it; above all, with thy own shifty head! For, behold, the Judiths can find no Mayor or

Municipal; scarcely, in the topmost belfry, can they find poor Abbé Lefevre the Powder-distributor. Him, for want of a better, they suspend there: in the pale morning light; over the top of all Paris, which swims in one's failing eyes:—a horrible end? Nay, the rope broke, as French ropes often did; or else an Amazon cut it. Abbé Lefevre falls, some twenty feet, rattling among the leads; and lives long years after, though always with "*a tremblement* in the limbs."

And now doors fly under hatchets; the Judiths have broken the Armory; have seized guns and cannons, three money-bags, paper-heaps; torches flare: in few minutes our brave Hôtel-de-Ville, which dates from the Fourth Henry, will, with all that it holds, be in flames!

CHAPTER V

USHER MAILLARD

In flames, truly,—were it not that Usher Maillard, swift of foot, shifty of head, has returned!

Maillard, of his own motion,—for Gouvion or the rest would not even sanction him,—snatches a drum; descends the Porch-stairs, ran-tan, beating sharp, with loud rolls, his Rogue's-march: To Versailles! *Allons; à Versailles!* As men beat on kettle or warming-pan, when angry she-bees, or say, flying desperate wasps, are to be hived; and the desperate insects hear it, and cluster round it,—simply as round a guidance, where there was none: so now these Menads round shifty Maillard, Riding-Usher of the Châtelet. The axe pauses uplifted; Abbé Lefevre is left half-hanged: from the belfry downwards all vomits itself. What rub-a-dub is that? Stanislas Maillard, Bastille-hero, will lead us to Versailles? Joy to thee, Maillard; blessed art thou above Riding-Ushers! Away, then, away!

The seized cannon are yoked with seized cart-horses: brown-locked Demoiselle Théroigne, with pike and helmet, sits there as gunneress, "with haughty eye and serene

fair countenance;" comparable, some think, to the *Maid* of Orléans, or even recalling the "idea of Pallas Athene." Maillard (for his drum still rolls) is, by heaven-rending acclamation, admitted General. Maillard hastens the languid march. Maillard, beating rhythmic, with sharp ran-tan, all along the Quais, leads forward, with difficulty, his Menadic host. Such a host—marched not in silence! The bargeman pauses on the River; all wagoners and coach-drivers fly; men peer from windows,—not women, lest they be pressed. Sight of sights: Bacchantes, in these ultimate Formalized Ages! Bronze Henri looks on, from his Pont-Neuf; the Monarchic Louvre, Medicean Tuileries see a day like none heretofore seen. . . .

On the Elysian Fields there is pause and fluctuation; but, for Maillard, no return. He persuades his Menads, clamorous for arms and the Arsenal, that no arms are in the Arsenal; that an unarmed attitude, and petition to a National Assembly, will be the best: he hastily nominates or sanctions generalesses, captains of tens and fifties;—and so, in loosest-flowing order, to the rhythm of some "eight drums" (having laid aside his own), with the Bastille Volunteers bringing up his rear, once more takes the road.

Chaillot, which will promptly yield baked loaves, is not plundered; nor are the Sèvres Potteries broken. The old arches of Sèvres Bridge echo under Menadic feet; Seine River gushes on with his perpetual murmur; and Paris flings after us the boom of tocsin and alarm-drum,—inaudible, for the present, amid shrill-sounding hosts, and the splash of rainy weather. To Meudon, to Saint-Cloud, on both hands, the report of them is gone abroad; and hearths, this evening, will have a topic. The press of women still continues, for it is the cause of all Eve's Daughters, mothers that are, or that ought to be. No carriage-lady, were it with never such hysterics, but must dismount, in the mud roads, in her silk shoes, and walk. In this manner, amid wild October weather, they, a wild

unwinged stork-flight, through the astonished country wend their way. Travellers of all sorts they stop; especially travellers or couriers from Paris. Deputy Lechapelier, in his elegant vesture, from his elegant vehicle, looks forth amazed through his spectacles; apprehensive for life;—states eagerly that he is Patriot-Deputy Lechapelier, and even Old-President Lechapelier, who presided on the Night of Pentecost, and is original member of the Breton Club. Thereupon “rises huge shout of *Vive Lechapelier*, and several armed persons spring up behind and before to escort him.”

Nevertheless, news, dispatches from Lafayette, or vague noise of rumour, have pierced through, by side roads. In the National Assembly, while all is busy discussing the order of the day; regretting that there should be Anti-national Repasts in Opera-Halls; that his Majesty should still hesitate about accepting the Rights of Man, and hang conditions and peradventures on them—Mirabeau steps up to the President, experienced Mounier as it chanced to be; and articulates, in bass under-tone: “*Mounier, Paris marche sur nous* (Paris is marching on us).”—“May be (*Je n’en sais rien*)!”—“Believe it, or disbelieve it, that is not my concern; but Paris, I say, is marching on us. Fall suddenly unwell; go over to the Château; tell them this. There is not a moment to lose.”—“Paris marching on us?” responds Mounier, with an atrabiliar accent: “Well, so much the better! We shall the sooner be a Republic.” Mirabeau quits him, as one quits an experienced President getting blindfold into deep waters; and the order of the day continues as before. . . .

CHAPTER VI

TO VERSAILLES

FOR, indeed, about this same moment, Maillard has halted his draggled Menads on the last hill-top; and now

Versailles, and the Château of Versailles, and far and wide the inheritance of Royalty opens to the wondering eye. From far on the right, over Marly and Saint-Germains-en-Laye; round towards Rambouillet, on the left: beautiful all; softly embosomed; as if in sadness, in the dim moist weather! And near before us is Versailles, New and Old; with that broad frondent *Avenue de Versailles* between,—stately-frondent, broad, three hundred feet as men reckon, with its four Rows of Elms; and then the *Château de Versailles*, ending in royal Parks and Pleasances, gleaming lakelets, arbours, Labyrinths, the *Ménagerie*, and Great and Little Trianon. High-towered dwellings, leafy pleasant places; where the gods of this lower world abide: whence, nevertheless, black Care cannot be excluded; whither Menadic Hunger is even now advancing, armed with pikethyrs!

Yes, yonder, Mesdames, where our straight frondent Avenue, joined, as you note, by Two frondent brother Avenues from this hand and from that, spreads out into Place Royal and Palace Forecourt; yonder is the *Salle des Menus*. Yonder an august Assembly sits regenerating France. Forecourt, Grand Court, Court of Marble, Court narrowing into Court you may discern next, or fancy: on the extreme verge of which that glass-dome, visibly glittering like a star of hope, is the—*Ceil-de-Bœuf*! Yonder, or nowhere in the world, is bread baked for us. But, O Mesdames, were not one thing good: That our cannons, with Demoiselle Théroigne and all show of war, be put to the rear? Submission bessems petitioners of a National Assembly; we are strangers in Versailles,—whence, too audibly, there comes even now a sound as of tocsin and *générale*!¹ Also to put on, if possible, a cheerful countenance, hiding our sorrows; and even to sing? Sorrow, pitied of the Heavens, is hateful, suspicious to the Earth.—So counsels shiftY Maillard; haranguing his Menads, on the heights near Versailles.

¹ The call to assembly or to arms.

Cunning Maillard's dispositions are obeyed. The draggled Insurrectionists advance up the Avenue, "in three columns," among the four Elm-rows; "singing *Henri Quatre*," with what melody they can; and shouting *Vive le Roi*. Versailles, though the Elm-rows are dripping wet, crowds from both sides, with "*Vivent nos Parisiennes*, Our Paris ones for ever!"

Prickers, scouts have been sent out towards Paris, as the rumour deepened: whereby his Majesty, gone to shoot in the Woods of Meudon, has been happily discovered, and got home; and the *générale* and tocsin set a-sounding. The Bodyguards are already drawn up in front of the Palace Grates; and look down the Avenue de Versailles; sulky, in wet buckskins. Flandre too is there, repentant of the Opera-Repast. Also Dragoons dismounted are there. Finally Major Lecointre, and what he can gather of the Versailles National Guard;—though it is to be observed, our Colonel, that same sleepless Count d'Estaing, giving neither order nor ammunition, has vanished most improperly; one supposes, into the *Œil-de-Bœuf*. Red-coated Swiss stand within the Grates, under arms. There likewise, in their inner room, "all the Ministers." Saint-Priest, Lamentation Pompignan and the rest, are assembled with M. Necker: they sit with him there; blank, expecting what the hour will bring.

President Mounier, though he answered Mirabeau with, a *tant mieux*, and affected to slight the matter, had his own forebodings. Surely, for these four weary hours he has reclined not on roses! The order of the day is getting forward: a Deputation to his Majesty seems proper, that it might please him to grant "Acceptance pure and simple" to those Constitution Articles of ours;¹ the "mixed qualified Acceptance," with its peradventures, is satisfactory to neither gods nor men.

¹ Articles had been drawn up to serve as a basis for the projected constitution; they limited the royal power and Louis refused to grant unequivocal approval.

So much is clear. And yet there is more, which no man speaks, which all men now vaguely understand. Disquietude, absence of mind is on every face; Members whisper, uneasily come and go; the order of the day is evidently not the day's want. Till at length, from the outer gates, is heard a rustling and justling, shrill uproar and squabbling, muffled by walls; which testifies that the hour is come! Rushing and crushing one hears now; then enter Usher Maillard, with a Deputation of Fifteen muddy dripping Women,—having, by incredible industry, and aid of all the macers, persuaded the rest to wait out of doors. National Assembly shall now, therefore, look its august task directly in the face: regenerative Constitutionalism has an unregenerate Sansculottism bodily in front of it; crying, "Bread! Bread!"

¶ Shifty Maillard, translating frenzy into articulation; repressive with the one hand, expostulative with the other, does his best; and really, though not bred to public speaking, manages rather well:—In the present dreadful rarity of grains, a Deputation of Female Citizens has, as the august Assembly can discern, come out from Paris to petition. Plots of Aristocrats are too evident in the matter; for example, one miller has been bribed "by a bank-note of 200 livres" not to grind,—name unknown to the Usher, but fact provable, at least indubitable. Further, it seems, the National Cockade has been trampled on; also there are Black Cockades, or were. All which things will not an august National Assembly, the hope of France, take into its wise immediate consideration? ¶ And Menadic Hunger, irrepressible, crying "Black Cockades," crying "Bread, bread," adds, after such fashion: Will it not?—Yes, Messieurs, if a Deputation to his Majesty, for the "Acceptance pure and simple," seemed proper,—how much more now, for "the afflicting situation of Paris"; for the calming of this effervescence! President

Mounier, with a sneedy Deputation, among whom we notice the respectable figure of Doctor Guillotin, gets himself forthwith on march. Vice-President shall continue the order of the day; Usher Maillard shall stay by him to repress the women. It is four o'clock, of the miserablest afternoon, when Mounier steps out.

O experienced Mounier, what an afternoon; the last of thy political existence! Better had it been to "fall suddenly unwell," while it was yet time. For, behold, the Esplanade, over all its spacious expanse, is covered with groups of squalid dripping Women; of lankhaired male Rascality, armed with axes, rusty pikes, old muskets, ironshod clubs (*batons ferrés*, which end in knives or sword-blades, a kind of extempore billhook);—looking nothing but hungry revolt. The rain pours: Gardes-du-Corps go caracoling through the groups "amid hisses"; irritating and agitating what is but dispersed here to reunite there.

Innumerable squalid women beleaguer the President and Deputation; insist on going with him: has not his Majesty himself, looking from the window, sent out to ask, What we wanted? "Bread, and speech with the King (*Du pain, et parler au Roi*)," that was the answer. Twelve women are clamorously added to the Deputation; and march with it, across the Esplanade; through dissipated groups, caracoling Bodyguards and the pouring rain.

President Mounier, unexpectedly augmented by Twelve women, copiously escorted by Hunger and Rascality, is himself mistaken for a group; himself and his women are dispersed by caracolers; rally again with difficulty, among the mud. Finally the Gates are opened; the Deputation gets access, with the Twelve women too in it; of which latter, Five shall even see the face of his Majesty. Let wet Menadism, in the best spirits it can, expect their return.

CHAPTER VII

AT VERSAILLES

BUT already Pallas Athene (in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne) is busy with Flandre and the dismounted Dragoons. She, and such women as are fittest, go through the ranks; speak with an earnest jocosity; clasp rough troopers to their patriot bosom, crush down spontoons and musketoons with soft arms: can a man, that were worthy of the name of man, attack famishing patriot women?

One reads that Théroigne had bags of money, which she distributed over Flandre:—furnished by whom? Alas, with money-bags one seldom sits on insurrectionary cannon. Calumnious Royalism! Théroigne had only the limited earnings of her profession of unfortunate-female: money she had not, but brown locks, the figure of a Heathen Goddess and an eloquent tongue and heart. . . .

Behold, however, the Twelve She-deputies return from the Château. Without President Mounier, indeed; but radiant with joy, shouting "*Life to the King and his House.*" Apparently the news are good, Mesdames? News of the best! Five of us were admitted to the internal splendours, to the Royal Presence. This slim damsel, "Louison Chabray, worker in sculpture, aged only seventeen," as being of the best looks and address, her we appointed speaker. On whom, and indeed on all of us, his Majesty looked nothing but graciousness. Nay, when Louison, addressing him, was like to faint, he took her in his royal arms; and said gallantly, "It was well worth while (*Elle en valût bien la peine.*)" Consider, O Women, what a King! His words were of comfort, and that only: there shall be provision sent to Paris, if provision is in the world; grains shall circulate free as air; millers shall grind, or do worse, while their millstones endure; and nothing be left wrong which a Restorer of French Liberty can right.

Good news these; but, to wet Menads, all-too incredible! There seems no proof, then? *Words* of comfort,—they are words only; which will feed nothing. O miserable People, betrayed by Aristocrats, who corrupt thy very messengers! In his royal arms, Mademoiselle Louison? In his arms? Thou shameless minx, worthy of a name—that shall be nameless! Yes, thy skin is soft: ours is rough with hardship; and well wetted, waiting here in the rain. No children hast thou hungry at home: only alabaster dolls, that weep not! The traitress! To the Lanterne—! And so poor Louison Chabray, no asseveration or shrieks availing her, fair slim damsel, late in the arms of Royalty, has a garter round her neck, and furi-bund Amazons at each end; is about to perish so,—when two Bodyguards gallop up, indignantly dissipating; and rescue her. The miscredited Twelve hasten back to the Château, for an “answer in writing.” . . .

CHAPTER VIII

THE EQUAL DIET

BUT why lingers Mounier; returns not with his Deputation? It is six, it is seven o'clock; and still no Mounier, no Acceptance pure and simple.

And, behold, the dripping Menads, not now in deputation but in mass, have penetrated into the Assembly: to the shamefullest interruption of public speaking and order of the day. Neither Maillard nor Vice-President can restrain them, except within wide limits; not even, except for minutes, can the lion-voice of Mirabeau, though they applaud it: but ever and anon they break in upon the regeneration of France with cries of: “Bread; not so much discoursing! *Du pain; pas tant de longs discours!*”—So insensible were these poor creatures to bursts of parliamentary eloquence!

! . . So sink the shadows of night, blustering, rainy; and all paths grow dark. Strangest Night ever seen in

these regions,—perhaps since the Bartholomew Night, when Versailles, as Bassompierre writes of it, was a *chétif château*. O for the Lyre of some Orpheus, to constrain, with touch of melodious strings, these mad masses into Order! For here all seems fallen asunder, in wide-yawning dislocation. The highest, as in down-rushing of a World, is come in contact with the lowest: the Rascality of France beleaguering the Royalty of France; “ironshod batons” lifted round the diadem, not to guard it! With denunciations of bloodthirsty Anti-national Bodyguards, are heard dark growlings against a Queenly Name.

The Court sits tremulous, powerless; varies with the varying temper of the Esplanade, with the varying colour of the rumours from Paris. Thick-coming rumours; now of peace, now of war. Necker and all the Ministers consult; with a blank issue. The Œil-de-Bœuf is one tempest of whispers:—We will fly to Metz; we will not fly. The royal Carriages again attempt egress,—though for trial merely; they are again driven in by Lecointre’s Patrols. In six hours, nothing has been resolved upon; not even the Acceptance pure and simple.

5 In six hours? Alas, he who, in such circumstances, cannot resolve in six minutes, may give up the enterprise: him Fate has already resolved for. And Menadism, meanwhile, and Sansculottism takes counsel with the National Assembly; grows more and more tumultuous there. Mounier returns not; Authority nowhere shows itself: the Authority of France lies, for the present, with Lecointre and Usher Maillard.—This then is the abomination of desolation; come suddenly, though long foreshadowed as inevitable! For, to the blind, all things are sudden. Misery which, through long ages, had no spokesman, no helper, will now be its own helper and speak for itself. The dialect, one of the rudest, is, what it could be, *this*.

At eight o’clock there returns to our Assembly not the Deputation; but Doctor Guillotin announcing that it

will return; also that there is hope of the Acceptance pure and simple. He himself has brought a Royal Letter, authorizing and commanding the freest "circulation of grains." Which Royal Letter Menadism with its whole heart applauds. Conformably to which the Assembly forthwith passes a Decree; also received with rapturous Menadic plaudits:—Only could not an august Assembly contrive further to "fix the price of bread at eight sous the half-quartern; butchers'-meat at six sous the pound;" which seems fair rates? Such motion do "a multitude of men and women," irrepressible by Usher Maillard, now make; does an august Assembly hear made. Usher Maillard himself is not always perfectly measured in speech; but if rebuked, he can justly excuse himself by the peculiarity of the circumstances.

But finally, this Decree well passed, and the disorder continuing; and Members melting away, and no President Mounier returning,—what can the Vice-President do but also melt away? The Assembly melts, under such pressure, into deliquium; or, as it is officially called, adjourns. Maillard is dispatched to Paris, with the "Decree concerning Grains" in his pocket; he and some women, in carriages belonging to the King. Thitherward slim Louison Chabray has already set forth, with that "written answer" which Twelve She-deputies returned in to seek. Slim sylph, she has set forth, through the black muddy country: she has much to tell, her poor nerves so flurried; and travels, as indeed to-day on this road all persons do, with extreme slowness. President Mounier has not come, nor the Acceptance pure and simple; though six hours with their events have come; though courier on courier reports that Lafayette is coming. Coming, with war or with peace? It is time that the Château also should determine on one thing or another; that the Château also should show itself alive, if it would continue living!

Victorious, joyful after such delay, Mounier does arrive at last, and the hard-earned Acceptance with him; which now, alas, is of small value. Fancy Mounier's surprise to find his Senate, whom he hoped to charm by the Acceptance pure and simple,—all gone; and in its stead a Senate of Menads! For as Erasmus's Ape mimicked, say with wooden splint, Erasmus shaving, so do these Amazons hold, in mock majesty, some confused parody of National Assembly. They make motions; deliver speeches; pass enactments; productive at least of loud laughter. All galleries and benches are filled; a Strong Dame of the Market is in Mounier's Chair. Not without difficulty, Mounier, by aid of macers and persuasive speaking, makes his way to the Female-President; the Strong Dame, before abdicating, signifies that, for one thing, she and indeed her whole senate male and female (for what was one roasted warhorse among so many?) are suffering very considerably from hunger.

Experienced Mounier, in these circumstances, takes a twofold resolution: To reconvoke his Assembly Members by sound of drum; also to procure a supply of food. Swift messengers fly, to all bakers, cooks, pastrycooks, vintners, restorers; drums beat, accompanied with shrill vocal proclamation, through all streets. They come: the Assembly Members come; what is still better, the provisions come. On tray and barrow come these latter; loaves, wine, great store of sausages. The nourishing baskets circulate harmoniously along the benches; *nor*, according to the Father of Epics, *did any soul lack a fair share of victual* (*δαῖτος ἕστος*, *an equal diet*); highly desirable at the moment.

Gradually some hundred or so of Assembly Members get edged in, Menadism making way a little, round Mounier's chair; listen to the Acceptance pure and simple; and begin, what is the order of the night "discussion of the Penal Code." All benches are crowded; in the dusky galleries, duskier with unwashed heads, is a strange

"coruscation,"—of impromptu bill-hooks. It is exactly five months this day since these same galleries were filled with high-plumed jewelled Beauty, raining bright influences; and now? To such length have we got in regenerating France. Methinks the travail-throes are of the sharpest!—Menadism will not be restrained from occasional remarks; asks, "What is the use of Penal Code? The thing we want is Bread." Mirabeau turns round with lion-voiced rebuke; Menadism applauds him; but recommences.

Thus they, chewing tough sausages, discussing the Penal Code, make night hideous. What the issue will be? Lafayette with his thirty thousand must arrive first: him, who cannot now be distant, all men expect, as the messenger of Destiny.

CHAPTER IX

LAFAYETTE

TOWARDS midnight lights flare on the hill; Lafayette's lights! The roll of his drums comes up the Avenue de Versailles. With peace, or with war? Patience, friends! With neither. Lafayette is come, but not yet the catastrophe.

He has halted and harangued so often, on the march; spent nine hours on four leagues of road. At Montreuil, close on Versailles, the whole Host has to pause; and, with uplifted right hand, in the murk of Night, to these pouring skies, swear solemnly to respect the King's Dwelling; to be faithful to King and National Assembly. Rage is driven down out of sight, by the laggard march; the thirst of vengeance slaked in weariness and soaking clothes. Flandre is again drawn out under arms: but Flandre, grown so patriotic, now needs no "exterminating." The wayworn Battalions halt in the Avenue: they have, for the present, no wish so pressing as that of shelter and rest.

Anxious sits President Mounier; anxious the Château. There is a message coming from the Château, that M. Mounier would please to return thither with a fresh Deputation, swiftly; and so at least *unite* our two anxieties. Anxious Mounier does of himself send, meanwhile, to apprise the General that his Majesty has been so gracious as to grant us the Acceptance pure and simple. The General, with a small advance column, makes answer in passing; speaks vaguely some smooth words to the National President,—glances, only with the eye, at that so mixtiform National Assembly; then fares forward towards the Château. There are with him two Paris Municipals; they were chosen from the Three Hundred for that errand. He gets admittance through the locked and padlocked Grates, through sentries and ushers, to the Royal Halls.

The Court, male and female, crowds on his passage, to read their doom on his face; which exhibits, say Historians, a mixture "of sorrow, of fervour and valour," singular to behold. The King, with Monsieur,¹ with Ministers and Marshals, is waiting to receive him: He "is come," in his highflown chivalrous way, "to offer his head for the safety of his Majesty's." The two Municipals state the wish of Paris: four things, of quite pacific tenor. First, that the honour of guarding his sacred person be conferred on patriot National Guards;—say, the Centre Grenadiers, who as Gardes Françaises were wont to have that privilege. Second, that provisions be got, if possible. Third, that the Prisons, all crowded with political delinquents, may have judges sent them. Fourth, *that it would please his Majesty to come and live in Paris*. To all which four wishes, except the fourth, his Majesty answered readily, Yes; or indeed may almost say that he has already answered it. To the fourth he can answer only, Yes or No; would so gladly answer, Yes *and* No!—But, in any

¹ "Monsieur" was the title given to the King's brother, Comte de Provence, who after the fall of Napoleon was destined to reign as Louis XVIII (1814-1825).

case, are not their dispositions, thank Heaven, so entirely pacific? There is time for deliberation. The brunt of the danger seems past! . . .

CHAPTER X

THE GRAND ENTRIES

THE dull dawn of a new morning, drizzly and chill, had but broken over Versailles, when it pleased Destiny that a Bodyguard should look out of window, on the right wing of the Château, to see what prospect there was in Heaven and in Earth. Rascality male and female is prowling in view of him. His fasting stomach is, with good cause, sour; he perhaps cannot forbear a passing malison on them; least of all can he forbear answering such.

Ill words breed worse: till the worst word come; and then the ill deed. Did the maledicent Bodyguard, getting (as was inevitable) better malediction than he gave, load his musketoon, and threaten to fire; nay actually fire? Were wise who wist! It stands asserted; to us not credibly. But be this as it may, menaced Rascality, in whinnying scorn, is shaking at all Grates: the fastening of one (some write, it was a chain merely) gives way; Rascality is in the Grand Court, whinnying louder still.

The maledicent Bodyguard, more Bodyguards than he do now give fire; a man's arm is shattered. Lecointre will depose that "the *Sieur Cardine*, a National Guard without arms, was stabbed." But see, sure enough, poor *Jerôme l'Héritier*, an unarmed National Guard he too, "cabinet-maker, a saddler's son of Paris," with the down of youthhood still on his chin,—he reels death-stricken: rushes to the pavement, scattering it with his blood and brains!—*Allelu!* Wilder than Irish wakes rises the howl: of pity, of infinite revenge. In few moments, the Gate of the inner and inmost Court, which they name Court

of Marble, this too is forced, or surprised, and bursts open: the Court of Marble too is overflowed: up the Grand Staircase, up all stairs and entrances rushes the living deluge! Deshuttés and Varigny, the two sentry Bodyguards, are trodden down, are massacred with a hundred pikes. Women snatch their cutlasses, or any weapon, and storm in Menadic:—other women lift the corpse of shot Jérôme; lay it down on the Marble steps; there shall the livid face and smashed head, dumb for ever, *speak*.

Woe now to all Bodyguards, mercy is none for them! Miomandre de Sainte-Marie pleads with soft words, on the Grand Staircase, “descending four steps”:—to the roaring tornado. His comrades snatch him up, by the skirts and belts; literally, from the jaws of Destruction; and slam-to their Door. This also will stand few instants; the panels shivering in, like potsherds. Barricading serves not: fly fast, ye Bodyguards: rabid Insurrection, like the Hellhound Chase, uproaring at your heels!

The terror-struck Bodyguards fly, bolting and barricading; it follows. Whiterward? Through hall on hall: woe now! towards the Queen’s Suite of Rooms, in the furthest room of which the Queen is now asleep. Five sentinels rush through that long suite; they are in the Anteroom knocking loud: “Save the Queen!” Trembling women fall at their feet with tears: are answered: “Yes, we will die; save ye the Queen!”

Tremble not, women, but haste; for, lo, another voice shouts far through the outermost door, “Save the Queen!” and the door is shut. It is brave Miomandre’s voice that shouts this second warning. He has stormed across imminent death to it; fronts imminent death, having done it. Brave Tardivet du Repaire, bent on the same desperate service, was borne down with pikes; his comrades hardly snatched him in again alive. Miomandre and Tardivet: let the names of these two Bodyguards, as the names of brave men should, live long.

Trembling Maids of Honour, one of whom from afar caught glimpse of Miomandre as well as heard him, hastily wrap the Queen; not in robes of state. She flies for her life, across the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*; against the main door of which too Insurrection batters. She is in the King's Apartment, in the King's arms; she clasps her children amid a faithful few. The Imperial-hearted bursts into mother's tears: "O my friends, save me and my children, *O mes amis, sauvez moi et mes enfans!*" The battering of Insurrectionary axes clangs audible across the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*. What an hour!

Yes, friends; a hideous fearful hour; shameful alike to Governed and Governor; wherein Governed and Governor ignominiously testify that their relation is at an end. Rage, which had brewed itself in twenty thousand hearts for the last four-and-twenty-hours, has taken fire: Jérôme's brained corpse lies there as live-coal. It is, as we said, the infinite Element bursting in; wild-surfing through all corridors and conduits.

Meanwhile the poor Bodyguards have got hunted mostly into the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*. They may die there, at the King's threshold; they can do little to defend it. They are heaping *tabourets* (stools of honour), benches and all movables, against the door; at which the axe of Insurrection thunders. . . .

And louder and louder rages Insurrection within, plundering if it cannot kill; louder and louder it thunders at the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*: what can now hinder its bursting in?—On a sudden it ceases; the battering has ceased! Wild rushing; the cries grow fainter; there is silence, or the tramp of regular steps; then a friendly knocking: "We are the Centre Grenadiers, old Gardes Françaises: Open to us, Messieurs of the Garde-du-Corps; we have not forgotten how you saved us at Fontenoy!"¹ The door is

¹ A battle fought in Belgium (1745), during the war of the Austrian succession, in which the French defeated the English and Austrians.

opened; enter Captain Gondran and the Centre Grenadiers: there are military embracings: there is sudden deliverance from death into life.—

Strange Sons of Adam! It was to “exterminate” these Gardes-du-Corps that the Centre Grenadiers left home: and now they have rushed to save them from extermination. The memory of common peril, of old help, melts the rough heart; bosom is clasped to bosom, not in war. The King shows himself, one moment, through the door of his Apartment, with: “Do not hurt my Guards!”—“*Soyons frères, Let us be brothers!*” cries Captain Gondran; and again dashes off, with levelled bayonets, to sweep the Palace clear.

Now too Lafayette, suddenly roused, not from sleep (for his eyes had not yet closed), arrives; with passionate popular eloquence, with prompt military word of command. National Guards, suddenly roused, by sound of trumpet and alarm-drum, are all arriving. The death-melody ceases: the first sky-lambent blaze of Insurrection is got damped down; it burns now, if unextinguished, yet flameless, as charred coals do, and not inextinguishable. The King’s Apartments are safe. Ministers, Officials, and even some loyal National Deputies are assembling round their Majesties. The consternation will, with sobs and confusion, settle down gradually, into plan and counsel, better or worse.

But glance now, for a moment, from the royal windows! A roaring sea of human heads, inundating both Courts; billowing against all passages: Menadic women; infuriated men, mad with revenge, with love of mischief, love of plunder! Rascality has slipped its muzzle; and now bays, three-throated, like the Dog of Erebus. Fourteen Bodyguards are wounded; two massacred, and as we saw, beheaded; Jourdan asking, “Was it worth while to come so far for two?” Hapless Deshottes and Varigny! Their fate surely was sad. Whirled down so suddenly to the abyss; as men are, suddenly, by the wide thunder of the

Mountain Avalanche, awakened not by *them*, awakened far off by others! When the Château Clock last struck, they two were pacing languid, with poised musketoons; anxious mainly that the next hour would strike. It has struck; to them inaudible. Their trunks lie mangled: their heads parade, "on pikes twelve feet long," through the streets of Versailles; and shall, about noon, reach the Barriers of Paris,—a too ghastly contradiction to the large comfortable Placards that have been posted there! . . .

Now too is witnessed the touching last-flicker of Etiquette; which sinks not here, in the Cimmerian World-wreckage, without a sign; as the house-cricket might still chirp in the pealing of a Trump of Doom, "*Monsieur*," said some Master of Ceremonies (one hopes it might be De Brézé), as Lafayette, in these fearful moments, was rushing towards the inner Royal Apartments, "*Monsieur, le Roi vous accorde les grandes entrées*, Monsieur, the King grants you the Grand Entries,"—not finding it convenient to refuse them!

CHAPTER XI

FROM VERSAILLES

HOWEVER, the Paris National Guard, wholly under arms, has cleared the Palace, and even occupies the nearer external spaces; extruding miscellaneous Patriotism, for most part, into the Grand Court, or even into the Forecourt.

The Bodyguards, you can observe, have now of a verity "hoisted the National Cockade:" for they step forward to the windows or balconies, hat aloft in hand, on each hat a huge tricolor; and fling over their bandoleers in sign of surrender; and shout *Vive le Nation*. To which how can the generous heart respond but with, *Vive le Roi; vivent les Gardes-du-Corps*? His Majesty himself has appeared with Lafayette on the balcony, and again appears: *Vive le Roi* greets him from all throats; but also

from some one throat is heard, "*Le Roi à Paris*, The King to Paris!"

Her Majesty too, on demand, shows herself, though there is peril in it: she steps out on the balcony, with her little boy and girl. "No children, *Point d'enfants!*" cry the voices. She gently pushes back her children; and stands alone, her hands serenely crossed on her breast: "should I die," she had said, "I will do it." Such serenity of heroism has its effect. Lafayette, with ready wit, in his highflown chivalrous way, takes that fair queenly hand, and, reverently kneeling, kisses it: thereupon the people do shout *Vive la Reine*. Nevertheless poor Weber "saw" (or even thought he saw; for hardly the third part of poor Weber's experiences, in such hysterical days, will stand scrutiny) "one of these brigands level his musket at her Majesty,"—with or without intention to shoot; for another of the brigands "angrily struck it down."

So that all, and the Queen herself, nay the very Captain of the Bodyguards, have grown National! The very Captain of the Bodyguards steps out now with Lafayette. On the hat of the repentant man is an enormous tricolor; large as a soup-platter, or sunflower; visible to the utmost Forecourt. He takes the National Oath with a loud voice, elevating his hat; at which sight all the army raise their bonnets on their bayonets, with shouts. Sweet is reconciliation to the heart of man. Lafayette has sworn Flandre; he swears the remaining Bodyguards, down in the Marble-Court; the people clasp them in their arms:—O my brothers, why would ye force us to slay you? Behold there is joy over you, as over returning prodigal sons!—The poor Bodyguards, now National and tricolor, exchange bonnets, exchange arms; there shall be peace and fraternity. And still "*Vive le Roi*;" and also "*Le Roi à Paris*," not now from one throat, but from all throats as one, for it is the heart's wish of all mortals. . . .

And thus has Sansculottism made prisoner its King: revoking his parole. The Monarchy has fallen; and not

so much as honourably: no, ignominiously; with struggle, indeed, oft-repeated; but then with unwise struggle, wasting its strength in fits and paroxysms; at every new paroxysm foiled more pitifully than before. Thus Broglie's whiff of grapeshot, which might have been something, has dwindled to the pot-valour of an Opera Repast, and *O Richard, O mon Roi*. Which again we shall see dwindle to a Favras' Conspiracy, a thing to be settled by the hanging of one Chevalier. . . .

Now, however, the short hour has struck. His Majesty is in his carriage, with his Queen, sister Elizabeth, and two royal children. Not for another hour can the infinite Procession get marshalled and under way. The weather is dim drizzling; the mind confused; the noise great.

Processional marches not a few our world has seen; Roman triumphs and ovations, Cabiric cymbal-beatings, Royal progresses, Irish funerals; but this of the French Monarchy marching to its bed remained to be seen. Miles long, and of breadth losing itself in vagueness, for all the neighbouring country crowds to see. Slow; stagnating along, like shoreless Lake, yet with a noise like Niagara, like Babel and Bedlam. A splashing and a tramping; a hurraing, uproaring, musket-volleying;—the truest segment of Chaos seen in these latter Ages! ~~Then~~ slowly it disembody itself, in the thickening dusk, into expectant Paris, through a double row of faces all the way from Passy to the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Consider this: Vanguard of National troops; with trains of artillery; of pikemen and pikewomen, mounted on cannons, on carts, hackney-coaches, or on foot:—tripudiating, in tricolor ribbons from head to heel; loaves stuck on the points of bayonets, green boughs stuck in gun-barrels. Next, as main-march, "fifty cart-loads of corn," which have been lent, for peace, from the stores of Versailles. Behind which follow stragglers of the Garde-du-Corps; all humiliated, in Grenadier bonnets. Close on these comes the Royal Carriage; come Royal Carriages:

for there are a hundred National Deputies too, among whom sits Mirabeau,—his remarks not given. Then finally, pellmell, as rearguard, Flandre, Swiss, Hundred Swiss, other Bodyguards, Brigands, whosoever cannot get before. Between and among all which masses, flows without limit Saint-Antoine, and the Menadic Cohort. Menadic especially about the Royal Carriage; tripudiating there, covered with tricolor; singing "allusive songs;" pointing with one hand to the Royal Carriage, which the allusions hit, and pointing to the Provision wagons with the other hand, and these words: "Courage, Friends! We shall not want bread now; we are bringing you the Baker, the Bakeress, and Baker's Boy (*le Boulanger, la Boulangère, et le petit Mitron*)."

The wet day draggles the tricolor, but the joy is unextinguishable. Is not all well now? "*Ah, Madame, notre bonne Reine,*" said some of these Strong-women some days hence, "Ah Madame, our good Queen, don't be a traitor any more (*ne soyez plus traître*), and we will all love you!" Poor Weber went splashing along, close by the Royal carriage, with the tear in his eye: "their Majesties did me the honour," or I thought they did it, "to testify, from time to time, by shrugging of the shoulders, by looks directed to Heaven, the emotions they felt." Thus, like frail cockle, floats the royal Life-boat, helmless, on black deluges of Rascality.

Mercier, in his loose way, estimates the Procession and assistants at two hundred thousand. He says it was one boundless inarticulate Haha;—*transcendent* World-Laughter; comparable to the Saturnalia of the Ancients. Why not? Here too, as we said, is Human Nature once more human; shudder at it whoso is of shuddering humour: yet behold it is human. It has "swallowed all formulas"; it tripudiates even so. For which reason they that collect Vases and Antiques, with figures of Dancing Bacchantes "in wild and all but impossible positions," may look with some interest on it.

Thus, however, has the slow-moving Chaos, or modern Saturnalia of the Ancients, reached the Barrier; and must halt, to be harangued by Mayor Bailly. Thereafter it has to lumber along, between the double row of faces, in the transcendent heaven-lashing Haha; two hours longer, towards the Hôtel-de-Ville. Then again to be harangued there, by several persons; by Moreau de Saint-Méry among others; Moreau of the Three-thousand orders, now National Deputy for St. Domingo. To all which poor Louis, "who seemed to experience a slight emotion" on entering this Townhall, can answer only that he "comes with pleasure, with confidence among his people." Mayor Bailly, in reporting it, forgets "confidence;" and the poor Queen says eagerly: "Add, with confidence."—"Messieurs," rejoins Mayor Bailly, "you are happier than if I had not forgotten."

Finally, the King is shown on an upper balcony, by torch-light, with a huge tricolor in his hat: "and all the people," says Weber, "grasped one another's hand";—thinking *now* surely the New Era was born. Hardly till eleven at night can Royalty get to its vacant, long deserted Palace of the Tuileries; to lodge there, somewhat in strolling-player fashion. It is Tuesday the sixth of October 1789.

Poor Louis has Two other Paris Processions to make—one ludicrous-ignominious like this; the other not ludicrous nor ignominious, but serious, nay sublime.

[The eighteen months which followed the capture of the king by the people of Paris were chiefly filled with the business of making a Constitution. For a time it seemed as though the Revolution would be accomplished peacefully. Many of the irreconcilable adherents of the old régime emigrated from France in the autumn of 1789; those that remained contented themselves with a war of epigrams upon the popular aspirations. The King and Queen, outwardly at least, accepted the limitation of their power. The visible symbol of general concord and rejoicing in the new era of liberty and brotherhood was the Feast of Federation, which was held on the first anniversary of the capture of the Bastille.

But this period of confidence and optimism was brief. Anarchy and disorganization were in the government and in the army;

suspicion of the sincerity of the king constantly increased: a mutiny in the army at Nancy was suppressed severely, to the irritation of popular feeling. Moreover the attempt of the Assembly to discover a mean between royal absolutism and popular sovereignty aroused the discontent of both king and people.

Mirabeau was the sole person capable of stemming the rising tide of disorder. Obstinate in his defense of popular rights, he recognized at the same time the necessity of preserving the independence of royal authority, if anarchy was to be avoided. He planned to carry the king to Rouen where he would be independent of the Paris mob. There he believed it possible to set up a government in which a strong executive might combine with a popular assembly to produce a firm and yet liberal administration. But Mirabeau never held the perfect confidence of Louis or of the queen; and in the opening months of 1791 his physical health declined rapidly.]

VOLUME II—BOOK III

THE TUILERIES

CHAPTER VI

MIRABEAU

. . . Dim and great to the eye of Prophecy looks that future. A perpetual life-and-death battle; confusion from above and from below;—mere confused darkness for us; with here and there some streak of faint lurid light. We see a King perhaps laid aside; not tonsured, tonsuring is out of fashion now; but say, sent away anywhither, with handsome annual allowance, and stock of smith-tools. We see a Queen and Dauphin, Regent and Minor; a Queen "mounted on horseback," in the din of battles, with *Moriamur pro rege nostro!* "Such a day," Mirabeau writes, "may come."

Din of battles, wars more than civil, confusion from above and from below: in such environment the eye of Prophecy sees Comte de Mirabeau, like some Cardinal de Retz,¹ stormfully maintain himself; with head all-devising,

¹ Cardinal de Retz (1614–1679), the chief leader of the Fronde revolt, who by his adroitness and courage made himself the idol of the Paris bourgeoisie.

heart all-daring, if not victorious, yet unvanquished, while life is left him. The specialities and issues of it, no eye of Prophecy can guess at: it is clouds, we repeat, and tempestuous night; and in the middle of it, now visible, far-darting, now labouring in eclipse, is Mirabeau indomitably struggling to be Cloud-Compeller!—One can say that, had Mirabeau lived, the History of France and of the World had been different. Further, that the man would have needed, as few men ever did, the whole compass of that same “Art of Daring, *Art d’Oser*,” which he so prized; and likewise that he, above all men then living, would have practised and manifested it. Finally, that some substantiality, and no empty simulacrum of a formula, would have been the result realized by him: a result you could have loved, a result you could have hated; by no likelihood, a result you could only have rejected with closed lips, and swept into quick forgetfulness for ever. Had Mirabeau lived one other year!

CHAPTER VII

DEATH OF MIRABEAU

BUT Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he could live another thousand years. Men’s years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau’s was now complete. Important or unimportant; to be mentioned in World-History for some centuries, or not to be mentioned there beyond a day or two,—it matters not to peremptory Fate. From amid the press of ruddy busy Life, the Pale Messenger beckons silently: wide-spreading interests, projects, salvation of French Monarchies, what thing soever man has on hand, he must suddenly quit it all and go. Wert thou saving French Monarchies; wert thou blacking shoes on the Pont Neuf! The most important of men cannot stay; did the World’s History depend on an hour, that hour is not to be given. Whereby, indeed, it comes that these same *would-have-beens* are mostly a

vanity; and the World's History could never in the least be what it would, or might, or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it is.

The fierce wear and tear of such an existence has wasted out the giant oaken strength of Mirabeau. A fret and fever that keeps heart and brain on fire: excess of effort, of excitement; excess of all kinds: labour incessant, almost beyond credibility! "If I had not lived with him," says Dumont, "I never should have known what a man can make of one day; what things may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others: the mass of things he guided on together was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing not a moment lost."—"Monsieur le Comte," said his Secretary to him once, "what you require is impossible."—"Impossible!"—answered he, starting from his chair, "*Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot*, Never name to me that block-head of a word." And then the social repasts; the dinner which he gives as Commandant of National Guards, which "cost five hundred pounds;" alas, and "the Sirens of the Opera;" and all the ginger that is hot in the mouth:—down what a course is this man hurled! Cannot Mirabeau stop; cannot he fly, and save himself alive? No! There is a Nessus' Shirt on this Hercules; he must storm and burn there, without rest, till he be consumed. Human strength, never so Herculean, has its measure. Herald shadows flit pale across the fire-brain of Mirabeau; heralds of the pale repose. While he tosses and storms, straining every nerve, in that sea of ambition and confusion, there comes, sombre and still, a monition that for him the issue of it will be swift death.

In January last, you might see him as President of the Assembly; "his neck wrapt in linen cloths, at the evening session:" there was sick heat of the blood, alternate darkening and flashing in the eyesight; he had to apply leeches, after the morning labour, and preside bandaged. "At

parting he embraced me," says Dumont, "with an emotion I had never seen in him: 'I am dying, my friend; dying as by slow fire; we shall perhaps not meet again. When I am gone, they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France.'" Sickness gives louder warning; but cannot be listened to. On the 27th day of March, proceeding towards the Assembly, he had to seek rest and help in Friend de Lamarck's by the road; and lay there, for an hour, half-fainted, stretched on a sofa. To the Assembly nevertheless he went, as if in spite of Destiny itself; spoke, loud and eager, five several times; then quitted the Tribune—for ever. He steps out, utterly exhausted, into the Tuileries Gardens; many people press round him, as usual, with applications, memorials; he says to the Friend who was with him: "Take me out of this!"

And so, on the last day of March 1791, endless anxious multitudes beset the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; incessantly inquiring; within doors there, in that House numbered, in our time, 42, the overwearied giant has fallen down, to die. Crowds of all parties and kinds; of all ranks from the King to the meanest man! The King sends publicly twice a day to inquire; privately besides: from the world at large there is no end of inquiring. "A written bulletin is handed out every three hours," is copied and circulated; in the end, it is printed. The People spontaneously keep silence; no carriage shall enter with its noise; there is crowding pressure; but the Sister of Mirabeau is reverently recognized, and has free way made for her. The People stand mute, heart-stricken; to all it seems as if a great calamity were nigh: as if the last man of France, who could have swayed these coming troubles, lay there at hand-grips with the unearthly Power.

The silence of a whole People, the wakeful toil of Cabanis, Friend and Physician, skills not: on Saturday, the second day of April, Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for him; that on this day he has to

depart and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been! Lit up, for the last time, in the glare of coming dissolution, the mind of the man is all glowing and burning; utters itself in sayings, such as men long remember. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous: unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul; the soul itself looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hour! At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy: the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factious." Or again, when he heard the cannon fire, what is characteristic too: "Have we the Achilles' Funeral already?" So likewise, while some friend is supporting him: "Yes, support that head; would I could bequeath it thee!" For the man dies as he has lived; self-conscious, conscious of a world looking on. He gazes forth on the young Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen; he says, "*Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain.*"¹—Death has mastered the outworks; power of speech is gone; the citadel of the heart still holding out: the moribund giant, passionately, by sign, demands paper and pen; writes his passionate demand for opium, to end these agonies. The sorrowful Doctor shakes his head: *Dormir*, "To sleep," writes the other, passionately pointing at it! So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Doctor Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says, "*Il ne souffre plus.*" His suffering and his working are now ended.

Even so, ye silent Patriot multitudes, all ye men of France; this man is rapt away from you. He has fallen suddenly, without bending till he broke; as a tower falls, smitten by sudden lightning. His word ye shall hear no

¹ "If God is not there, at least it is his second cousin."

more, his guidance follow no more.—The multitudes depart, heart-struck; spread the sad tidings. How touching is the loyalty of men to their Sovereign Man! All theatres, public amusements close; no joyful meeting can be held in these nights, joy is not for them: the People break in upon private dancing-parties, and sullenly command that they cease. Of such dancing-parties apparently but two came to light: and these also have gone out. The gloom is universal: never in this City was such sorrow for one death; never since that old night when Louis XII departed, “and the *Crieurs des Corps* went sounding their bells, and crying along the streets: *Le bon roi Louis, père du peuple, est mort*, The good King Louis, Father of the People, is dead!” King Mirabeau is now the lost King; and one may say with little exaggeration, all the People mourns for him.

For three days there is low wide moan; weeping in the National Assembly itself. The streets are all mournful; orators mounted on the *bornes*,¹ with large silent audience, preaching the funeral sermon of the dead. Let no coachman whip fast, distractively with his rolling wheels, or almost at all, through these groups! His traces may be cut; himself and his fare, as incurable Aristocrats, hurled sulkily into the kennels. The bourne-stone orators speak as it is given them; the Sansculottic People, with its rude soul, listens eager,—as men will to any Sermon, or *Sermo*, when it is a spoken Word meaning a Thing, and not a Babblement meaning No-thing. In the Restaurateur’s of the Palais-Royal, the waiter remarks. “Fine weather, Monsieur:”—“Yes, my friend,” answers the ancient Man of Letters, “very fine; but Mirabeau is dead.” Hoarse rhythmic threnodies come also from the throats of ballad-singers; are sold on grey-white paper at a *sou* each. But of Portraits, engraved, painted, hewn and written; of Eulogies, Reminiscences, Biographies, nay *Vaudevilles*,

¹ Stones set into the corners of buildings, and jutting out into the street.

Dramas and Melodramas, in all Provinces of France, there will, through these coming months, be the due immeasurable crop; thick as the leaves of spring. Nor, that a tincture of burlesque might be in it, is Gobel's Episcopal *Mandement* wanting; goose Gobel,¹ who has just been made Constitutional Bishop of Paris. A Mandement wherein *Ça ira*² alternates very strangely with *Nomine Domini*; and you are, with a grave countenance, invited to "rejoice at possessing in the midst of you a body of Prelates created by Mirabeau, zealous followers of his doctrine, faithful imitators of his virtues." So speaks, and cackles manifold, the Sorrow of France; wailing articulately, inarticulately, as it can, that a Sovereign Man is snatched away. In the National Assembly, when difficult questions are astir, all eyes will "turn mechanically to the place where Mirabeau sat,"—and Mirabeau is absent now.

On the third evening of the lamentation, the fourth of April, there is solemn Public Funeral; such as deceased mortal seldom had. Procession of a league in length; of mourners reckoned loosely at a hundred thousand. All roofs are thronged with onlookers, all windows, lamp-irons, branches of trees. "Sadness is painted on every countenance; many persons weep." There is double hedge of National Guards; there is National Assembly in a body; Jacobin Society,³ and Societies; King's Ministers,

¹ J. B. Gobel (1727-1794), a deputy of the clergy, who because of his approval of the civil constitution of the clergy—which most of the priests refused to accept—became enormously popular. He later resigned his episcopal functions, was suspected of atheism, and because he interfered with the plans of Robespierre, was guillotined.

² A revolutionary song which later acquired a rather sinister connotation, since it was sung while the condemned were on their way to the guillotine.

³ A club founded in 1789, which met in the library of the old Jacobin convent in Paris, and which opened its doors to all ardent supporters of the revolution. Originally moderate, the prevailing opinion in the club became more and more radical, until during the Terror the name became synonymous with the most extreme revolutionary fervor. The club exercised enormous influence through-

Municipals, and all Notabilities, Patriot or Aristocrat. Bouillé is noticeable there, "with his hat on;" say, hat drawn over his brow, hiding many thoughts! Slow-wending, in religious silence, the Procession of a league in length, under the level sun-rays, for it is five o'clock, moves and marches: with its sable plumes; itself in a religious silence; but, by fits with the muffled roll of drums, by fits with some long-drawn wail of music, and strange new-clangour of trombones, and metallic dirge-voice; amid the infinite hum of men. In the Church of Saint-Eustache, there is funeral oration by Cerutti; and discharge of fire-arms, which "brings down pieces of the plaster." Thence, forward again to the Church of Sainte-Geneviève; which has been consecrated, by supreme decree, on the spur of this time, into a Pantheon for the Great Men of the Fatherland, *Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante*. Hardly at midnight is the business done: and Mirabeau left in his dark dwelling: first tenant of that Fatherland's Pantheon.

Tenant, alas, who inhabits but at will, and shall be cast out. For, in these days of convulsion and dissection, not even the dust of the dead is permitted to rest. Voltaire's bones are, by and by, to be carried from their stolen grave in the Abbey of Scellières, to an eager *stealing* grave, in Paris his birth-city: all mortals processioning and perorating there; cars drawn by eight white horses, goadsters in classical costume, with fillets and wheat-eaters enough:—though the weather is of the wettest. Evangelist Jean Jacques¹ too, as is most proper, must be dug up from Ermenonville, and processioned, with pomp, with sensibility, to the Pantheon of the Fatherland. He and others: while again Mirabeau, we say, is cast forth from it, happily incapable of being *re-placed*; and rests now,

out France by its organization of affiliated Jacobin societies in the provinces. The Paris club was finally closed in 1795, in the midst of the reaction that followed the death of Robespierre.

¹ See p. 39, note 2.

irrecognizable, reburied hastily at dead of night "in the central part of the Churchyard Sainte-Catherine, in the Suburb Saint-Marceau," to be disturbed no further.

So blazes out, farseen, a Man's Life, and becomes ashes and a *caput mortuum*, in this World-Pyre, which we name French Revolution: not the first that consumed itself there; nor, by thousands and many millions, the last! A man who "had swallowed all formulas;" who, in these strange times and circumstances, felt called to live Titanically, and also to die so. As he, for his part, had swallowed all formulas, what Formula is there, never so comprehensive, that will express truly the *plus* and the *minus* of him, give us the accurate net-result of him? There is hitherto none such. Moralities not a few must shriek condemnatory over this Mirabeau; the Morality by which he could be judged has not yet got uttered in the speech of men. We will say this of him again: That he is a Reality and no Simulacrum; a living Son of Nature our general Mother; not a hollow Artifice, and mechanism of Conventionalities, son of nothing, *brother* to nothing. In which little word, let the earnest man, walking sorrowful in a world mostly of "Stuffed Clothes-suits," that chatter and grin meaningless on him, quite *ghastly* to the earnest soul,—think what significance there is!

Of men who, in such sense, are alive, and see with eyes, the number is now not great: it may be well, if in this huge French Revolution itself, with its all-developing fury, we find some Three. Mortals driven rabid we find; sputtering the acridest logic; baring their breast to the battle-hail, their neck to the guillotine:—of whom it is so painful to say that they too are still, in good part, manufactured Formalities, not Facts but Hearsays!

Honour to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and *is* something. For in the way of being *worthy*, the first condition surely is that

one *be*. Let Cant cease, at all risks and at all cost: till Cant cease, nothing else can begin. Of human Criminals, in these centuries, writes the Moralist, I find but one unforgivable: the Quack. "Hateful to God," as divine Dante sings, "and to the Enemies of God,

*A Dio spiacente ed a' nemici sui!"*¹

But whoever will, with sympathy, which is the first essential towards insight, look at this questionable Mirabeau, may find that there lay verily in him, as the basis of all, a Sincerity, a great free Earnestness; nay call it Honesty, for the man did before all things see, with that clear Hashing vision, into what *was*, into what existed as fact; and did, with his wild heart, follow that and no other. Whereby on what ways soever he travels and struggles, often enough falling, he is still a brother man. Hate him not; thou canst not hate him! Shining through such soil and tarnish, and now victorious effulgent, and oftenest struggling eclipsed, the light of genius itself is in this man; which was never yet base and hateful; but at worst was lamentable, lovable with pity. They say that he was ambitious, that he wanted to be Minister. It is most true. And was he not simply the one man in France who could have done any good as Minister? Not vanity alone, not pride alone; far from that! Wild burstings of affection were in this great heart; of fierce lightning, and soft dew of pity. So sunk bemired in wretchedest defacements, it may be said of him, like the Magdalen of old, that he loved much: his Father, the harshest of old crabbed men, he loved with warmth, with veneration. . . .

¹ Dante, *Inferno*, 3, 53.

VOLUME II—BOOK IV

VARENNES

CHAPTER I

EASTER AT SAINT-CLOUD

THE French Monarchy may now therefore be considered as, in all human probability, lost; as struggling henceforth in blindness as well as weakness, the last light of reasonable guidance having gone out. What remains of resources their poor Majesties will waste still further, in uncertain loitering and wavering. Mirabeau himself had to complain that they only gave him half confidence, and always had some plan within his plan. Had they fled frankly with him to Rouen or anywhither, long ago! They may fly now with chance immeasurably lessened; which will go on lessening towards absolute zero. Decide, O Queen; poor Louis can decide nothing: execute this Flight-project, or at least abandon it. Correspondence with Bouillé there has been enough; what profits consulting, and hypothesis, while all around is in fierce activity of practice? The Rustic sits waiting till the river run dry: alas, with you it is not a common river, but a Nile Inundation; snows melting in the unseen mountains; till all, and you where you sit, be submerged. . . .

Many things invite to flight: but probably this thing above all others, that it has become impossible! On the 15th of April, notice is given that his Majesty, who has suffered much from catarrh lately, will enjoy the Spring weather, for a few days, at Saint-Cloud.¹ Out at Saint-Cloud? Wishing to celebrate his Easter, his *Pâques* or Pasch, there; with refractory Anti-Constitutional Dissidents?²—Wishing rather to make off for Compiègne, and

¹ The royal palace, a few miles outside of Paris.

² The civil constitution of the clergy placed the Church under the control of the State. It was anathematized by the Pope, largely

thence to the Frontiers? As were, in good sooth, perhaps feasible, or would once have been; nothing but some two *chasseurs* attending you; *chasseurs* easily corrupted! It is a pleasant possibility, execute it or not. Men say there are thirty thousand Chevaliers of the Poniard lurking in the woods there: lurking in the woods, and thirty thousand,—for the human Imagination is not fettered. But now, how easily might these, dashing out on Lafayette, snatch off the Hereditary Representative: and roll away with him, after the manner of a whirlblast, whither they listed!—Enough, it were well the King did not go. Lafayette is forewarned and forearmed: but, indeed, is the risk his only; or his and all France's?

Monday the eighteenth of April is come: the Easter Journey to Saint-Cloud shall take effect. National Guard has got its orders; a First Division, as Advanced Guard, has even marched, and probably arrived. His Majesty's *Maison-bouche*, they say, is all busy stewing and frying at Saint-Cloud; the King's dinner not far from ready there. About one o'clock, the Royal Carriage, with its eight royal blacks, shoots stately into the Place du Carrousel; draws up to receive its royal burden. But hark! from the neighbouring Church of Saint-Roch, the tocsin begins ding-dong-ing. Is the King stolen then; is he going; gone? Multitudes of persons crowd the Carrousel: the Royal Carriage still stands there;—and, by Heaven's strength, shall stand!

Lafayette comes up, with aides-de-camp and oratory; pervading the groups: "*Taisez-vous*," answer the groups, "the King shall not go." Monsieur appears, at an upper window: ten thousand voices bray and shriek, "*Nous ne voulons pas que le Roi parte*."¹ Their Majesties have mounted. Crack go the whips; but twenty Patriot arms

because bishops were to be elected by the people, who might vote whether or not they were good Catholics. A great number of priests obeyed the injunction of the Pope and refused to accept the constitution.

¹ "We will not have the King leave."

have seized each of the eight bridles: there is rearing, rocking, vociferation; not the smallest headway. In vain does Lafayette fret, indignant; and perorate and strive: Patriots in the passion of terror bellow round the Royal Carriage; it is one bellowing sea of Patriot terror run frantic. Will Royalty fly off towards Austria; like a lit rocket, towards endless Conflagration of Civil War? Stop it, ye Patriots, in the name of Heaven! Rude voices passionately apostrophize Royalty itself. Usher Campan, and other the like official persons, pressing forward with help or advice, are clutched by the sashes, and hurled and whirled, in a confused perilous manner; so that her Majesty has to plead passionately from the carriage-window.

Order cannot be heard, cannot be followed; National Guards know not how to act. Centre Grenadiers, of the Observatoire Battalion, are there; not on duty; alas, in quasi-mutiny; speaking rude disobedient words; threatening the mounted Guards with sharp shot if they hurt the people. Lafayette mounts and dismounts; runs haranguing, panting; on the verge of despair. For an hour and three-quarters; "seven quarters of an hour," by the Tuileries Clock! Desperate Lafayette will open a passage, were it by the cannon's mouth, if his Majesty will order. Their Majesties, counselled to it by Royalist friends, by Patriot foes, dismount; and retire in, with heavy indignant heart; giving up the enterprise. *Maison-bouche*¹ may eat that cooked dinner themselves: his Majesty shall not see Saint-Cloud this day,—nor any day.

The pathetic fable of imprisonment in one's own Palace has become a sad fact, then? Majesty complains to Assembly; Municipality deliberates, proposes to petition or address; Sections respond with sullen brevity of negation. Lafayette flings down his Commission; appears in civic pepper-and-salt frock; and cannot be flattered back again; not in less than three days; and by unheard-of entreaty; National Guards kneeling to him, and

¹ See p. 5, note 2.

declaring that it is not sycophancy, that they are free men kneeling here to the *Statue of Liberty*. For the rest, those Centre Grenadiers of the Observatoire are disbanded, —yet indeed are reinlisted, all but fourteen, under a new name, and with new quarters. The King must keep his Easter in Paris; meditating much on this singular posture of things; but as good as determined now to fly from it, desire being whetted by difficulty.

CHAPTER III

COUNT FERSEN

ROYALTY, in fact, should, by this time, be far on with its preparations. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could an Hereditary Representative be carried in leather-*vache*, how easy were it! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed; as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages; consider "Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty seamstresses," in that iron *Nibelungen Song*! No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan¹ whisks assiduous to this mantuamaker and to that: and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small; such a clipping and sewing, as might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step anywhither without her *Nécessaire*; dear *Nécessaire*, of inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds perfumes, toilette implements, infinite small queenlike furnitures: necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers,—never to get to hand. All which, you would say, augurs ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humoured. . . .

¹ Madame Campan was lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette.

We observe, however, that Count Fersen¹ is often using his Ticket of Entry; which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant Soldier, and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen;—as indeed the Highest Swede now is. Has not King Gustav, famed fiery *Chevalier du Nord*, sworn himself, by the old laws of chivalry, her Knight? He will descend on fire-wings, of Swedish musketry, and deliver her from these foul dragons,—if, alas, the assassin's pistol intervene not!

But, in fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of alert decisive ways: he circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul, nephew of Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased; he and Engineer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the Tuileries: and Letters go in cipher,—one of them, a most important one, hard to *de-cipher*; Fersen having ciphered it in haste. As for Duke de Villequier,² he is gone ever since the Day of Poniards; but his Apartment is useful for her Majesty.

On the other side, poor Commandant Gouvion, watching at the Tuileries, second in National command, sees several things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long months ago, at the Townhall, gazing helpless into that Insurrection of Women; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sincerer Patriot there is not; but many a shiftier. He, if Dame Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love-court to a certain false Chambermaid of the Palace, who betrays much to him: the *Nécessaire*, the clothes, the packing of

¹ Count Axel Fersen (1755–1810), a Swedish soldier who had fought on the American side at Yorktown, and was at this time acting as agent for the King of Sweden in France. A close friend of Marie Antoinette, he was anxious to liberate her and the court from the control of Paris.

² L. M. A. Villequier, duc d'Aumont (1736–1814), one of the nobles chosen for the States-General, who soon resigned to devote himself entirely to his functions as first gentleman of the bed-chamber.

jewels,—could he understand it when betrayed. Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it; stirs up his sentries to vigilance; walks restless to and fro; and hopes the best.

But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris; having come "to see his children." Also that Fersen has got a stupendous new Coach built, of the kind named *Berline*; done by the first artists; according to a model: they bring it home to him, in Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof-drive in it, along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to "Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy," far North, to wait there till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, with Waiting-woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homewards with some state: in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A Passport has been procured for her; and much assistance shown, with Coach-builders and such like:—so helpful-polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting-maids; further, certain necessary horses: one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlay? We observe finally that their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at *Corpus-Christi Day*, this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here at Paris, to the joy of all the world. For which same day, moreover, brave Bouillé, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of friends to dinner; but indeed is gone from home, in the interim, over to Montmédi.

These are of the Phenomena, or visual Appearances, of this wide-working terrestrial world: which truly is all phenomenal, what they call spectral; and never sorts at any moment; one never at any moment can know why.

On Monday night, the Twentieth of June 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach, and glass-coach (*carrosse de remise*), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches, we recom-

mend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by the Carrousel and out-gate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was; "opposite Ronsin the saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children, has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court-of-Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the Glass-coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's *Couchée*, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace-world is retiring home. But the Glass-coachman still waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm-and-arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door; starts a shoebuckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp to again; is however, by the Glass-coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And now, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass-coachman still waits.—Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel,—where a Lady shaded in broad gipsy-hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badine*,—light little magic rod which she calls *badine*, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court-of-Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in

smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gipsy-hat, and touched the wheel-spoke with her *badine*? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel-spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid *ci-devant*¹ Bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue du Bac; far from the Glass-coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts—which he must button close up, under his jarvie-surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the City-steeple; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass-coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvie-dialect: the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff; decline drinking together; and part with good night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen-lady, in gipsy-hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard, has done: and now, O Glass-coachman of a thousand,—Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou,—drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go

¹ *ci-devant*: former.

incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Towards the Barrier not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience, ye royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's: "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?"—"Gone with it an hour-and-half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter.—"*C'est bien.*" Yes, it is well;—though had not such hour-and-half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy; then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right-hand of him; silent except for some snoring hum: and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin; looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou knowest!—And as for us of the Glass-coach, haste too, O haste; much time is already lost! The august Glass-coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline; two Bodyguard Couriers behind. The Glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the City; to wander whither it lists,—and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammer-cloths; flourishing his whip; he bolts forward towards Bondy. There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post-horses ready-ordered.

There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting-maids and their band-boxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting-women; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips Fersen, under his jarvie-surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off: for ever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, towards Bougret; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! *Baroness de Korff* is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. Baroness de Korff's *Waiting-maid* is the Queen in gipsy-hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. That other hooded Dame, styled *Travelling-companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy:—over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouillé? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this

all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy,—where Longhaired Childeric Do-nothing was struck through with iron; not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone-towers are Raincy; towers of wicked D'Orléans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb-merchant, with his ass and early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But right ahead the great Northeast sends up evermore his grey brindled dawn: from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and Galaxies; Street-lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levée of the GREAT HIGH KING. Thou, poor Louis, farthest nevertheless, as mortals do, towards Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with *its* Levées, and France and the Earth itself, is but a larger kind of dog-hutch,—occasionally going rabid.

CHAPTER IV

ATTITUDE

BUT in Paris, at six in the morning; when some Patriot Deputy, warned by a billet, awoke Lafayette, and they went to the Tuileries?—Imagination may paint, but words cannot, the surprise of Lafayette; or with what bewilderment helpless Gouvion rolled glassy Argus' eyes, discerning now that his false Chambermaid had told true!

However, it is to be recorded that Paris, thanks to an august National Assembly, did, on this seeming doomsday, surpass itself. Never, according to Historian eye-witnesses, was there seen such an "imposing attitude." Sections all "in permanence;" our Townhall too, having first, about ten o'clock, fired three solemn alarm-cannons: above all, our National Assembly! National Assembly, likewise permanent, decides what is needful; with unanimous

consent, for the *Côté Droit*¹ sits dumb, afraid of the Lanterne. Decides with a calm promptitude, which rises towards the sublime. One must needs vote, for the thing is self-evident, that his Majesty has been *abducted*, or spirited away, "*enlevé*," by some persons or person unknown: in which case, what will the Constitution have us do? Let us return to first principles, as we always say: "*revenons aux principes*."

By first or by second principles, much is promptly decided: Ministers are sent for, instructed how to continue their functions; Lafayette is examined: and Gouviou, who gives a most helpless account, the best he can. Letters are found written: one Letter, of immense magnitude; all in his Majesty's hand, and evidently of his Majesty's own composition; addressed to the National Assembly. It details, with earnestness, with a childlike simplicity, what woes his Majesty has suffered. Woes great and small: A Necker seen applauded, a Majesty not; then insurrection; want of due furniture in Tuileries Palace; want of due cash in Civil List; *general* want of cash, of furniture and order; anarchy everywhere: Deficit never yet, in the smallest, "*choked or comblé*:"—wherefore, in brief, his Majesty has retired towards a place of Liberty; and, leaving Sanctions, Federation, and what Oaths there may be, to shift for themselves, does now refer—to what, thinks an august Assembly? To that "Declaration of the Twenty-third of June," with its "*Seul il fera*, He alone will make his People happy." As if *that* were not buried, deep enough, under two irrevocable Twelve-months, and the wreck and rubbish of a whole Feudal World! This strange autograph Letter the National Assembly decides on printing; on transmitting to the Eighty-three Departments, with exegetic commentary, short but pithy. Commissioners also shall go forth on all sides; the People be exhorted; the Armies be increased; care taken that the

¹ *Côté droit*, the party which sat on the right in the Assembly and was conservative and royalist in its tendencies.

Commonweal suffer no damage.—And now, with a sublime air of calmness, nay of indifference, we “pass to the order of the day!”

By such sublime calmness, the terror of the People is calmed. These gleaming Pike-forests, which bristled fateful in the early sun, disappear again; the far-sounding Street-orators cease, or spout milder. We are to have a civil war; let us have it then. The King is gone; but National Assembly, but France and we remain. The People also takes a great attitude; the People also is calm; motionless as a couchant lion. With but a few *broolings*, some waggings of the tail; to show what it *will* do! Cazalès,¹ for instance, was beset by street-groups, and cries of *Lanterne*; but National Patrols easily delivered him. Likewise all King's effigies and statues, at least stucco ones, get abolished. Even King's names; the word *Roi* fades suddenly out of all shop-signs; the Royal Bengal Tiger itself, on the Boulevards, becomes the National Bengal one, *Tigre National*.

How great is a calm couchant People! On the morrow, men will say to one another: “We have no King, yet we slept sound enough.” On the morrow, fervent Achille de Châtelet, and Thomas Paine² the rebellious Needleman, shall have the walls of Paris profusely plastered with their Placard; announcing that there must be a *Republic*.—Need we add, that Lafayette too, though at first menaced by Pikes, has taken a great attitude, or indeed the greatest of all? Scouts and Aides-de-camp fly forth, vague, in quest and pursuit; young Romœuf towards Valenciennes, though with small hope.

Thus Paris; sublimely calmed, in its bereavement. But from the *Messageries Royales*, in all Mail-bags, radiates

¹ The most noted of royalist sympathizers in the Assembly.

² Thomas Paine (1737–1809) was a friend of Franklin; he exercised great influence in persuading the American colonists to declare their independence. His *Rights of Man* voiced eloquently the principles of democracy. He came to France and took an active part in the Revolution, incurring the hatred of Robespierre and escaping the guillotine only by accident.

forth far-darting the electric news: Our Hereditary Representative is flown. Laugh, black Royalists: yet be it in your sleeve only; lest Patriotism notice, and waxing frantic, lower the Lanterne! In Paris alone is a sublime National Assembly with its calmness: truly, other places must take it as they can: with open mouth and eyes; with panic cackling, with wiath, with conjecture. How each one of those dull leathern Diligences, with its leathern bag and "The King is fled," furrows up smooth France as it goes: through town and hamlet, ruffles the smooth public mind into quivering agitation of death-terror; then lumbers on, as if nothing had happened! Along all highways; towards the utmost borders; till all France is ruffled,—roughened up (metaphorically speaking) into one enormous, desperate-minded, red guggling Turkey Cock!

For example, it is under cloud of night that the leathern Monster reaches Nantes: deep sunk in sleep. The word spoken rouses all Patriot men: General Dumouricz, enveloped in roquelaures, has to descend from his bedroom; finds the street covered with "four or five thousand citizens in their shirts." Here and there a faint farthing rushlight, hastily kindled; and so many swart-featured haggard faces with nightcaps pushed back; and the more or less flowing drapery of nightshirt: open-mouthed till the General say his word! And overhead, as always, the Great Bear is turning so quiet round Boötes; steady, indifferent as the leathern Diligence itself. Take comfort, ye men of Nantes; Boötes and the steady Bear are turning; ancient Atlantic still sends his brine, loud-billowing, up your Loire-stream; brandy shall be hot in the stomach; this is not the Last of the Days, but one before the Last.—The fools! If they knew what was doing, in these very instants, also by candlelight, in the far Northeast!

Perhaps, we may say, the most terrified man in Paris or France is—who thinks the Reader?—seagreen Robespierre. Double paleness, with the shadow of gibbets and halters,

overcasts the seagreen features: it is too clear to him that there is to be "a Saint-Bartholomew of Patriots," that in four-and-twenty hours he will not be in life. These horrid anticipations of the soul he is heard uttering at Pétion's: by a notable witness. By Madame Roland, namely; her whom we saw, last year, radiant at the Lyons Federation. These four months, the Rolands have been in Paris; arranging with Assembly Committees the Municipal affairs of Lyons, affairs all sunk in debt;—communicating, the while, as was most natural, with the best Patriots to be found here, with our Brissots, Pétions, Buzots, Robespierres: who were wont to come to us, says the fair Hostess, four evenings in the week. They, running about, busier than ever this day, would fain have comforted the seagreen man; spake of Achille de Châtelet's Placard; of a Journal to be called *The Republican*; of preparing men's minds for a Republic. "A Republic?" said the Seagreen, with one of his dry husky *unsportful* laughs, "What is that?" O seagreen Incorruptible, thou shalt see!

CHAPTER V

THE NEW BERLINE

BUT scouts, all this while, and aides-de-camp, have flown forth faster than the leathern Diligences. Young Romœuf, as we said, was off early towards Valenciennes: distracted Villagers seize him, as a traitor with a finger of his own in the plot; drag him back to the Townhall; to the National Assembly, which speedily grants a new passport. Nay now, that same scarecrow of an Herb-merchant with his ass has bethought him of the grand new Berline seen in the Wood of Bondy; and delivered evidence of it: Romœuf, furnished with new passport, is sent forth with double speed on a hope-fuller track; by Bondy, Claye and Chalons, towards Metz, to track the new Berline; and gallops *à franc étrier*.

Miserable new Berline! Why could not Royalty go in some old Berline similar to that of other men? Flying for life, one does not stickle about his vehicle. Monsieur, in a commonplace travelling-carriage is off Northwards; Madame, his Princess, in another, with variation of route: they cross one another while changing horses, without look of recognition; and reach Flanders, no man questioning them. Precisely in the same manner, beautiful Princess de Lamballe¹ set off, about the same hour; and will reach England safe:—would she had continued there! The beautiful, the good, but the unfortunate; reserved for a frightful end!

All runs along, unmolested, speedy, except only the new Berline. Huge leathern vehicle:—huge Argosy, let us say, or Acapulco-ship²; with its heavy stern-boat of Chaise-and-pair; with its three yellow Pilot-boats of Mounted Bodyguard Couriers, rocking aimless round it and ahead of it, to bewilder, not to guide! It lumbers along, lurchingly with stress, at a snail's pace; noted of all the world. The Bodyguard Couriers, in their yellow liveries, go prancing and clattering; loyal but stupid; unacquainted with all things. Stoppages occur; and breakages, to be repaired at Etoges. King Louis too will dismount, will walk up hills, and enjoy the blessed sunshine:—with eleven horses and double drink-money, and all furtherances of Nature and Art, it will be found that Royalty, flying for life, accomplishes Sixty-nine miles in Twenty-two incessant hours. Slow Royalty! And yet not a minute of these hours but is precious: on minutes hang the destinies of Royalty now.

¹ The Princesse de Lamballe (1749–1792) was the companion and confidante of Marie Antoinette. Beautiful and accomplished, she was hated by the people, who believed her the soul of anti-popular intrigues. Her willingness to serve as the instrument of the Queen's caprices gave color to this suspicion.

² Acapulco was the most important Mexican port on the Pacific and the depot for the Spanish fleets sailing between India and Mexico.

Readers, therefore, can judge in what humour Duke de Choiseul might stand waiting, in the village of Pont-de-Sommevelle, some leagues beyond Chalons, hour after hour, now when the day bends visibly westward. Choiseul drove out of Paris, in all privacy, ten hours before their Majesties' fixed time; his Hussars, led by Engineer Goguelat, are here duly, come "to escort a Treasure that is expected:" but, hour after hour, is no Baroness de Korff's Berline. Indeed, over all that North-east Region, on the skirts of Champagne and of Lorraine, where the great Road runs, the agitation is considerable. For all along, from this Pont-de-Sommevelle Northeastward as far as Montmédi, at Post-villages and Towns, escorts of Hussars and Dragoons do lounge waiting; a train or chain of Military Escorts; at the Montmédi end of it our brave Bouillé: an electric thunder-chain: which the invisible Bouillé, like a Father Jove, holds in his hand—for wise purposes! Brave Bouillé has done what man could; has spread out his electric thunder-chain of Military Escorts, onwards to the threshold of Chalons: it waits but for the new Korff Berline; to receive it, escort it, and, if need be, bear it off in whirlwind of military fire. They lie and lounge there, we say, these fierce Troopers; from Montmédi and Stenai, through Clermont, Sainte-Menehould to utmost Pont-de-Sommevelle, in all Post-villages; for the route shall avoid Verdun and great Towns: they loiter impatient, "till the Treasure arrive."

Judge what a day this is for brave Bouillé: perhaps the first day of a new glorious life; surely the last day of the old! Also, and indeed still more, what a day, beautiful and terrible, for your young full-blooded Captains: your Dandoins, Comte de Damas, Duke de Choiseul, Engineer Goguelat, and the like; entrusted with the secret!—Alas, the day bends ever more westward; and no Korff Berline comes to sight. It is four hours beyond the time, and still no Berline. In all Village-streets, Royalist Captains go lounging, looking often Paris-ward; with face of uncon-

cern, with heart full of black care: rigorous Quartermasters can hardly keep the private dragoons from *cafés* and dram-shops. Dawn on our bewilderment, thou new Berline; dawn on us, thou Sun-Chariot of a new Berline, with the destinies of France!

It was of his Majesty's ordering, this military array of Escorts: a thing solacing the Royal imagination with a look of security and rescue; yet, in reality, creating only alarm, and, where there was otherwise no danger, danger without end. For each Patriot, in these Post-villages, asks naturally: This clatter of cavalry, and marching and lounging of troops, what means it? To escort a 'Treasure? Why escort, when no Patriot will steal from the Nation; or where is your Treasure?—There has been such marching and counter-marching: for it is another fatality, that certain of these Military Escorts came out so early as yesterday; the Nineteenth nor the Twentieth of the month being the day *first* appointed; which her Majesty, for some necessity or other, saw good to alter. And now consider the suspicious nature of Patriotism; suspicious, above all, of Bouillé the Aristocrat; and how the sour doubting humour has had leave to accumulate and exacerbate for four-and-twenty hours!

At Pont-de-Sommeville, these forty foreign Hussars of Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are becoming an unspeakable mystery to all men. They lounged long enough, already, at Sainte-Menehould; lounged and loitered till our National Volunteers there, all risen into hot wrath of doubt, "demanded three hundred fusils of their 'Town-hall," and got them. At which same moment too, as it chanced, our Captain Dandoins was just coming in, from Clermont with *his* troop, at the other end of the Village. A fresh troop; alarming enough; though happily they are only Dragoons and French! So that Goguelat with his Hussars had to ride, and even to do it fast; till here at Pont-de-Sommeville, where Choiseul lay waiting, he found resting-place. Resting-place as on burning marle. For

the rumour of him flies abroad; and men run to and fro in fright and anger: Chalons sends forth exploratory pickets of National Volunteers towards this hand; which meet exploratory pickets, coming from Sainte-Menehould, on that. What is it, ye whiskered Hussars, men of foreign guttural speech; in the name of Heaven, what is it that brings you? A Treasure?—exploratory pickets shake their heads. The hungry Peasants, however, know too well what Treasure it is; Military seizure for rents, feudalities; which no Bailiff could make us pay! This they know;—and set to jingling their Parish-bell by way of tocsin; with rapid effect! Choiseul and Goguelat, if the whole country is not to take fire, must needs, be there Berline, be there no Berline, saddle and ride.

They mount; and this parish tocsin happily ceases. They ride slowly Eastward; towards Sainte-Menehould; still hoping the Sun-Chariot of a Berline may overtake them. Ah me, no Berline! And near now is that Sainte-Menehould, which expelled us in the morning, with its “three hundred National fusils;” which looks, belike, not too lovingly on Captain Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons, though only French;—which, in a word, one dare not enter the *second* time, under pain of explosion! With rather heavy heart, our Hussar Party strikes off to the left; through by-ways, through pathless hills and woods, they, avoiding Sainte-Menehould and all places which have seen them heretofore, will make direct for the distant Village of Varennes. It is probable they will have a rough evening-ride.

This first military post, therefore, in the long thunder-chain, has gone off with no effect; or with worse, and your chain threatens to entangle itself!—The Great Road, however, is got hushed again into a kind of quietude, though one of the wakefullest. Indolent Dragoons cannot, by any Quartermaster, be kept altogether from the dramshop; where Patriots drink, and will even treat, eager enough for news. Captains, in a state near distraction, beat the

study highway, with a face of indifference; and no Sun-Chariot appears. Why lingers it? Incredible, that with eleven horses, and such yellow Couriers and furtherances, its rate should be under the weightiest dray-rate, some three miles an hour! Alas, one knows not whether it ever even got out of Paris;—and yet also one knows not whether, this very moment, it is not at the Village-end! One's heart flutters on the verge of unutterabilities.

CHAPTER VI

OLD-DRAGOON DROUET

IN this manner, however, has the Day bent downwards. Wearied mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the village-artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village-street for a sweet mouthful of air and human news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun hangs flaming on the utmost Northwest; for it is his longest day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush, in green dells, on long-shadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth. Your dusty Mill of Valmy, as all other mills and drudgeries, may furl its canvas, and cease swashing and circling. The swenkt grinders in this Treadmill of an Earth have ground out another Day; and lounge there, as we say, in village-groups; movable, or ranked on social stone-seats; their children, mischievous imps, sporting about their feet. Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip rises from this Village of Sainte-Menehould, as from all other villages. Gossip mostly sweet, unnotable; for the very Dragoons are French and gallant; nor as yet has the Paris-and-Verdun Diligence, with its leathern bag, rumbled in, to terrify the minds of men.

One figure nevertheless we do note at the last door of the Village: that figure in loose-flowing nightgown, of

Jean Baptiste Drouet, Master of the Post here. An acrid choleric man, rather dangerous-looking; still in the prime of life, though he has served, in his time, as a Condé Dragoon. This day, from an early hour Drouet got his choler stirred, and has been kept fretting. Hussar Gogue-lat in the morning saw good, by way of thrift, to bargain with his own Innkeeper, not with Drouet regular *Maître de Post*, about some gig-horse for the sending back of his gig; which thing Drouet perceiving came over in red ire, menacing the Innkeeper, and would not be appeased. Wholly an unsatisfactory day. For Drouet is an acrid Patriot too, was at the Paris Feast of Pikes: and what do these Bouillé soldiers mean? Hussars,—with their gig, and a vengeance to it!—have hardly been thrust out, when Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons arrive from Clermont, and stroll. For what purpose? Choleric Drouet steps out and steps in, with long-flowing nightgown; looking abroad, with that sharpness of faculty which stirred choler gives to man.

On the other hand, mark Captain Dandoins on the street of that same Village; sauntering with a face of indifference, a heart eaten of black care! For no Korff Berline makes its appearance. The great Sun flames broader towards setting: one's heart flutters on the verge of dread unutterabilities.

By Heaven! here is the yellow Bodyguard Courier; spurring fast, in the ruddy evening light! Steady, O Dandoins, stand with inscrutable indifferent face; though the yellow blockhead spurs past the Post-house; inquires to find it; and stirs the Village, all delighted with his fine livery.—Lumbering along with its mountains of band-boxes, and Chaise behind, the Korff Berline rolls in; huge Acapulcoship with its Cockboat, having got thus far. The eyes of the Villagers look enlightened, as such eyes do when a coach-transit, which is an event, occurs for them. Strolling Dragoons respectfully, so fine are the yellow liveries, bring hand to helmet; and a Lady in gipsy-hat

responds with a grace peculiar to her. Dandoins stands with folded arms, and what look of indifference and disdainful garrison-air a man can, while the heart is like leaping out of him. Curled disdainful moustachio; careless glance,—which however surveys the Village-groups, and does not like them. With his eye he bespeaks the yellow Courier, Be quick, be quick! Thickheaded Yellow cannot understand the eye; comes up mumbling, to ask in words: seen of the village!

Nor is Post-master Drouet unobservant, all this while: but steps out and steps in, with his long-flowing nightgown, in the level sunlight; prying into several things. When a man's faculties, at the right time, are sharpened by choler, it may lead to much. That Lady in slouched gipsy-hat, though sitting back in the Carriage, does she not resemble some one we have seen, some time:—at the Feast of Pikes, or elsewhere? And this *Grosse-Tête* in round hat and peruke, which, looking rearward, pokes itself out from time to time, methinks there are features in it—? Quick, *Sieur Guillaume*, Clerk of the *Directoire*, bring me a new Assignat! Drouet scans the new Assignat; compares the Paper-money Picture with the Gross Head in round hat there: by Day and Night! you might say the one was an attempted Engraving of the other. And this march of Troops; this sauntering and whispering.—I see it!

Drouet Post-master of this Village, hot Patriot, Old-Dragoon of Condé, consider, therefore, what thou wilt do. And fast, for behold the new *Berline*, expeditiously yoked, cracks whipcord, and rolls away!—Drouet dare not, on the spur of the instant, clutch the bridles in his own two hands; Dandoins, with broadsword, might hew you off. Our poor Nationals, not one of them here, have three hundred fusils, but then no powder; besides one is not sure, only morally-certain. Drouet, as an adroit Old-Dragoon of Condé, does what is advisabest: privily bespeaks Clerk *Guillaume*, Old-Dragoon of Condé he too: privily, while Clerk *Guillaume* is saddling two of the

fleetest horses, slips over to the Townhall to whisper a word; then mounts with Clerk Guillaume; and the two bound eastward in pursuit, to *see* what can be done.

They bound eastward, in sharp trot: their moral-certainty permeating the Village, from the Townhall outwards, in busy whispers. Alas! Captain Dandoins orders his Dragoons to mount; but they, complaining of long fast, demand bread-and-cheese first;—before which brief repast can be eaten, the whole Village is permeated; not whispering now, but blustering and shrieking! National Volunteers, in hurried muster, shriek for gunpowder; Dragoons halt between Patriotism and Rule of the Service, between bread-and-cheese and fixed bayonets: Dandoins hands secretly his Pocket-book, with its secret dispatches, to the rigorous Quartermaster: the very Ostlers have stable-forks and flails. The rigorous Quartermaster, half-saddled, cuts out his way with the sword's edge, amid levelled bayonets, amid Patriot vociferations, adjurations, flail-strokes; and rides frantic;—few or even none following him; the rest, so sweetly constrained, consenting to stay there.

And thus the new Berline rolls; and Drouet and Guillaume gallop after it, and Dandoins' Troopers or Trooper gallops after them; and Sainte-Menehould, with some leagues of the King's Highway, is in explosion;—and your Military thunder-chain has gone off in a self-destructive manner; one may fear, with the frightfullest issues.

CHAPTER VII

THE NIGHT OF SPURS

THIS comes of mysterious Escorts, and a new Berline with eleven horses: "he that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide." Your first Military Escort has exploded self-destructive; and all Military Escorts and a suspicious Country will now be up, explosive; comparable *not* to victorious thunder. Com-

parable, say rather, to the first stirring of an Alpine Avalanche; which, once stir it, as here at Sainte-Menehould, will spread,—all round, and on and on, as far as Stenai; thundering with wild ruin, till Patriot Villagers, Peasantry, Military Escorts, new Berline and Royalty are down,—jumbling in the Abyss!

The thick shades of Night are falling. Postilions crack and whip: the Royal Berline is through Clermont, where Colonel Comte de Damas got a word whispered to it; is safe through, towards Varennes; rushing at the rate of double drink-money: an Unknown, "*Inconnu* on horse-back," shrieks earnestly some hoarse whisper, not audible, into the rushing Carriage-window, and vanishes, left in the night. August Travellers palpitate; nevertheless over-wearied Nature sinks every one of them into a kind of sleep. Alas, and Drouet and Clek Guillaume spur; taking side-roads, for shortness, for safety; scattering abroad that moral-certainty of theirs; which flies, a bird of the air carrying it!

And your rigorous Quartermaster spurs; awakening hoarse trumpet-tone,—as here at Clermont, calling out Dragoons gone to bed. Brave Colonel de Damas has them mounted. in part, these Clermont men; young Cornet Remy dashes off with a few. But the Patriot Magistracy is out here at Clermont too; National Guards shrieking for ball-cartridges; and the Village "*illuminates itself*;"—deft Patriots springing out of bed; alertly, in shirt or shift, striking a light; sticking up each his farthing candle, or penurious oil-cruse, till all glitters and glimmers; so deft are they! A *camisado*, or shirt-tumult, everywhere: storm-bell set a-ringing; village-drum beating furious *générale*, as here at Clermont, under illumination; distracted Patriots pleading and menacing! Brave young Colonel de Damas, in that uproar of distracted Patriotism, speaks some fire-sentences to what Troopers he has: "Comrades insulted at Sainte-Menehould: King and Country calling on the brave;" then gives the fire-word, *Draw swords*.

Whereupon, alas. the Troopers only *smite* their sword-handles, driving them further home! "To me, whoever is for the King!" cries Damas in despair; and gallops, he with some poor loyal Two, of the Subaltern sort, into the bosom of the Night.

Night unexampled in the Clermontais; shortest of the year: remarkablest of the century: Night deserving to be named of Spurs! Cornet Remy, and those Few he dashed off with, has missed his road; is galloping for hours towards Verdun; then, for hours, across hedged country, through roused hamlets, towards Varennes. Unlucky Cornet Remy; unluckier Colonel Damas, with whom there ride desperate only some loyal Two! More ride not of that Clermont Escort: of other Escorts, in other Villages, not even Two may ride; but only all curvet and prance,—impeded by storm-bell and your Village illuminating itself.

And Drouet rides and Clerk Guillaume; and the Country runs.—Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are plunging through morasses, over cliffs, over stock and stone, in the shaggy woods of the Clermontais; by tracks; or trackless, with guides; Hussars tumbling into pitfalls, and lying "swooned three quarters of an hour." the rest refusing to march without them. What an evening-ride from Pont-de-Sommeville; what a thirty hours, since Choiseul quitted Paris, with Queen's-valet Leonard in the chaise by him! Black Care sits behind the rider. Thus go they plunging; rustle the owlet from his branchy nest; champ the sweet-scented forest-herb, queen-of-the-meadows *spilling* her spikenard; and frighten the ear of Night. But hark! towards twelve o'clock, as one guesses, for the very stars are gone out: sound of the tocsin from Varennes? Checking bridle, the Hussar Officer listens: "Some fire undoubtedly!"—yet rides on, with double breathlessness, to verify.

Yes, gallant friends that do your utmost, it is a certain sort of fire: difficult to quench.—The Korff Berline, fairly ahead of all this riding Avalanche, reached the little

paltry Village of Varennes about eleven o'clock; hopeful, in spite of that hoarse-whispering Unknown. Do not all Towns now lie behind us; Verdun avoided, on our right? Within wind of Bouillé himself, in a manner; and the darkest of midsummer nights favouring us! And so we halt on the hill-top at the South end of the Village; expecting our relay; which young Bouillé's own son, with his Escort of Hussars, was to have ready; for in this Village is no Post. Distracting to think of: neither horse nor Hussar is here! Ah, and stout horses, a proper relay belonging to Duke Choiseul, do stand at hay, but in the Upper Village over the Bridge; and we know not of them. Hussars likewise do wait, but drinking in the taverns. For indeed it is six hours beyond the time; young Bouillé, silly stripping, thinking the matter over for this night, has retired to bed. And so our yellow Couriers, inexperienced, must rove, groping, bungling, through a Village mostly asleep: Postilions will not, for any money, go on with the tired horses; not at least without refreshment; not they, let the Valet in round hat argue as he likes.

Miserable! "For five-and-thirty minutes" by the King's watch, the Berline is at a dead stand: Round-hat arguing with Churn-boots; tired horses slobbering their meal-and-water; yellow Couriers groping, bungling;—young Bouillé asleep, all the while, in the Upper Village, and Choiseul's fine team standing there at hay. No help for it; not with a King's ransom; the horses deliberately slobber, Round-hat argues, Bouillé sleeps. And mark now, in the thick night, do not two Horsemen, with jaded trot, come clank-clanking; and start with half-pause, if one noticed them, at sight of this dim mass of a Berline, and its dull slobbering and arguing; then prick off faster, into the Village? It is Drouet, he and Clerk Guillaume! Still ahead, they two, of the whole, riding hurly-burly; unshot, though some brag of having chased them. Perilous is Drouet's errand also; but he is an Old-Dragoon, with his wits shaken thoroughly awake.

The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most unlevel Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps; the rushing of the River Aire singing lullaby to it. Nevertheless from the Golden Arm, *Bras d'Or* Tavern, across that sloping Market-place, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stirrup-cup; Boniface Le Blanc, in white apron, serving them: cheerful to behold. To this *Bras d'Or*, Drouet enters, alacrity looking through his eyes; he nudges Boniface, in all privacy, "*Camarade, es-tu bon Patriote*, Art thou a good Patriot?"—"Si je suis!"¹ answers Boniface.—"In that case," eagerly whispers Drouet—what whisper is needful, heard of Boniface alone.

And now see Boniface Le Blanc bustling, as he never did for the jolliest toper. See Drouet and Guillaume, dexterous Old-Dragoons, instantly down blocking the Bridge, with a "furniture-wagon they find there," with whatever wagons, tumbrils, barrels, barrows their hands can lay hold of;—till no carriage can pass. Then swiftly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take station hard by, under Varennes Archway: joined by Le Blanc, Le Blanc's Brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused. Some half-dozen in all, with National muskets, they stand close, waiting under the Archway, till that same Korff Berline rumble up.

It rumbles up: *Alte là!* lanterns flash out from under coat-skirts, bridles chuck in strong fists, two National muskets level themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors: "*Mesdames, your Passports?*"—Alas, alas! Sieur Sausse, Procureur of the Township, Tallow-chandler also and Grocer, is there, with official grocer-politeness; Drouet with fierce logic and ready wit:—The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness de Korff's, or persons of still higher consequence, will perhaps please to rest itself in M. Sausse's till the dawn strike up!

¹ "Indeed I am."

O Louis; O hapless Marie-Antoinette, fated to pass thy life with such men! Phlegmatic Louis, art thou but lazy semi-animate phlegm then, to the centre of thee? King, Captain-General, Sovereign Frank! if thy heart ever formed, since it began beating under the name of heart, any resolution at all, be it now then, or never in this world:—"Violent nocturnal individuals, and if it were persons of high consequence? And if it were the King himself? Has the King not the power, which all beggars have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway? Yes: it is the King; and tremble ye to know it! The King has said, in this one small matter; and in France, or under God's Throne, is no power that shall gainsay. Not the King shall ye stop here under this your miserable Archway; but his dead body only, and answer it to Heaven and Earth. To me, Bodyguards; Postilions, *en avant!*"—One fancies in that case the pale paralysis of these two Le Blanc musketeers, the drooping of Drouet's underjaw; and how Procureur Sausse had melted like tallow in furnace-heat: Louis faring on; in some few steps awakening Young Bouillé, awakening relays and Hussars: triumphant entry, with cavalcading high-brandishing Escort, and Escorts, into Montmédi; and the whole course of French History different!

* Alas, it was not *in* the poor phlegmatic man. Had it been in him, French History had never come under this Varennes Archway to decide itself.—He steps out; all step out. Procureur Sausse gives his grocer-arms to the Queen and Sister Elizabeth; Majesty taking the two children by the hand. And thus they walk, coolly back, over the Market-place, to Procureur Sausse's; mount into his small upper story; where straightway his Majesty "demands refreshments." Demands refreshments, as is written; gets bread-and-cheese with a bottle of Burgundy; and remarks, that it is the best Burgundy he ever drank! . . .

CHAPTER VIII

THE RETURN

So, then, our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has *executed* itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal *ultimatum*, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily to some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one after another, cunningly-devised, that were to explode like powder-mines and thunder-claps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder-mine of a *Séance Royale* on the Twenty-third of June 1789,¹ which exploded as we then said, "through the touchhole;" which next, your wargod Broglie having *re-loaded* it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera-Repast, with flourishing of sabres, and *O Richard, O my King*; which, aided by Hunger, produces Insurrection of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valour profits not; neither has fortune smiled on fanfaronade. The Bouillé Armament ends as the Broglie one had done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the Sixth of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witnessed; we prophesied him Two more such; and accordingly another of them, after this Flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. Théroigne will not escort here; neither does Mirabeau now "sit in one of the accompanying carriages." Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liège, professionally, and been seized there. Bemurmured now by the hoarse-flowing Danube: the light of her Patriot Supper-parties gone quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the

¹ It was on this date that Louis, by the exercise of his royal fiat, attempted to prevent the formation of the National Assembly.

Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies—how! Fleeting Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National Assembly Commissioners, famed Barnave, famed Pétion, generally-respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel and the *Soubrettes*.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor joy-dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury-dance of hate and revenge: but in silence, with vague look of conjecture, and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard has given notice this morning that "whosoever insults Louis shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged." Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes; Pétion, Barnave, their Majesties, with Sister Elizabeth, and the Children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, "*Eh bien, me voilà*, Well, here you have me;" and what is not evident, "I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers;" and so forth: speeches natural for that poor

Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent-gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks, to some *Procession du Roi de Basoche*; or say, Procession of King Crispin, with his Dukes of Sutor-mania and royal blazonry of Cord-wainery.¹ Except indeed that this is *not* comic; ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest *fleBILE ludibrium*² of a Pickleherring Tragedy!³ It sweeps along there, in most *ungorgeous* pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace—towards its doom, of slow torture, *peine forte et dure*.

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them*. But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave, "all dusty," is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Pétion; who, if Cam-

¹ The association of the law-students or clerks in the courts, known as the Basoche, had the title of Kingdom until the end of the 16th century. The members of the Basoche held fêtes of merriment every year, conspicuous in which was the grand review by the King of the Basoche.

Crispin, with his brother Crispinian, was the patron saint of shoemakers. For centuries the festival of Crispin was the occasion of merry-making and of gorgeous processions; those held in honor of "King Crispin" at Edinburgh and Stirling were especially notable. Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry V*, iv, 3.

² A "sorry jest."

³ Pickleherring. The name of a buffoon in an old English farce became the stock name of the hero of the *Pickelhäring-Spiele* in Germany in the 17th century. Carlyle is fond of this term.

pan speaks truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wine-glass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken-bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying, "France cannot be a Republic," answered, "No, it is not ripe yet." Barnave is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit; and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave; and that, in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.

On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickleherring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, towards "pain strong and hard." Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. Watched even in its sleeping-apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little!

[Notwithstanding the growth of republican sentiment, resulting from the King's flight, Louis was not deposed. France was still royalist. In September, 1791, the new constitution was put into effect, giving to France a limited monarchy and a single representative assembly:—the *Legislative*. This form of government, however, —being in essence a compromise,—was satisfactory to none, and a conflict speedily broke out between the King and the Assembly, occasioned by the intrigues of the emigrés, the rebellion incited by the anti-revolutionary clergy, and the suspected treachery of Louis. In April, 1792, this conflict was brought to a head by the outbreak of war between France and Austria.

The government soon showed itself incapable of carrying on the war, and the French armies were overwhelmed with disasters. The people became enraged at royalty, believing that it was purposely betraying the nation in order to facilitate the Austrian invasion and the reëstablishment of the royal despotism with foreign aid. Popular wrath was further irritated by the entrance of Prussia into the war and a manifesto issued by the Prussian Duke of Brunswick, which, by threatening Paris with destruction if Louis were attacked, seemed to imply that the King of France and the enemies of France were allies.

Driven to desperation by the danger of invasion and the incapacity or treachery of the government, the people of Paris determined that

their sole salvation lay in the deposition of Louis and in the creation of a strong patriotic government. On the 10th of August, 1792, the Paris mob, organized by Danton, stormed the royal palace of the Tuileries and forced Louis to flee to the Assembly. There he was suspended from his royal office and at once thrown into prison; his fate was to be decided by a National Convention, which should be elected in September. In the meantime, the national defense was organized by Danton with vigor and enthusiasm, in spite of which the Prussians crossed the border, and besieging the fortress of Verdun, threatened the safety of Paris. The capital was in a "death-panic," beset by the fear of the foreign invader and at the same time by fear of the "traitorous aristocrats" at home.]

VOLUME III—BOOK I

CHAPTER IV

SEPTEMBER IN PARIS

. . . Thirty-thousand Aristocrats within our own walls: and but the merest quarter-tithe of them yet put in prison! Nay there goes a word that even these will revolt. Sieur Jean Julien, wagoner of Vaugirard, being set in the Pillory last Friday, took all at once to crying, That he would be well revenged ere long; that the King's Friends in Prison would burst out, force the Temple, set the King on horse-back, and, joined by the unimprisoned, ride roughshod over us all. This the unfortunate wagoner of Vaugirard did bawl, at the top of his lungs: when snatched off to the Townhall, he persisted in it, still bawling; yesternight, when they guillotined him, he died with the froth of it on his lips. For a man's mind, padlocked to the Pillory, may go mad; and all men's minds may go mad, and "believe him," as the frenetic will do, "*because it is impossible.*"

So that apparently the knot of the crisis and last agony of France is come? Make front to this, thou Improvised Commune,¹ strong Danton, whatsoever man is strong! Readers can judge whether the Flag of Country in Danger flapped soothingly or distractively on the souls of men, that day.

¹ The Commune was the municipal government of Paris.

But the Improvised Commune, but strong Danton is not wanting, each after his kind. Huge Placards are getting plastered to the walls; at two o'clock the storm-bell shall be sounded, the alarm-cannon fired; all Paris shall rush to the Champ-de-Mars, and have itself enrolled. Unarmed, truly, and undrilled; but desperate, in the strength of frenzy. Haste, ye men; ye very women, offer to mount guard and shoulder the brown musket: weak clucking-hens, in a state of desperation, will fly at the muzzle of the mastiff; and even conquer him,—by vehemence of character! Terror itself, when once grown transcendental, becomes a kind of courage; as frost sufficiently intense, according to Poet Milton, will *burn*.—Danton, the other night, in the Legislative Committee of General Defence, when the other Ministers and Legislators had all opined, said, It would not do to quit Paris, and fly to Saumur; that they must abide by Paris; and take such attitude as would put their enemies in fear,—*faire peur*; a word of his which has been often repeated, and reprinted—in italics.

At two of the clock, Beaurepaire, as we saw, has shot himself at Verdun;¹ and, over Europe, mortals are going in for afternoon sermon. But at Paris, all steeples are clangouring not for sermon; the alarm-gun booming from minute to minute; Champ-de-Mars and Fatherland's Altar, boiling with desperate terror-courage: what a *miserere* going up to Heaven from this once Capital of the Most Christian King! The Legislative sits in alternate awe and effervescence; Vergniaud proposing that Twelve shall go and dig personally on Montmartre;² which is decreed by acclaim.

But better than digging personally with acclaim, see Danton enter;—the black brows clouded, the colossus-

¹ Verdun, the last fortress defending the open road to Paris, surrendered disgracefully on September 2,—its commander, Beaurepaire, committing suicide.

² The heights to the north of Paris.

figure tramping heavy; grim energy looking from all features of the rugged man! Strong is that grim Son of France and Son of Earth, a Reality and not a Formula he too: and surely now if ever, being hurled *low* enough, it is on the Earth and on Realities that he rests. "Legislators!" so speaks the stentor-voice, as the Newspapers yet preserve it for us, "it is not the alarm-cannon that you hear: it is the *pas-de-charge* against our enemies. To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? *Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*, To dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare!"—Right so, thou brawny Titan; there is nothing left for thee but that. Old men, who heard it, will still tell you how the reverberating voice made all hearts swell, in that moment; and braced them to the sticking-place: and thrilled abroad over France, like electric virtue, as a word spoken in season.

But the Commune, enrolling in the Champ-de-Mars? But the Committee of Watchfulness, become now Committee of Public Salvation; whose conscience is Marat? The Commune enrolling enrolls many; provides Tents for them in that Mars'-Field, that they may march with dawn on the morrow: praise to this part of the Commune! To Marat and the Committee of Watchfulness not praise;—not even blame, such as could be meted out in these insufficient dialects of ours; expressive silence rather! Lone Marat, the man forbid, meditating long in his Cellars of refuge, on his Stylites Pillar,¹ could see salvation in one thing only: in the fall of "two hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat heads." With so many score of Naples Bravoës, each a dirk in his right-hand, a muff on his left, he would traverse France, and do it. But the world laughed, mocking the severe-benevolence of a People's-Friend; and his idea could not become an action, but only a fixed-idea. Lo, now, however, he has come

¹ Saint Simeon Stylites was a hermit who, for the mortification of the flesh, spent his life upon the top of a pillar.

down from his Stylites Pillar, to a *Tribune particulière*: here now, without the dirks, without the *muffs* at least, were it not grown possible,—now in the knots of the crisis, when salvation or destruction hangs in the hour!

7 The Ice-tower of Avignon¹ was noised of sufficiently, and lives in all memories; but the authors were not punished: nay we saw Jourdan Coupe-tête, borne on men's shoulders, like a copper Portent, "traversing the cities of the South."—What phantasms, squalid-horrid, shaking their dirk and muff, may dance through the brain of a Marat, in this dizzy pealing of tocsin-miserere and universal frenzy, seek not to guess, O Reader! Nor what the cruel Billaud "in his short brown coat" was thinking; not Sergent, not yet *Agate-Sergent*; nor Panis the confidant of Danton;—nor, in a word, how gloomy Orcus does breed in her gloomy womb, and fashion her monsters and prodigies of events, which thou seest her visibly bear! Terror is on these streets of Paris; terror and rage, tears and frenzy: tocsin-miserere pealing through the air; fierce desperation rushing to battle; mothers, with streaming eyes and wild hearts, sending forth their sons to die "Carriage horses are seized by the bridle," that they may draw cannon; "the traces cut, the carriages left standing." In such tocsin-miserere, and murky bewilderment of Frenzy, are not Murder, *Até* and all Furies near at hand? On slight hint—who knows on how slight?—may not Murder come; and, with *her* snaky-sparkling head, illuminate this murk!

8) How it was and went, what part might be premeditated, what was improvised and accidental, man will never know, till the great Day of Judgment make it known. But with a Marat for keeper of the Sovereign's Conscience—And we know what the *ultima ratio* of Sovereigns, when they are

¹ In October, 1791, the anti-revolutionists at Avignon, which had been taken from the Pope and annexed to France, were massacred with horrible cruelty. Jourdan, the revolutionary chief, threw the papal adherents into the dungeon of the ice-tower of the castle, where unmentionable atrocities were committed

driven to it, is! In this Paris there are as wicked men, say a hundred or more, as exist in all the Earth: to be hired, and set on; to set on, of their own accord, unhired. —And yet we will remark that premeditation itself is not performance, is not surety of performance; that it is perhaps, at most, surety of *letting* whosoever wills perform. From the purpose of crime to the act of crime there is an abyss; wonderful to think of. The finger lies on the pistol; but the man is not yet a murderer: nay, his whole nature staggering at such consummation, is there not a confused pause rather,—one last instant of possibility for him? Not yet a murderer; it is at the mercy of light trifles whether the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight twitch of a muscle, the death-flash bursts; and he is it, and will for Eternity be it;—and Earth has become a penal Tartarus for him; his horizon girdled now not with golden hope, but with red flames of remorse; voices from the depths of Nature sounding, Woe, woe on him!

Of such stuff are we all made; on such powder-mines of bottomless guilt and criminality,—“if God restrained not,” as is well said,—does the purest of us walk. There are depths in man that go the length of lowest Hell, as there are heights that reach the highest Heaven;—for are not both Heaven and Hell made out of him, made by him, everlasting Miracle and Mystery as he is?—But looking on this Champ-de-Mars, with its tent-buildings and frantic enrolments; on this murky-simmering Paris, with its crammed Prisons (supposed about to burst), with its tocsin-miserere, its mothers’ tears, and soldiers’ farewell shoutings, —the pious soul might have prayed, that day, that God’s grace would restrain, and greatly restrain; lest on slight hest or hint, Madness, Horror and Murder rose, and this Sabbathday of September became a Day black in the Annals of men.

The tocsin is pealing its loudest, the clocks inaudibly striking *Three*, when poor Abbé Sicard, with some thirty

other Nonjurant Priests,¹ in six carriages, fare along the streets, from their preliminary House of Detention at the Townhall, westward towards the Prison of the Abbaye. Carriages enough stand deserted on the streets; these six move on,—through angry multitudes, cursing as they move. Accursed Aristocrat Tartuffes,² this is the pass ye have brought us to! And now ye will break the Prisons, and set Capet Veto on horseback to ride over us? Out upon you, Priests of Beelzebub and Moloch; of Tartuffery, Mammon and the Prussian Gallows,—which ye name Mother-Church and God!—Such reproaches have the poor Nonjurants to endure, and worse; spoken in on them by frantic Patriots, who mount even on the carriage-steps; the very Guards hardly refraining. Pull up your carriage-blinds?—No! answers Patriotism, clapping its horny paw on the carriage-blind, and crushing it down again. Patience in oppression has limits: we are close on the Abbaye, it has lasted long: a poor Nonjurant, of quicker temper, smites the horny paw with his cane; nay, finding solacement in it, smites the unkempt head, sharply and again more sharply, twice over,—seen clearly of us and of the world. It is the last that we see clearly. Alas, next moment, the carriages are locked and blocked in endless raging tumults; in yells deaf to the cry for mercy, which answer the cry for mercy with sabre-thrusts through the heart. The thirty Priests are torn out, are massacred about the Prison-Gate, one after one,—only the poor Abbé Sicard, whom one Moton a watchmaker, knowing him, heroically tried to save and secrete in the Prison, escapes to tell;—and it is Night and Orcus, and Murder's snaky-sparkling head *has* risen in the murk!—

¹ Those who refused to take the oath of compliance with the civil constitution of the clergy.

² *Tartuffe*, a comedy by Molière. "Tartuffe is an obscene pedant, a hypocritical wretch, who succeeds, not by clever plots, but by vulgar innuendo and by the coarse audacity of his caddish disposition." Taine, *English Literature*, I, 560.

From Sunday afternoon (exclusive of intervals and pauses not final) till Thursday evening, there follow consecutively a Hundred Hours. Which Hundred Hours are to be reckoned with the hours of the Bartholomew Butchery, of the Armagnac Massacres, Sicilian Vespers,¹ or whatsoever is savagest in the annals of this world. Horrible the hour when man's soul, in its paroxysm, spurns asunder the barriers and rules; and shows what dens and depths are in it! For Night and Orcus, as we say, as was long prophesied, have burst forth, here in this Paris, from their subterranean imprisonment; hideous, dim-confused; which it is painful to look on; and yet which cannot, and indeed which should not, be forgotten.

The Reader, who looks earnestly through this dim Phantasmagory of the Pit, will discern few fixed certain objects; and yet still a few. He will observe, in this Abbaye Prison, the sudden massacre of the Priests being once over, a strange Court of Justice, or call it Court of Revenge and Wild-Justice, swiftly fashion itself, and take seat round a table, with the Prison-Registers spread before it;—Stanislas Maillard, Bastille-hero, famed Leader of the Menads, presiding. O Stanislas, one hoped to meet thee elsewhere than here; thou shifty Riding-Usheer, with an inkling of Law! This work also thou hadst to do; and then—to depart for ever from our eyes. At *La Force*, at the *Châtelet*, the *Conciergerie*,² the like Court forms itself, with the like accompaniments: the thing that one man does, other men can do. There are some seven Prisons in Paris, full of Aristocrats with conspiracies;—nay not even *Bicêtre* and *Salpêtrière* shall escape, with their Forgers of

¹ The Massacre of St. Bartholomew (August 24, 1572) was the culmination of a Catholic plot to destroy all the Protestants in Paris and the vicinity. During the Hundred Years War, the chiefs of one of the French parties, the Armagnacs, were killed by their opponents, the Burgundians, (1418). On the evening of Easter Monday, 1282, the Sicilians at Palermo rose and massacred the French, who had conquered the island; this was known as the Sicilian Vespers.

² Prisons in Paris.

Assignats: and there are seventy times seven hundred Patriot hearts in a state of frenzy. Scoundrel hearts also there are; as perfect, say, as the Earth holds,—if such are needed. To whom, in this mood, law is as no-law; and killing, by what name soever called, is but work to be done.

So sit the sudden Courts of Wild-Justice, with the Prison-Registers before them; unwonted wild tumult howling all round; the Prisoners in dread expectancy within. Swift: a name is called; bolts jingle, a Prisoner is there. A few questions are put; swiftly this sudden Jury decides: Royalist Plotter or not? Clearly not; in that case, Let the Prisoner be enlarged with *Vive la Nation*. Probably yea; then still, Let the Prisoner be enlarged, but without *Vive la Nation*; or else it may run, Let the Prisoner be conducted to La Force. At La Force again their formula is, Let the Prisoner be conducted to the Abbaye.—“To La Force then!” Volunteer bailiffs seize the doomed man; he is at the outer gate; “enlarged,” or “conducted,” not into La Force, but into a howling sea; forth, under an arch of wild sabres, axes and pikes; and sinks, hewn asunder. And another sinks, and another; and there forms itself a piled heap of corpses, and the kennels begin to run red. Fancy the yells of these men, their faces of sweat and blood; the crueller shrieks of these women, for there are women too; and a fellow-mortal hurled naked into it all! Jourgniac de Saint-Méard has seen battle, has seen an effervescent Regiment du Roi in mutiny; but the bravest heart may quail at this. The Swiss Prisoners, remnants of the Tenth of August,¹ “clasped each other spasmodically, and hung back; grey veterans crying: ‘Mercy, Messieurs; ah, mercy!’ But there was no mercy. Suddenly, however, one of these men steps forward. He

¹ On August 10, 1792, the royal palace of the Tuileries was stormed by the Paris mob, and Louis was forced to flee to the Assembly for protection. The Swiss body-guard, who defended the palace, were massacred, except for these remnants who were imprisoned.

had on a blue frock coat; he seemed about thirty, his stature was above common, his look noble and martial. 'I go first,' said he, 'since it must be so: adieu!' Then dashing his hat sharply behind him: 'Which way?' cried he to the Brigands: 'Show it me, then.' They open the folding gate; he is announced to the multitude. He stands a moment motionless; then plunges forth among the pikes, and dies of a thousand wounds."

Man after man is cut down; the sabres need sharpening, the killers refresh themselves from wine-jugs. Onward and onward goes the butchery; the loud yells wearying down into bass growls. A sombre-faced shifting multitude looks on; in dull approval, or dull disapproval; in dull recognition that it is Necessity. "An *Anglais* in drab greatcoat" was seen, or seemed to be seen, serving liquor from his own dram-bottle;—for what purpose, "if not set on by Pitt,"¹ Satan and himself know best! Witty Dr. Moore grew sick on approaching, and turned into another street.—Quick enough goes this Jury-Court; and rigorous. The brave are not spared, nor the beautiful, nor the weak. Old M. de Montmorin, the Minister's Brother, was acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seventeenth; and conducted back, elbowed by howling galleries; but is not acquitted here. Princess de Lamballe² has lain down on bed: "Madame, you are to be removed to the Abbaye." "I do not wish to remove; I am well enough here." There is a need-be for removing. She will arrange her dress a little, then; rude voices answer, "You have not far to go." She too is led to the hell-gate; a manifest Queen's-Friend. She shivers back, at the sight of bloody sabres; but there is no return: Onwards! That fair hind head is cleft with the axe; the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in

¹ William Pitt (1759–1806), prime minister of England, was supposed to be scattering lavish bribes in France to instigate the extremists to commit the excesses which dishonoured the revolution.

² The Princess de Lamballe had returned from England. See p. 111, note 1.

fragments; with indignities, and obscene horrors of moustachio *grands-lèbres*, which human nature would fain find incredible,—which shall be read in the original language only. She was beautiful, she was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves: O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, god-descended, and poor sister-woman! why was I not there; and some Sword Balmung¹ or Thor's Hammer in my hand? Her head is fixed on a pike; paraded under the windows of the Temple; that a still more hated, a Marie Antoinette, may see. One Municipal, in the Temple² with the Royal Prisoners at the moment, said, "Look out." Another eagerly whispered, "Do not look." The circuit of the Temple is guarded, in these hours, by a long stretched tricolor riband: terror enters and the clangour of infinite tumult; hitherto not regicide, though that too may come.

' But it is more edifying to note what thrillings of affection, what fragments of wild virtues turn up in this shaking asunder of man's existence; for of these too there is a proportion. Note old Marquis Cazotte: he is doomed to die; but his young Daughter clasps him in her arms, with an inspiration of eloquence, with a love which is stronger than very death: the heart of the killers themselves is touched by it; the old man is spared. Yet he was guilty, if plotting for his King is guilt: in ten days more, a Court of Law condemned him, and he had to die elsewhere; bequeathing his Daughter a lock of his old grey hair. Or note old M. de Sombreuil, who also had a Daughter:—My Father is not an Aristocrat: O good gentlemen, I will swear it, and testify it, and in all ways prove it; we are not: we hate Aristocrats! "Wilt thou drink Aristocrats' blood?" The man lifts blood (if universal Rumour can be credited); the poor maiden *does* drink. "This Sombreuil is innocent then!" Yes, indeed,

¹The sword of Siegfried in the *Nibelungenlied*.

²The prison in which the King and royal family were confined.

—and now note, most of all, how the bloody pikes, at this news, do rattle to the ground; and the tiger-yells become bursts of jubilees over a brother saved; and the old man and his daughter are clasped to bloody bosoms, with hot tears; and borne home in triumph of *Vive la Nation*, the killers refusing even money! Does it seem strange, this temper of theirs? It seems very certain, well proved by Royalist testimony in other instances; and very significant.

VOLUME III—BOOK II

REGICIDE

CHAPTER III

DISCROWNED

BUT the question more pressing than all on the Legislator, as yet, is this third: What shall be done with King Louis?

King Louis, now King and Majesty to his own family alone, in their own Prison Apartment alone, has been Louis Capet and the Traitor Veto¹ with the rest of France. Shut in his Circuit of the Temple, he has heard and seen the loud whirl of things; yells of September Massacres, Brunswick war-thunders dying off in disaster and discomfiture;² he passive, a spectator merely; waiting whither it would please to whirl with him. From the neighbouring windows, the curious, not without pity, might see him walk daily, at a certain hour, in the Temple Garden, with his Queen, Sister and two Children, all that now belongs to him in this Earth. Quietly he walks and waits; for he is not of lively feelings, and is of

¹ The constitution had given the King the right of vetoing a law temporarily. It was his exercise of this veto power which heightened Louis' unpopularity and won for him the epithet "Veto."

² Referring to the invasion of the Prussian Duke of Brunswick in the summer of 1792.

a devout heart. The wearied Irresolute has, at least, no need of resolving now. His daily meals, lessons to his Son, daily walk in the Garden, daily game at ombre or draughts, fill up the day: the morrow will provide for itself.

The morrow indeed; and yet How? Louis asks. How? France, with perhaps still more solicitude, asks, How? A King dethroned by insurrection is verily not easy to dispose of. Keep him prisoner, he is a secret centre for the Disaffected, for endless plots, attempts and hopes of theirs. Banish him, he is an open centre for them: his royal war-standard, with what of divinity it has, unrolls itself, summoning the world. Put him to death? A cruel questionable extremity that too: and yet the likeliest in these extreme circumstances, of insurrectionary men, whose own life and death lies staked: accordingly it is said, from the last step of the throne to the first of the scaffold there is short distance. . . .

CHAPTER VI

AT THE BAR

MEANWHILE, in a space of some five weeks, we have got to another emerging of the Trial, and a more practical one than ever.

On Tuesday, eleventh of December, the King's Trial has *emerged*, very decidedly: into the streets of Paris; in the shape of that green Carriage of Mayor Chambon, within which sits the King himself, with attendants, on his way to the Convention Hall! Attended, in that green carriage, by Mayors Chambon, Procureurs Chaumette; and outside of it by Commandants Santerre, with cannon, cavalry and double row of infantry; all Sections under arms, strong Patrols scouring all streets; so fares he, slowly through the dull drizzling weather: and about two o'clock we behold him, "in walnut-coloured greatcoat, *redingote*

noisette," descending through the Place Vendôme, towards that Salle de Manège; to be indicted, and judicially interrogated. The mysterious Temple Circuit has given up its secret; which now, in this walnut-coloured coat, men behold with eyes. The same bodily Louis who was once Louis the Desired, fares there: hapless King, he is getting now towards port; his deplorable farings and voyagings draw to a close. What duty remains to him henceforth, that of placidly enduring, he is fit to do.

The singular Procession fares on; in silence, says Prudhomme, or amid growlings of the Marseillaise Hymn; in silence, ushers itself into the Hall of the Convention, Santerre holding Louis's arm with his hand. Louis looks round him, with composed air, to see what kind of Convention and Parliament it is. Much changed indeed:—since February gone two years, when our Constituent, then busy, spread fleur-de-lis velvet for us: and we came over to say a kind word here, and they all started up swearing Fidelity; and all France started up swearing, and made it a Feast of Pikes; which has ended in this! Barrère, who once "wept" looking up from his Editor's Desk, looks down now from his President's-Chair, with a list of Fifty-seven Questions; and says, dry-eyed: "Louis, you may sit down." Louis sits down; it is the very seat they say, same timber and stuffing, from which he accepted the Constitution, amid dancing and illumination, autumn gone a year. So much woodwork remains identical; so much else is not identical. Louis sits and listens, with a composed look and mind.

Of the Fifty-seven Questions we shall not give so much as one. They are questions captiously embracing all the main Documents seized on the Tenth of August, or found lately in the Iron Press;¹ embracing all the main incidents of the Revolution History; and they ask, in substance, this:

¹ A search in the Tuileries brought to light an iron box, in which was concealed the royal correspondence which indicated that the court had been in league with the foreign enemies of France.

Louis, who wert King, art thou not guilty to a certain extent, by act and written document, of trying to continue King? Neither in the answers is there much notable. Mere quiet negations, for most part; an accused man standing on the simple basis of *No*: I do not recognize that document; I did not do that act; or did it according to the law that then was. Whereupon the Fifty-seven Questions, and Documents to the number of a Hundred and Sixty-two, being exhausted in this manner, Barrère finishes, after some three hours, with his: "Louis, I invite you to withdraw."

—Louis withdraws, under Municipal escort, into a neighboring Committee-room; having first, in leaving the bar, demanded to have Legal Counsel. He declines refreshment, in this Committee-room; then, seeing Chaumette busy with a small loaf which a grenadier had divided with him, says, he will take a bit of bread. It is five o'clock; and he had breakfasted but slightly, in a morning of such drumming and alarm. Chaumette breaks his half-loaf: the King eats of the crust; mounts the green Carriage, eating; asks now, What he shall do with the crumb? Chaumette's clerk takes it from him; flings it out into the street. Louis says, It is pity to fling out bread, in a time of dearth. "My grandmother," remarks Chaumette, "used to say to me, Little boy, never waste a crumb of bread; you cannot make one." "Monsieur Chaumette," answers Louis, "your grandmother seems to have been a sensible woman." Poor innocent mortal; so quietly he waits the drawing of the lot;—fit to do this at least well; Passivity alone, without Activity, sufficing for it! He talks once of travelling over France by and by, to have a geographical and topographical view of it; being from of old fond of geography.—The Temple Circuit again receives him, closes on him; gazing Paris may retire to its hearths and coffeehouses, to its clubs and theatres: the damp darkness has sunk, and with it the drumming and patrolling of this strange Day.

Louis is now separated from his Queen and Family; given up to his simple reflections and resources. Dull lie these stone walls round him; of his loved ones none with him. "In this state of uncertainty," providing for the worst, he writes his Will: a Paper which can still be read; full of placidity, simplicity, pious sweetness. The Convention, after debate, has granted him Legal Counsel, of his own choosing. Advocate Target feels himself "too old," being turned of fifty-four; and declines. He had gained great honour once, defending Rohan the Necklace-Cardinal; but will gain none here. Advocate Tronchet, some ten years older, does not decline. Nay behold, good old Malesherbes steps forward voluntarily; to the last of his fields, the good old hero! He is grey with seventy years: he says, "I was twice called to the Council of him who was my Master, when all the world coveted that honour; and I owe him the same service now, when it has become one which many reckon dangerous." These two, with a younger Desèze, whom they will select for pleading, are busy over that Fifty-and-sevenfold Indictment, over the Hundred and Sixty-two Documents; Louis aiding them as he can. . . .

CHAPTER VII

THE THREE VOTINGS

Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against Liberty? Shall our Sentence be itself final, or need ratifying by Appeal to the People? If guilty, what Punishment? This is the form agreed to, after uproar and "several hours of tumultuous indecision:" these are the Three successive Questions, whereon the Convention shall now pronounce. Paris floods round their Hall; multitudinous, many-sounding. Europe and all Nations listen for their answer. Deputy after Deputy shall answer to his name: Guilty or Not guilty?

✓ As to the Guilt, there is, as above hinted, no doubt in the mind of Patriot men. Overwhelming majority pronounces Guilt; the unanimous Convention votes for Guilt, only some feeble twenty-eight voting not Innocence, but refusing to vote at all. Neither does the Second Question prove doubtful, whatever the Girondins¹ might calculate. Would not Appeal to the People be another name for civil war? Majority of two to one answers that there shall be no Appeal: this also is settled. Loud Patriotism, now at ten o'clock, may hush itself for the night; and retire to its bed not without hope. Tuesday has gone well. On the morrow comes, What Punishment? On the morrow is the tug of war.

✓ Consider therefore if, on this Wednesday morning, there is an affluence of Patriotism; if Paris stands a-tiptoe, and all Deputies are at their post! Seven-hundred and Forty-nine honourable Deputies: only some twenty absent on mission, Duchâtel and some seven others absent by sickness. Meanwhile expectant Patriotism and Paris standing a-tiptoe, have need of patience. For this Wednesday again passes in debate and effervescence; Girondins proposing that a "majority of three-fourths" shall be required; Patriots fiercely resisting them. Danton, who has just got back from mission in the Netherlands, does obtain "order of the day" on this Girondin proposal; nay he obtains further that we decide *sans désenparer*, in Permanent-session, till we have done.

✓ And so, finally, at eight in the evening this Third stupendous Voting, by roll-call or *appel nominal*, does begin. What Punishment? Girondins undecided, Patriots decided, men afraid of Royalty, men afraid of Anarchy,

¹ The moderate party in the Convention, which was opposed to the radical deputies from Paris; it desired that the influence of the provinces should not be dominated by that of the capital, and wished the country as a whole to decide upon Louis' fate. The party took its name from the province of the Gironde, which was represented by the leaders of the party.

must answer here and now. Infinite Patriotism, dusky in the lamp-light, floods all corridors, crowds all galleries; sternly waiting to hear. Shrill-sounding Ushers summon you by Name and Department; you must rise to the Tribune, and say.

Eye-witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting, and of the votings that grew out of it; a scene protracted, like to be endless, lasting, with few brief intervals, from Wednesday till Sunday morning,—as one of the strangest seen in the Revolution. Long night wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces; and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit: but through day and night and the vicissitudes of hours, Member after Member is mounting continually those Tribune-steps; pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his Fate-word; then diving down into the dusk and throng again. Like Phantoms in the hour of midnight; most spectral, pandemonial! Never did President Vergniaud, or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts; the buzz hushes itself till he have spoken: Death; Banishment; Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say Death; with what cautious well-studied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banishment; something short of Death. The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows; irrepressible by Ushers.

The poor Girondins, many of them, under such fierce bellowing of Patriotism, say Death; justifying, *motivant*, that most miserable word of theirs by some brief casuistry and jesuitry. Vergniaud himself says, Death; justifying by jesuitry. Rich Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau had been of the Noblesse, and then of the Patriot Left Side, in the Constituent; and had argued and reported, there and elsewhere, not a little, *against* Capital Punishment: neverthe-

less he now says, Death; a word which may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in August last; but he has been sinking and backsliding ever since September and the scenes of September. In this Convention, above all, no word he could ever speak would find favour; he says now, Banishment; and in mute wrath quits the place for ever,—much hustled in the corridors. Philippe Égalité¹ votes, in his soul and conscience, Death: at the sound of which and of whom, even Patriotism shakes its head; and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom. Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful; his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill Sièyes ascend; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, "*La Mort sans phrase*, Death without phrases;" and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial!

And yet if the Reader fancy it of a funeral, sorrowful or even grave character, he is far mistaken: "the Ushers in the Mountain² quarter," says Mercier, "had become as Box-keepers at the Opera;" opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged persons, for "D'Orléans Égalité's mistresses," or other high-dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolor. Gallant Deputies pass and repass thitherward, treating them with ices, refreshments and small-talk; the high-dizened heads beck responsive; some have their card and pin, pricking down the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of *Rouge-et-Noir*. Further aloft reigns Mère Duchesse with her unrouted Amazons; she cannot be prevented making long *Hahas*, when the vote is not *La Mort*. In these Galleries there is refection, drinking of wine and brandy "as in open tavern, *en pleine tabagie*." Betting goes on in all coffee-houses of the

¹ See p. 16, note 1.

² The radical party in the Convention was called the Mountain because it occupied the upper tier of seats on the left of the hall. Determined upon the death of the King, it made the process of conviction a scene of wild gaiety.

neighbourhood. But within doors, fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness sits now on all visages; lighted up only from time to time by turns of the game. Members have fallen asleep; Ushers come and awaken them to vote: other Members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine. Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the dusky lamp-light: utter from this Tribune, only one word: Death. "*Tout est optique*," says Mercier, "The world is all an optical shadow." Deep in the Thursday night, when the Voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapt in blankets, in "nightgown and night-cap," to vote for Mercy: one vote it is thought may turn the scale.

Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniaud, with a voice full of sorrow, has to say: "I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of Death." Death by a small majority of Fifty-three. Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain Twenty-six, who said Death but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but *One*.

CHAPTER VIII

PLACE DE LA REVOLUTION

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together, these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his

person, is to expire here in cruel tortures;—like a Phalaris¹ shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return “always home,” wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations: he too experiences that man’s tribunal is not in this Earth; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

1 A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat: the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more*? Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all: thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied! A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains: the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to be left *here*! Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry, through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruellest of scenes:

2 “At half-past eight the door of the ante-room opened: the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand;

¹A Sicilian tyrant, noted for his cruelty, who roasted his victims in a bull of bronze. Overthrown at last, he was himself tortured to death in the same fashion.

then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth: they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes; interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them: 'No,' said the King, 'let us go into the dining-room, it is there only that I can see you.' They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained standing between his Father's legs. They all leaned towards him, and often held him embraced. This scene of woe lasted an hour and three quarters; during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then the King began again to speak."—And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more!—NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. "Promise that you will see us on the morrow." He promises:—Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me!—It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the ante-room, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and, with woman's vehemence, said through her tears, "*Vous êtes tous des scélérats.*"¹

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair: while this went forward, Louis took a ring

¹ "You are scoundrels, all of you."

from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. "Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers: '*Partons, Let us go.*'"—How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover: all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live,—not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women: "*Grâce! Grâce!*" Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there: the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty-thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men: cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone: one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the

thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze; the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear; D'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Townhall, every three minutes: near by is the Convention sitting,—vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

The drums are beating: "*Taisez-vous, Silence!*" he cries "in a terrible voice, *d'une voix terrible.*" He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of grey, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, "his face very red," and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France—" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: "*Tambours!*" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest

themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Axe clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.

! Executioner Samson shows the Head: fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orléans drives off in his cabriolet: the Townhall Councillors rub their hands, saying, "It is done, It is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings.—And so, in some half-hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries: the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was. . . .

At home this Killing of a King has divided all friends; and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of social order in this world! All Kings, and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition; as in a war for life. England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador or rather Ambassador's-Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's-Cloak and Ambassador, Chauvelin and Talleyrand,

depart accordingly. Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy: England declares war,—being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of the River Scheldt. Spain declares war; being shocked principally at some other thing; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates. Nay we find it was not England that declared war first, or Spain first; but that France herself declared war first on both of them;—a point of immense Parliamentary and Journalistic interest in those days, but which has become of no interest whatever in these. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures: “The coalized Kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the Head of a King.”

[The execution of Louis XVI was the first act in the conflict of the two parties, the Mountain and the Girondins. It was a victory for the former. The leaders of the Mountain had wanted to kill the King in order to prevent any backsliding, to force everybody pretending to play a part in the revolution to receive the baptism of blood, and to render any compromise between Europe and revolutionary France impossible. The Girondins hoped secretly to acquit Louis, but when it came to the trial, in order to preserve their credit with the mob, they were forced to abandon their attitude of clemency. Even by voting for the death of the King, they forfeited their popularity, since it was clear that they agreed to the death sentence by capitulation, and the reluctance of their capitulation lost them all prestige, influence, and power.

During the spring of 1793, the hatred of the Paris mob swelled against the Girondins, who were bitterly assailed in the Convention by Marat and Robespierre. The suspicion that they were treacherous to the new republic increased and was transformed into certainty by the desertion of the Girondin general, Dumouriez, to the Austrians. On the 2nd of June the mob, incited by Marat, forced the Convention to expel and imprison the Girondin leaders.

Some of them made their escape, however, and began to organize a revolt in the provinces against the domination of the Paris mob, which was controlled by Marat and the Mountain party. The most important centre of the Girondin revolt was at Caen, in Normandy.]

VOLUME III—BOOK IV

TERROR

CHAPTER I

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

. . . Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion *de l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux.¹ She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure: "by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-dæmonic splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries!—Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July

¹ One of the Girondin leaders who had fled to Caen to organize revolt against the Mountain.

seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday;—yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together.—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires

earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day,—when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Point Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then;" and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has travelled;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

' Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has

drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "*A moi, chère amie*, Help, dear!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat People's-friend is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his pillar—*whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold in dole and wail; re-echoed by Patriot France; and the Convention "Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honours, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call "the good Sansculotte,"—whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother, and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men!—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie*, and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables," entrenches herself till the gendarmes

arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

¹ On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville¹ has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation?—"By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: The men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

² On this same evening therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all

¹ Fouquier-Tinville (1747-1795) was the public prosecutor to the revolutionary tribunal, an office which he discharged with successful vigor. He rarely failed to obtain from the judges the sentence of capital punishment, which he always demanded.

on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying towards death,—alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it."

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one other. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace?" Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises, and the light of Life; but of Codrus'-sacrifices, and Death well-earned? That Twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this is the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

✓ This is the history of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-daemonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half-delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of

her, in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus*. Friends represent his danger: Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

CHAPTER VII

MARIE-ANTOINETTE

ON Monday the Fourteenth of October 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as these old stone-walls never witnessed: the Trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgement-bar; answering for her life. The Indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

There are few Printed things one meets with of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald Pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, which bear title, *Trial of the Widow Capet*. Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse; like the pale kingdoms of Dis! Plutonic Judges, Plutonic Tinville; encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts: exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine. Tall *ci-devant* Count d'Estaing, anxious to show himself Patriot, cannot escape; nor Bailly, who, when asked If he knows the Accused, answers with a reverent inclination towards her, "Ah, yes, I know Madame." Ex-Patriots are here, sharply dealt with, as Procureur Manuel; Ex-Ministers, shorn of their splendour. We have cold Aristocratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus; rabid stupidity, of Patriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have much to say of Plots, Treasons, August Tenth, old Insurrection

of Women. For all now has become a crime, in her who has *lost*.

Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm; "she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano." You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity: resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist, then, in denial?"—"My plan is not denial: it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that." Scandalous Hébert has borne his testimony as to many things: as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son,—wherewith Human Speech had better not further be soiled. She has answered Hébert; a Jurymen begs to observe that she has not answered as to *this*. "I have not answered," she exclaims with noble emotion, "because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are here." Robespierre, when he heard of it, broke out into something almost like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this Hébert; on whose foul head his foul lie has recoiled. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out: sentence of Death. "Have you anything to say?" The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her too Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and

Dauphiness, quitting her Mother's City, at the age of Fifteen; towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had: "On the morrow," says Weber, an eye-witness, 'the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears; but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away."

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight; grey before her time: this is the last Procession: "Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the Streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc*: she was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as an ordinary criminal; bound, on a Cart; accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress; escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along the road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to

pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the house-tops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré; she also noticed the Inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past Twelve, her head fell; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République.*"

VOLUME III—BOOK V

CHAPTER II

DEATH

IN the early days of November, there is one transient glimpse of things that is to be noted: the last transit to his long home of Philippe d'Orléans Égalité. Philippe was "decreed accused," along with the Girondins, much to his and their surprise; but not tried along with them. They are doomed and dead, some three days, when Philippe, after his long half-year of durance at Marseilles, arrives in Paris. It is, as we calculate, the third of November 1793.

On which same day, two notable Female Prisoners are also put in ward there: Dame Dubarry, and Josephine Beauharnais. Dame whilom Countess Dubarry, Unfortunate-female, had returned from London; they snatched her, not only as Ex-harlot of a whilom Majesty, and therefore suspect; but as having "furnished the Emigrants with money." Contemporaneously with whom there comes the wife Beauharnais, soon to be a widow: she that is Josephine Tascher Beauharnais; that shall be Josephine Empress Bonaparte,—for a black Divineress of the Tropics prophesied long since that she should be a Queen and

more. Likewise, in the same hours, poor Adam Lux, nigh turned in the head, who, according to Forster, "has taken no food these three weeks," marches to the Guillotine for his Pamphlet on Charlotte Corday: he "sprang to the scaffold;" said "he died for her with great joy." Amid such fellow-travellers does Philippe arrive. For, be the month named Brumaire year 2 of Liberty, or November year 1793 of Slavery, the Guillotine goes always, *Guillotine va toujours*.

Enough, Philippe's indictment is soon drawn, his jury soon convinced. He finds himself made guilty of Royalism, Conspiracy and much else; nay, it is a guilt in him that he voted Louis's Death, though he answers, "I voted in my soul and conscience." The doom he finds is death forthwith; this present sixth day of November is the last day that Philippe is to see. Philippe, says Montgaillard, thereupon called for breakfast: sufficiency of "oysters, two cutlets, best part of an excellent bottle of claret;" and consumed the same with apparent relish. A Revolutionary Judge, or some official Convention Emissary, then arrived, to signify that he might still do the State some service by revealing the truth about a plot or two. Philippe answered that, on him, in the pass things had come to, the State had, he thought, small claim; that nevertheless, in the interest of Liberty, he, having still some leisure on his hands, was willing, were a reasonable question asked him, to give a reasonable answer. And so, says Montgaillard, he leant his elbow on the mantel-piece, and conversed in an undertone, with great seeming composure; till the leisure was done, or the Emissary went his ways.

At the door of the Conciergerie, Philippe's attitude was erect and easy, almost commanding. It is five years, all but a few days, since Philippe, within these same stone walls, stood up with an air of graciousity, and asked King Louis, "Whether it was a Royal Session, then, or a Bed of Justice?" O Heaven!—Three poor blackguards were to

ride and die with him: some say, they objected to such company, and had to be flung in, neck and heels; but it seems not true. Objecting or not objecting, the gallows-vehicle gets under way. Philippe's dress is remarked for its elegance; green frock, waistcoat of white *piqué*, yellow buckskins, boots clear as Warren: his air, as before, entirely composed, impassive, not to say easy and Brummellean-polite. Through street after street; slowly, amid execrations;—past the Palais Égalité, whilom Palais Royal! ¹ The cruel Populace stopped him there, some minutes: Dame de Buffon, it is said, looked out on him, in Jezebel head-tire;² along the ashlar Wall there ran these words in huge tricolor print, REPUBLIC ONE AND INDIVISIBLE; LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY OR DEATH: *National Property*. Philippe's eyes flashed hell-fire, one instant; but the next instant it was gone, and he sat impassive, Brummellean-polite. On the scaffold, Samson was for drawing off his boots: "Tush," said Philippe, "they will come off better *after*; let us have done, *dépêchons-nous*!"

So Philippe was not without virtue, then? God forbid that there should be any living man without it! He had the virtue to keep living for five-and-forty years;—other virtues perhaps more than we know of. But probably no mortal ever had such things recorded of him: such facts, and also such lies. For he was a *Jacobin Prince of the Blood*; consider what a combination! Also, unlike any Nero, any Borgia,³ he lived in the Age of Pamphlets. Enough for us: Chaos *has* reabsorbed him; may it late or never bear his like again!—Brave young Orléans Égalité, deprived of all, only not deprived of himself, is gone to

¹ The Palais Royal, formerly the property of Orleans, had been confiscated by the republic.

² Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, the idolatrous king of Israel, was noted for her wickedness and especially for inciting Ahab to the theft of Naboth's vineyard, I *Kings*, 21, 5–16.

³ Nero, an early emperor of Rome, Pope Alexander VI of the Borgia family, and his son, Prince Cæsar Borgia, were noted for their vices and cruelty.

Coire in the Grisons, under the name of Corby, to teach Mathematics. The Egalité Family is at the darkest depths of the Nadir.

A far nobler Victim follows; one who will claim remembrance from several centuries: Jeanne-Marie Philpon, the Wife of Roland.¹ Queenly, sublime in her uncomplaining sorrow, seemed she to Riouffe in her Prison. "Something more than is usually found in the looks of women painted itself," says Riouffe, "in those large black eyes of hers, full of expression and sweetness. She spoke to me often, at the Grate: we were all attentive round her, in a sort of admiration and astonishment; she expressed herself with a purity, with a harmony and prosody that made her language like music, of which the ear could never have enough. Her conversation was serious, not cold; coming from the mouth of a beautiful woman, it was frank and courageous as that of a great man." "And yet her maid said: 'Before you, she collects her strength; but in her own room, she will sit three hours sometimes leaning on the window, and weeping.'" She has been in Prison, liberated once, but recaptured the same hour, ever since the first of June: in agitation and uncertainty; which has gradually settled down into the last stern certainty, that of death. In the Abbaye Prison, she occupied Charlotte Corday's apartment. Here in the Conciergerie, she speaks with Riouffe, with Ex-Minister Clavière; calls the beheaded Twenty-two "*Nos amis*, our Friends,"—whom we are soon to follow. During these five months, those *Memoirs* of hers were written, which all the world still reads.

But now, on the 8th of November, "clad in white," says Riouffe, "with her long black hair hanging down to her girdle," she is gone to the Judgement-bar. She returned with a quick step; lifted her finger, to signify to us that she was doomed: her eyes seemed to have been wet. Fouquier-Tinville's questions had been "brutal;" offended

¹ Madame Roland, the wife of a prominent Girondin, who by her talent and tact made her salon the centre of Girondin activities.

female honour flung them back on him, with scorn, not without tears. And now, short preparation soon done, she too shall go her last road. There went with her a certain Lamarche, "Director of Assignat-printing," whose dejection she endeavoured to cheer. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she asked for pen and paper, "to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her:" a remarkable request; which was refused. Looking at the Statue of Liberty which stands there, she says bitterly: "O Liberty, what things are done in thy name!" For Lamarche's sake, she will die first; show him how easy it is to die: "Contrary to the order," said Samson.—"Pshaw, you cannot refuse the last request of a Lady;" and Samson yielded.

Noble white Vision, with its high queenly face, its soft proud eyes, long black hair flowing down to the girdle; and as brave a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom! Like a white Grecian Statue, serenely complete, she shines in that black wreck of things;—long memorable. Honour to great Nature who, in Paris City, in the Era of Noble-Sentiment and Pompadourism, can make a Jeanne Phlipon, and nourish her to clear perennial Womanhood, though but on Logics, *Encyclopédies*, and the Gospel according to Jean-Jacques! ¹ Biography will long remember that trait of asking for a pen "to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her." It is as a little light-beam, shedding softness, and a kind of sacredness, over all that preceded: so in her too there was an Unnameable: she too was a Daughter of the Infinite; there were mysteries which Philosophism had not dreamt of!—She left long written counsels to her little Girl; she said her Husband would not survive her.

) Still crueller was the fate of poor Bailly, First National President, First Mayor of Paris: doomed now for Royalism, Fayetteism; for that Red-Flag Business of the Champ-de-Mars;—one may say in general, for leaving his Astronomy

¹ Jean Jacques Rousseau, the evangelist of Democracy. See p. 39.

to meddle with Revolution. It is the 10th of November 1793, a cold bitter drizzling rain, as poor Bailly is led through the streets; howling Populace covering him with curses, with mud; waving over his face a burning or smoking mockery of a Red Flag. Silent, unpitied, sits the innocent old man. Slow faring through the sleety drizzle, they have got to the Champ-de-Mars: Not there! vociferates the cursing Populace; such Blood ought not to stain an Altar of the Fatherland: not there; but on that dung-heap by the Riversidel! So vociferates the cursing Populace; Officiality gives ear to them. The Guillotine is taken down, though with hands numbed by the sleety drizzle; is carried to the River-side; is there set up again, with slow numbness; pulse after pulse still counting itself out in the old man's weary heart. For hours long; amid curses and bitter frost-rain! "Bailly, thou tremblest," said one. "*Mon ami*, it is for cold," said Bailly, "*c'est de froid*." Crueller end had no mortal.

Some days afterwards, Roland, hearing the news of what happened on the 8th, embraces his kind Friends at Rouen, leaves their kind house which had given him refuge; goes forth, with farewell too sad for tears. On the morrow morning, 16th of the month, "some four leagues from Rouen, Paris-ward, near Bourg-Baudoin, in M. Normand's Avenue," there is seen sitting leant against a tree the figure of a rigorous wrinkled man; stiff now in the rigour of death; a canesword run through his heart; and at his feet this writing: "Whoever thou art that findest me lying, respect my remains: they are those of a man who consecrated all his life to being useful; and who has died as he lived, virtuous and honest." "Not fear, but indignation; made me quit my retreat, on learning that my Wife had been murdered. I wished not to remain longer on an earth polluted with crimes."

[The political and military success achieved by the Mountain through the Reign of Terror did not enable that party to maintain its unity. While the foreign and domestic enemies of the republic

were being vanquished in the autumn of 1793, the republican leaders quarrelled amongst themselves. Danton, who believed in Terror only as a means of unifying the nation against the hostile armies, retired from active affairs for a time but returned to assist Robespierre against the most violent and irreligious of the extremists Hébert. In March, 1794, Hébert's influence with the Paris mob was undermined, and he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, sentenced, and guillotined.

Robespierre at once turned against the followers of Danton, and prepared to strike them as well. He feared that his own position might be weakened by the clement attitude of Danton's friend, Desmoulins, who called for a cessation of the Reign of Terror, and he was personally jealous of Danton and his glory of having saved France in 1792.]

VOLUME III—BOOK VI

THERMIDOR

CHAPTER II

DANTON, NO WEAKNESS

DANTON, meanwhile, has been pressingly sent for from Arcis: he must return instantly, cried Camille, cried Phélippeaux and Friends, who scented danger in the wind. Danger enough! A Danton, a Robespierre, chief-products of a victorious Revolution, are now arrived in immediate front of one another; must ascertain how they will live together, rule together. One conceives easily the deep mutual incompatibility that divided these two: with what terror of feminine hatred the poor seagreen Formula looked at the monstrous colossal Reality, and grew greener to behold him;—the Reality, again, struggling to think no ill of a chief-product of the Revolution; yet feeling at bottom that such chief-product was little other than a chief windbag, blown large by Popular air; not a man, with the heart of a man, but a poor spasmodic incorruptible pedant, with a logic-formula instead of heart; of Jesuit or Methodist-Parson nature; full of sincere-cant, incorruptibility, of virulence, poltroonery; barren as the east wind! Two such chief-products are too much for one Revolution.

Friends, trembling at the results of a quarrel on their part, brought them to meet. "It is right," said Danton, swallowing much indignation, "to repress the Royalists: but we should not strike except where it is useful to the Republic; we should not confound the innocent and the guilty."—"And who told you," replied Robespierre with a poisonous look, "that one innocent person had perished?"—"Quoi," said Danton, turning round to Friend Pâris self-named Fabricius, Juryman in the Revolutionary Tribunal: "Quoi, not one innocent? What sayest thou of it, Fabricius?"—Friends, Westermann, this Pâris and others urged him to show himself, to ascend the Tribune and act. The man Danton was not prone to show himself; to act, or uproar for his own safety. A man of careless, large, hopping nature; a large nature that could rest: he would sit whole hours, they say, hearing Camille talk, and liked nothing so well. Friends urged him to fly; his Wife urged him: "Whither fly?" answered he: "If freed France cast me out, there are only dungeons for me elsewhere. One carries not his country with him at the sole of his shoe!" The man Danton sat still. Not even the arrestment of Friend Hérault, a member of *Salut*,¹ yet arrested by *Salut*, can rouse Danton.—On the night of the 30th of March Juryman Pâris came rushing in; haste looking through his eyes: A clerk of the *Salut* Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepidation, of poor Wife, of Pâris and Friends: Danton sat silent for a while; then answered, "*Ils n'oseraient*, They dare not;" and would take no measures. Murmuring "They dare not," he goes to sleep as usual.

And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumour spreads over Paris City: Danton, Camille, Phélippeaux,

¹ *Comité de Salut Publique*: the Committee of Public Safety, organized by Danton in the spring of 1793, which held the executive power and controlled the government; at this time it was dominated by the influence of Robespierre.

Lacroix have been arrested overnight! It is verily so: the corridors of the Luxembourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this giant of the Revolution enter among them. "Messieurs," said Danton politely, "I hoped soon to have got you all out of this: but here I am myself; and one sees not where it will end."—Rumour may spread over Paris: the Convention clusters itself into groups; wide-eyed, whispering, "Danton arrested!" Who then is safe? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him; moving that he be heard at that Bar before indictment; but Robespierre frowns him down: "Did you hear Chabot, or Bazire? Would you have two weights and measures?" Legendre cowers low: Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

Danton's Prison-thoughts were curious to have; but are not given in any quantity: indeed few such remarkable men have been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate: "This time twelve-month, I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain; Brissot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*): not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me; I drag down Robespierre. O, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men."—Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to her still exist; stained with the mark of his tears. "I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament?" so Saint-Just was heard to mutter: "perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Denis."¹

¹ Saint Denis was the patron saint of France, who suffered martyrdom in 272 A.D. According to legend, he walked two miles after his decapitation, carrying his head in his hands.

Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once light *Procureur de la Lanterne*, ye also have arrived, then, at the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim Waste beyond Creation, a man does see the *Shade of his Mother*, pale, ineffectual;—and days when his Mother nursed and wrapped him are all too sternly contrasted with this day! Danton, Camille, Hérault, Westermann, and the others, very strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre d'Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motely Batch, "*Fournée*" as such things will be called, stand ranked at the Bar of Tinville. It is the 2nd of April 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie in Prison; for the time presses.

What is your name? place of abode? and the like, Fouquier asks; according to formality. "My name is Danton," answers he; "a name tolerably known in the Revolution: my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*); but I shall live in the Pantheon of History." A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not! Hérault mentions epigrammatically that he "sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers." Camille makes answer, "My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus*; an age fatal to Revolutionists." O Camille, Camille! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did lie, among other things, the fatallest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right-honourableness; "the highest fact," so devout Novalis calls it, "in the Rights of Man." Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

Some five months ago, the Trial of the Twenty-two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a still greater to do; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes; in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath. Your best

Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke. He demands that the Committee-men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers; he "will cover them with ignominy." He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him,—piercing to all Republican hearts: so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, murmur sympathy; and are like to burst down, and raise the People, and deliver him! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling Stockjobbers; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. "Danton hidden on the 10th of August?" reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils: "where are the men that had to press Danton to show himself, that day? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine: I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels," *les trois plats coquins*, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, "who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen." The agitated President agitates his bell; enjoins calmness, in a vehement manner: "What is it to thee how I defend myself?" cries the other: "the right of *dooming* me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell!" Thus Danton, higher and higher; till the lion-voice of him "dies away in his throat:" speech will not utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously; the first day's Session is over.

O Tinville, President Herman, what will ye do? They have two days more of it, by strictest Revolutionary Law. The Galleries already murmur. If this Danton were to burst your meshwork!—Very curious indeed to consider. It turns on a hair: and what a Hoitytoity were *there*, Justice and Culprit changing places; and the whole History of France running changed! For in France there

is this Danton only that could still try to govern France. He only, the wild amorphous Titan;—and perhaps that other olive-complexioned individual, the Artillery-Officer at Toulon, whom we left pushing his fortune in the South? ¹

On the evening of the second day, matters looking not better but worse and worse, Fouquier and Herman, distraction in their aspect, rush over to *Salut Public*. What is to be done? *Salut Public* rapidly concocts a new Decree; whereby if men “insult Justice,” they may be “thrown out of the Debates.” For indeed, withal, is there not “a Plot in the Luxembourg Prison?” *Ci-devant* General Dillon, and others of the Suspect, plotting with Camille’s Wife to distribute *assignats*; to force the Prisons, upset the Republic? Citizen Laffotte, himself Suspect but desiring enfranchisement, has reported said Plot for us:—a report that may bear fruit! Enough, on the morrow morning, an obedient Convention passes this Decree. *Salut* rushes off with it to the aid of Tinville, reduced now almost to extremities. And so, *Hors de Débats*, Out of the Debates, ye insolents! Policemen, do your duty! In such manner, with a dead-lift effort, *Salut*, Tinville, Herman, Leroi *Dix-Août*, and all stanch jurymen setting heart and shoulder to it, the Jury becomes “sufficiently instructed;” Sentence is passed, is sent by an Official, and torn and trampled on: *Death this day*. It is the 5th of April 1794. Camille’s poor Wife may cease hovering about this Prison. Nay, let her kiss her poor children; and prepare to enter it, and to follow!—

Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille: it is but one week, and all is so topsyturvied; angel Wife left weeping; love, riches, Revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible; like a madman’s

¹ Napoleon Bonaparte, then lieutenant of artillery, had won his first laurels the previous year by organizing the recapture of the naval port of Toulon.

dream! Camille struggles and writhes; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied: "Calm, my friend," said Danton; "heed not that vile canaille (*laissez là cette vile canaille*)."

At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate: "O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more then!"—but, interrupting himself: "Danton, no weakness!" He said to Héault-Séchelles stepping forward to embrace him: "Our heads will meet *there*," in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself: "Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing."

So passes, like a gigantic mass, of valour, ostentation, fury, affection and wild revolutionary force and manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube; born of "good farmer-people" there. He had many sins; but one worst sin he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this; but a very Man: with all his dross he was a Man; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men.

CHAPTER IV

MUMBO-JUMBO

BUT on the day they call *Décadi*, New-Sabbath, 20 *Prairial*,¹ 8th June by old style, what thing is this going forward in the Jardin National, whilom Tuileries Garden?

All the world is there, in holyday clothes; foul linen

¹ A new calendar had been established by the revolutionaries who desired to break with all the traditions of the past. Weeks were to be of ten, instead of seven, days, and the tenth day, *Décadi*, one of rest. The months were called by names appropriate to their seasons: *Prairial*, the month of green fields; *Thermidor*, of heat, corresponding to June; and July, respectively; *Brumaire*, the month of mists; *Nivôse*, the snowy month, etc.

went out with the Hébertists;¹ nay Robespierre, for one, would never once countenance that; but went always elegant and frizzled, not without vanity even,—and had his room hung round with seagreen Portraits and Busts. In holyday clothes, we say, are the innumerable Citoyens and Citoyennes: the weather is of the brightest; cheerful expectation lights all countenances. Jurymen Vilate gives breakfast to many a Deputy, in his official Apartment, in the Pavillon *ci-devant* of Flora; rejoices in the bright-looking multitudes, in the brightness of leafy June, in the auspicious *Décadi*, or New-Sabbath. This day, if it please Heaven, we are to have, on improved Anti-Chaumette principles: a New Religion.

Catholicism being burned out, and Reason-worship² guillotined, was there not need of one? Incorruptible Robespierre, not unlike the Ancients, as Legislator of a free people, will now also be Priest and Prophet. He has donned his sky-blue coat, made for the occasion; white silk waistcoat brodered with silver, black silk breeches, white stockings, shoe-buckles of gold. He is President of the Convention; he has made the Convention *decree*, so they name it, *décréter* the "Existence of the Supreme Being," and likewise "*ce principe consolateur* of the Immortality of the Soul." These consolatory principles, the basis of rational Republican Religion, are getting decreed; and here, on this blessed *Décadi*, by help of Heaven and Painter David, is to be our first act of worship.

See, accordingly, how after Decree passed, and what has been called "the scraggiest Prophetic Discourse ever uttered

¹ Hébert was the leader of the extreme party, and flattered the most degenerate instincts of the mob. He and his followers affected coarse language and manners, as well as vile clothing. He was guillotined in March, 1794, because of the hatred and suspicion that he engendered in Robespierre.

² The Worship of Reason was substituted for Christianity by the most extreme of the opponents of the Church, and an actress was crowned in Notre Dame as Goddess of Reason. The execution of Hébert and the atheist, Chaumette, put an end to the travesty.

by man,"—Mahomet Robespierre, in sky-blue coat and black breeches, frizzled and powdered to perfection, bearing in his hand a bouquet of flowers and wheat-ears, issues proudly from the Convention Hall; Convention following him, yet, as is remarked, with an interval. Amphitheatre has been raised, or at least *Monticule* or Elevation; hideous Statues of Atheism, Anarchy and such like, thanks to Heaven and Painter David, strike abhorrence into the heart. Unluckily, however, our *Monticule* is too small. On the top of it not half of us can stand; wherefore there arises indecent shoving, nay treasonous irreverent growling. Peace, thou Bourdon de l'Oise; peace, or it may be worse for thee!

The seagreen Pontiff takes a torch, Painter David handing it; mouths some other froth-rant of vocables, which happily one cannot hear; strides resolutely forward, in sight of expectant France; sets his torch to Atheism and Company, which are but made of pasteboard steeped in turpentine. They burn up rapidly; and, from within, there rises "by machinery," an incombustible Statue of Wisdom, which, by ill hap, gets besmoked a little; but does stand there visible in as serene attitude as it can.

And then? Why, then, there is other Processioning, scraggy Discoursing, and—this is our Feast of the *Être Suprême*; our new Religion, better or worse, is come!—Look at it one moment, O Reader, not two. The shabbiest page of Human Annals: or is there, that thou wottest of, one shabbier? Mumbo-Jumbo of the African woods to me seems venerable beside this new Deity of Robespierre; for this is a *conscious* Mumbo-Jumbo, and *knows* that he is machinery. O seagreen Prophet, unhappiest of windbags blown high to bursting, what distracted Chimera among realities art thou growing to! This then, this common pitch-link for artificial fireworks of turpentine and pasteboard; *this* is the miraculous Aaron's Rod thou wilt stretch over a hag-ridden hell-ridden France, and bid her plagues cease? Vanish, thou and it!

--"*Avec ton Être Suprême*," said Billaud, "*tu commences m'embêter*: With thy *Être Suprême* thou beginnest to be a bore to me."

Catherine Théot, on the other hand, "an ancient serving-maid seventy-nine years of age," inured to Prophecy and the Bastille from of old, sits in an upper room in the Rue de Contrescarpe, poring over the Book of Revelations, with an eye to Robespierre; finds that this astonishing thrice-potent Maximilien really is the Man spoken of by Prophets, who is to make the Earth young again. With her sit devout old Marchionesses, *ci-devant* honourable women; among whom Old-Constituent Dom Gerle, with his addle head, cannot be wanting. They sit there, in the Rue de Contrescarpe; in mysterious adoration: Mumbo is Mumbo, and Robespierre is his Prophet. A conspicuous man this Robespierre. He has his volunteer Body-guard of *Tappe-durs*, let us say *Strike-sharps*, fierce Patriots with ferruled sticks; and Jacobins kissing the hem of his garment. He enjoys the admiration of many, the worship of some; and is well worth the wonder of one and all. . . .

[The dictatorship of Robespierre, which resulted from the elimination of Hébert and Danton, was short-lived. The increase in the fury of the Reign of Terror, which was laid to his charge, alienated the moderates; no one felt safe; the defeat of the foreign enemies of France made the Terror appear useless cruelty. There still remained in the Convention and in the Committee of Public Safety many followers of Danton and Hébert, who believed that with Robespierre in power their own doom was certain. From the combination of these men with the cautious moderates, there resulted a conspiracy for the overthrow of the dictator. On the 9th Thermidor (July 27, 1794), Robespierre was attacked in the Convention and together with his brother and his friends, St. Just and Couthon, was outlawed.

The city of Paris and the Jacobin Club still supported Robespierre and, had he been willing to call upon the mob, might have fought for him against the authority of the Convention. But Robespierre hesitated to encourage the armed municipal force under Henriot to open rebellion. At the moment when the troops of the Convention, under Barras, proceeded to arrest Robespierre, Paris found herself without a leader.]

VOLUME III—BOOK VI

CHAPTER VII

GO DOWN TO

. . . Our fifth-act, of this natural Greek Drama, with its natural unities, can only be painted in gross; somewhat as that antique Painter, driven desperate, did the *foam*. For through this blessed July night, there is clangour, confusion very great, of marching troops; of Sections going this way, Sections going that; of Missionary Representatives reading Proclamations by torchlight; Missionary Legendre, who has raised force somewhere, emptying out the Jacobins, and flinging their key on the Convention table: "I have locked their door; it shall be Virtue that reopens it." Paris, we say, is set against itself, rushing confused, as Ocean-currents do; a huge Mahlstrom, sounding there, under cloud of night. Convention sits permanent on this hand; Municipality most permanent on that. The poor prisoners hear tocsin and rumour; strive to bethink them of the signals apparently of hope. Meek continual Twilight streaming up, which will be and a To-morrow, silvers the Northern hem of Night; it wends and wends there, that meek brightness, like a silent prophecy, along the great ring-dial of the Heaven. So still, eternal! and on Earth all is confused shadow and conflict; dissidence, tumultuous gloom and glare; and "Destiny as yet sits wavering, and shakes her doubtful urn."

About three in the morning, the dissident Armed Forces have *met*. Henriot's Armed Force stood ranked in the Place de Grève; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless

civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read: Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law!"—Out of Law? There is terror in the sound. Unarmed Citizens disperse rapidly home. Municipal Cannoneers, in sudden whirl, anxiously unanimous, range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say: finds his Place de Grève empty; the cannon's mouth turned towards him; and on the whole,—that it is now the catastrophe!

Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces: "All is lost!" "*Misérable*, it is thou that hast lost it!" cry they; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of window: far enough down; into mason-work and horror of cesspool; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him; with the like fate. Saint-Just, they say, called on Lebas to kill him; who would not. Couthon crept under a table; attempting to kill himself; not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol-shot blown through not his head but his under-jaw; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen: a spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him: his eyes still indicate intelligence; he speaks no word. "He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the *Être Suprême*—O Reader, can thy hard heart hold out against

that? His trousers were nankeen; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world.

And so, at six in the morning, a victorious Convention adjourns. Report flies over Paris as on golden wings; penetrates the Prisons; irradiates the faces of those that were ready to perish: turnkeys and *moutons*, fallen from their high estate, look mute and blue. It is the 28th day of July, called 10th of Thermidor, year 1794.

Fouquier had but to identify; his Prisoners being already Out of Law. At four in the afternoon, never before were the streets of Paris seen so crowded. From the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution, for *thither* again go the Tumbrils this time, it is one dense stirring mass; all windows crammed; the very roofs and ridge-tiles budding forth human Curiosity, in strange gladness. The Death-tumbrils, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered; their "seventeen hours" of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril; clutching the side of it with one hand; waving the other Sibyl-like; and exclaims: "The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie*;" Robespierre opened his eyes; "*Scélérat*, go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers!"—At the foot of the scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw: the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry;—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick!

Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over

Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and such like, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons. His poor landlord, the Cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved him; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him, and to us!

This is the end of the Reign of Terror; new glorious *Revolution* named of *Thermidor*; of Thermidor 9th, year 2; which being interpreted into old slave-style means 27th of July 1794. Terror is ended; and death in the Place de la Révolution, were the "*Tail* of Robespierre" once executed; which service Fouquier in large Batches is swiftly managing.

VOLUME III—BOOK VII

CHAPTER VIII

FINIS

HOMER's Epos, it is remarked, is like a Bas-Relief sculpture: it does not conclude, but merely ceases. Such, indeed, is the Epos of Universal History itself. Directorates, Consulates, Emperorships, Restorations, Citizen-Kingships succeed this Business in due series, in due genesis one out of the other. Nevertheless the First-parent of all these may be said to have gone to air in the way we see. A Babœuf Insurrection, next year, will die in the birth; stifled by the Soldiery. A Senate, if tinged with Royalism, can be purged by the Soldiery; and an Eighteenth of Fructidor transacted by the mere show of bayonets. Nay Soldiers' bayonets can be used *à posteriori* on a Senate,

and make it leap out of window,—still bloodless; and produce an Eighteenth of Brumaire. Such changes must happen: but they are managed by intrigings, caballings, and then by orderly word of command; almost like mere changes of Ministry. Not in general by sacred right of Insurrection, but by milder methods growing ever milder, shall the events of French History be henceforth brought to pass.

It is admitted that this Directorate, which owned, at its starting, these three things, an "old table, a sheet of paper, and an inkbottle," and no visible money or arrangement whatever, did wonders: that France, since the Reign of Terror hushed itself, has been a new France, awakened like a giant out of torpor; and has gone on, in the Internal Life of it, with continual progress. As for the External form and forms of Life, what can we say, except that out of the Eater there comes Strength; out of the Unwise there comes *not* Wisdom!—Shams are burnt up; nay, what as yet is the peculiarity of France, the very Cant of them is burnt up. The new Realities are not yet come: ah no, only Phantasms, Paper models, tentative Prefigurements of such! In France there are now Four Million Landed Properties; that black portent of an Agrarian Law is, as it were, *realized*. What is still stranger, we understand all Frenchmen have "the right of duel;" the Hackney-coachman with the Peer, if insult be given: such is the law of Public Opinion. Equality at least in death; The Form of Government is by Citizen King, frequently shot at, not yet shot.

On the whole, therefore, has it not been fulfilled what was prophesied, *ex-post facto* indeed, by the Arch-quack Cagliostro; or another? He, as he looked in rapt vision and amazement into these things, thus spake: "Hail What is *this*? Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, and ye other Five; Pentagon of Rejuvenescence; Power that destroyedst Original Sin; Earth, Heaven, and thou Outer Limbō, which men name Hell! Does the EMPIRE OF IMPOSTURE

waver! Burst there, in starry sheen up-darting, Light-rays from out of *its* dark foundations; as it rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes but in death-throes? Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the Heavens,—lo, they *kindle* it; their starry clearness becomes as red Hell-fire!

“IMPOSTURE is in flames, Imposture is burnt up: one red sea of Fire, wild-bellowing, enwraps the World; with its fire-tongue licks at the very Stars. Thrones are hurled into it, and Dubois Mitres, and Prebendal Stalls that drop fatness, and—ha! what see I?—all the Gigs of Creation: all, all! Woe is me! Never since Pharaoh's Chariots, in the Red Sea of water, was there wreck of Wheel-vehicles like this in the Sea of Fire. Desolate, as ashes, as gases, shall they wander in the wind.

“Higher, higher yet flames the Fire-Sea; crackling with new dislocated timber; hissing with leather and prunella. The metal Images are molten; the marble Images become mortar-lime; the stone Mountains sulkily explode. RESPECTABILITY, with all her collected Gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves the Earth: not to return save under new Avatar. Imposture how it burns, through generations: how it is burnt up; for a time. The World is black ashes;—which, ah, when will they grow green? The Images all run into amorphous Corinthian brass; all Dwellings of men destroyed; the very mountains peeled and riven, the valleys black and dead: it is an empty World! Woe to them that shall be born then!—A King, a Queen (ah me!) were hurled in; did rustle once; flew aloft, crackling, like paper-scroll. Iscariot Égalité was hurled in; thou grim de Launay, with thy grim Bastille; whole kindreds and peoples; five millions of mutually destroying Men. For it is the End of the dominion of IMPOSTURE (which is Darkness and opaque Firedamp); and the burning up, with unquenchable fire, of all the Gigs that are in the Earth.” This Prophecy, we say, has it not been fulfilled, is it not fulfilling?

And so here, O Reader, has the time come for us two to part. Toilsome was our journeying together; not without offence; but it is done. To me thou wert as a beloved shade, the disembodied or not yet embodied spirit of a Brother. To thee I was but as a Voice. Yet was our relation a kind of sacred one; doubt not that! For whatsoever once sacred things become hollow jargons, yet while the Voice of Man speaks with Man, hast thou not there the living fountain out of which all sacrednesses sprang, and will yet spring? Man, by the nature of him, is definable as "an incarnated Word." Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely: thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell.

A NOTE ON REFERENCE BOOKS

Any good textbook of modern European History can be relied upon to give a clear and concise account of the French Revolution, as for example:—Marriott, *The Re-Making of Modern Europe 1789–1878* (Methuen). This has a chronological summary at the beginning. Grant and Temperley, *Europe in the 19th and 20th Centuries*. (Longmans).

A more reflective and analytical treatment will be found in Fisher, *A History of Europe* (Harrap) and a fuller treatment, of course, in the *Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. VIII. This has also a full chronological summary at the end of the volume. More specialized are: de Tocqueville, *L'Ancien Regime*, (Blackwell); Acton, *Lectures on the French Revolution*, (Macmillan); Madelin, *The French Revolution*, (Heinemann). (Written from a 'Rightist' angle) The fullest and most authoritative modern history is Aulard, *The French Revolution: a political history*.

The notes at the end of this volume are based chiefly on Acton, the *Cambridge Modern History*, and Madelin; the editor not having had access to Aulard at the time of writing.

An analysis of the literature of the causes of the Revolution, which goes beyond the causes themselves, is given in A. Cobban, *The Causes of the French Revolution*, (Historical Association Pamphlet, 1946). This provides an excellent introduction for the student to the whole subject of the Revolution.

The classic criticism of the whole revolutionary movement is, of course, Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. Cobban's critique of Burke, (op. cit.), should be read. There is an illuminating study of Carlyle in the English Men of Letters Series, (Macmillan) by John Nichol.

Every student of the French Revolution, and of Carlyle's History, should read those passages of Wordsworth's *Prelude* which deal with his experiences in France. In these we see the Revolution as it appeared at the time to an ardent young English 'enthusiast' for liberty. Some references to Wordsworth are given in the notes; a list of the more important passages is appended overleaf.*

Fiction—

Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*. Carlyle put into fiction.

Baroness Orczy's *The Scarlet Pimpernel* may be read for what it is; a highly-coloured romance tinged here and there with history.

It would be an excellent exercise for training the historical judgement to place side by side for comparison Carlyle's account of any episode, the summarised version given in a good textbook, such as

Marriott's *Re-making of Modern Europe*, the reflective analysis of H. A. L. Fisher in his *A History of Europe*, L. Madelin's 'rightist' narrative, and Lord Acton's philosophic commentary in his *Lectures on the French Revolution*. The study of History is essentially a humane study, exercising the complex of human faculties, the fact-finding intellect, the imagination, the emotions, and the moral judgement.

* Wordsworth. *The Prelude*: Passages on the French Revolution.

1789	The Beginning: French Revolution as it appeared to Enthusiasts at its Commencement.			
	Included later in the <i>Prelude</i> .	Prelude	XI	108- 12
1790	The Feast of the Federation. (the returning deputies)	"	VI	339- 89
1791	Paris.	"	IX	42- 73
	The Assembly	"	"	48- 50
	The Jacobins }	"	"	
	Orleans: Aristocratic Society.	"	"	107- 24
	The Royalists.	"	"	125- 60
	The Tension of the Times.	"	"	160-7
	The Emigres.	"	"	181-8
	The National Army and the War on the Frontiers.	"	"	262-87
	The Cause of Liberty.	"	"	288-354
	" " " "	"	"	500-509
	" " " "	"	"	510- 32
	" " " "	"	"	532- 41
	The Rebellion in the West.	"	"	423-7
	The Later Phases of the Revolution.	"	"	427- 30
1792	The Invasion.	"	X	10- 30
	The Downfall of the Monarchy.	"	"	31- 41
	The September Massacres.	"	"	41-7
	" " " "	"	"	63- 93
	The Jacobins and the Girondins.	"	"	123- 34
	" " " "	"	"	209- 30
1793	The Terror.	"	"	331- 88
	" " " "	"	"	397-415
	The Defeat of the Enemy.	"	"	390-4
1794	The Fall of Robespierre.	"	"	562- 88

NOTES

PAGE 1. 1. *President Henault*: an eighteenth century French historian.

2. *suspended his conquests*.....*Alsace*: during the War of the Austrian Succession, 1740-8.

PAGE 3. 8. *shavelings*: i.e. priests; so-called because of the small shaven patch or 'tonsure', which is the sign of their calling.

PAGE 4. 5-8. *From a France*.....*come*: the reign of Louis XV had been disastrous for France.

12. *hattered gin-horses*: horses used for turning machinery.

13. *Bicêtre Hospital*: a famous Paris hospital; founded originally by the Saintly King Louis IX; rebuilt in the 17th century as a hospital for old soldiers; later used as a prison.

PAGE 5. 10. *royal* *rule*: royal and rule are both derived from the same Latin root, *regere*=to govern. (Skeat *Etymological Dictionary*). Note Carlyle's love of finding meaning in derivations. Cf. p. 8 King = Kōn-ning (from the German *Können*=to be able). Cf. Carlyle's *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*, Lecture VI The Hero as King, where this thought is fully worked out. But Skeat gives a different derivation, viz. King = a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon Cýning, from 'Cyn' = a tribe + suffix 'ing' = belonging to: Son of the tribe, i.e. elected by the tribe as its chief.

19. *Coulisses*: stage-scenery.

20. *kettles*: short for kettle-drum, a percussion instrument.

22. *tumbrils*: open cart which can be tipped up, used for carting dung, sand etc.; (from the French *tombereau*). (This type of cart was used for conveying the condemned to the guillotine during the Revolution. In English, the word now carries this association of ideas, and is obsolete for any other use).

PAGE 6. 1-3. *But if*.....*Senses of ours*: a reference to the philosophic doctrine known as 'Idealism'. This may be summed up in Berkeley's phrase 'Esse est Percipi', 'To be is to be perceived'. 'Berkeley means that.....objects are not objects at all when neither perceived nor remembered.....Minds and other ideas are all that exist'. Cushman, *A Beginner's History of Philosophy*, 14, 180. This is not, as Carlyle implies 'the teaching of Metaphysic' but of one school of metaphysics. The opposing doctrine is known as 'Realism'.

8. 9. *Monmouth-Street cast-clothes*: a street named after the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II, now forms part of Shaftesbury Avenue. It was at one time noted for its numerous old-clothes shops. It is now called Dudley Street.

10. *Eidolon* : Greek for an image ; derived from the Greek verb ' to see '.

PAGE 6. 11. *Mumbo-Jumbo* : the phrase is of unknown origin, but it is popularly used as the supposed name of a grotesque idol believed to be worshipped by some groups of African negroes.

By transference it is used of any object of unintelligent worship or superstitious veneration. Cf. pp. 175-8.

25. *Boston Harbour* *Tea* : a reference to the ' Boston Tea Party ' or Tea Riots (1773) when some of the American Colonists boarded a tea ship and threw the tea into the harbour as a protest against the duty placed upon tea by the British Government. This was part of the Colonists' claim that since they were not represented in the British Parliament they could not be taxed by the mother-country. It was one of the incidents which precipitated the American War of Independence.

26. *Pennsylvanian Congress* : the Colonists met in their first general congress at Philadelphia in Pennsylvania in September 1774 and discussed their relations with the mother-country and the King. This was the prelude to the Declaration of Independence. (1776) which was published some months after war had broken out.

27. *Bunker Hill* : The first battle of the American War of Independence, June 1775. The Colonists were driven from their position but retired in good order after having inflicted severe losses on the British. (There had been a previous skirmish at Lexington).

33. *The Merovingian Kings* : the earliest French (or rather Frankish) dynasty. They wore their hair long, a sign of royalty, and used to perambulate their kingdom in an ox-wagon.

PAGE 7. 1, 2. *Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged* : the founders of the Carolingian dynasty (which replaced the Merovingians), ancestors of Charlemagne.

10. *Lutetia Parisiorum* or *Barisiorum* : the original name of Paris under the Romans. The earliest reference to Paris occurs in Caesar's Commentaries, where it is described as a collection of mud huts, chief settlement of a small tribe the Parisii, whose territory bordered upon that of a more powerful tribe, the Senones, on whom the Parisii were partly dependent.

25. *Bibliothèque du Roi* : the King's Library.

31-4. *unspeakably*.....*Realized Ideals* : Here is the key to much in Carlyle's thought.

PAGE 8. 20, 21. *armed men*.....*buckler-throne* : Among the Teutonic tribes the newly elected chieftain was raised aloft upon the warriors' shields.

23. *Kön-ning* : See page 5, 10.

PAGE 9. 5-8. *Louis XIV*.....*looks* : a reference to a famous, but possibly apocryphal, incident in the reign of Louis XIV.

Whether or not he actually used these words the phrase accurately represents his conviction. In his own eyes, and not only in his own eyes, he was France. During his reign of seventy-two years the French Monarchy reached its zenith, and the decline began.

PAGE 9. 26. *Orleans Regents*: a reference to the Regency of the Duke of Orleans during the minority of Louis XV, who succeeded his great-grandfather, Louis XIV, at the age of two.

profligate. Throughout the reign of Louis XV the court was notoriously profligate.

PAGE 11. 1. *caryatides*: carved female figures used as supporting pillars.

PAGE 13. 29, 30. *Fleur-de-lis*.....all seas: the reign of Louis XV was disastrous for France. In the Seven Years' War France suffered defeat at the hands of Britain and her ally Prussia.

33-35. *Everywhere Want*,.....hour: after reading this account of 18th century France it is worthwhile to read Dickens' treatment of the same subject in the opening paragraph of his '*A Tale of Two Cities*'.

PAGE 14. 21. Cf. p. 22, footnote 3.

PAGE 19. 19. '*Mother of Dead Dogs*': from a letter to John Carlyle 11 September, 1840 (Froude's *Carlyle*, 1884 Vol. I, p. 196) in which he writes: 'I take mostly to the lanes and fields, such as they are "grieving by the shore of the mother of dead dogs."'

PAGE 19. 35-6. *So that the poor*.....rich: Dickens in *A Tale of Two Cities*, Book II, Ch. VII. imagines such an incident and uses it to show the gulf between the nobles and the common people.

PAGE 20. 2. *Roi Fainéant*: a reference to the later Merovingian Kings who were Kings in name only and who are known as the *Rois Fainéants*, (Do-nothing Kings).

3. *Mayor of the Palace*: Pepin was Mayor of the Palace (i.e. chief official) to the last of these phantom Kings. He was the real ruler of the country and in 751 put an end to the Merovingian dynasty and secured the title of king for himself.

PAGE 21. 8. *Joan of Arc's country*: Mme. Du Barry was born at Vaucouleurs in Lorraine. Joan of Arc was born at Domrémy a village near Vaucouleurs. It was to the governor of Vaucouleurs that she made her first appeal and gave her message of the Voices that called her to save France. By a glancing reference Carlyle thus contrasts one of the noblest and one of the basest of French women, one who was the saviour of the French Monarchy and one who helped to cause its ruin.

26. *Clotaire*: Clotaire I, the last survivor of the sons of Clovis, founder of the Merovingian dynasty. Though nominally a Christian he was little better than a savage. He murdered his brother's children to secure the throne, and shut up a rebellious son and his family in a hut to which he then set fire so that they were burnt alive. Carlyle im-

plies that there was no more real religion in the last rites of the dying Louis XV than in the superstitious fears of the dying savage as he felt life ebbing from him.

PAGE 23. 2-4. *for they that look..... its axis* : 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them..... In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble.....and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was : and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.' (*The Holy Bible, Ecclesiastes XII, 1-7.*)

21. *Chappelle Ardente* : those charged with the duty of watching the dead.

PAGE 25. 12, 13. *the king decided to call the States-General* : The Estates General had not been summoned since 1614, early in the reign of Louis XIV's father Louis XIII, so complete had been the royal absolutism which had been brought to perfection by Cardinal Richelieu, the great Minister of Louis XIII, and had been seen in all its power and glory in the person of Louis XIV. All this time there had been no check on the royal power. Louis XV was one of the basest of French kings, wholly occupied with his own pleasures. The long reign of this Do-nothing King sapped the people's faith in the Monarchy.

PAGE 26. 4. *gaze d'or* : gold gauze

16, 17. *voting by head or by order* : The question as to the method of voting was of vital importance. The Third Estate, the Commons, had been given a double number of deputies. If the voting was 'by head' their numbers would tell ; if it was by separate orders the First and Second Estates, i.e. the Clergy and the Nobility, representing the privileged classes, would always be two to one over against the Third Estate. After many weeks of manoeuvring the Commons got their way and in the end the three Estates met as one body, called the National Assembly, in which the Third Estate had a preponderating influence. (see p. 40, matter in brackets).

PAGE 27. 5. *one might weep like Xerxes* : Herodotus recounts that as the Persian Emperor Xerxes watched the vast army with which he was about to invade Greece file past, he burst into tears at the thought that of all that great host not one would be alive a hundred years later.

PAGE 27. 22. *Tar barrels* : perhaps an allusion to spoutings by demagogues who often find an upturned barrel as a useful stage from which to harangue the people.

PAGE 27. 24-7. *Two centuries.....young again* : More than a century has passed since Carlyle wrote these words even in the fresh dawn of democracy (just after the English Reform Bill of 1832). Must democracy become nothing but a 'quackocracy' ? Will the hundred years prove Carlyle a true prophet ?

PAGE 28. 4-5. *Ye can no other : God be your help* : Luther's words when he faced the Emperor, Charles V, at the Diet of Worms (1521), and refused to recant what he had written against the Pope and the traditional teaching of the Church.

PAGE 29. 5. *Muse Clio* : in Greek mythology the Muses were the goddesses of literature and art ; Clio was the Muse of History.

23. *Nova-Zembla* : an island in the Arctic, and therefore symbolic of the Arctic zone where the winter is one long night.

PAGE 31. 7-8. *For a king.....must have* : this thought is central to Carlyle's doctrine of man and to his philosophy of history. Cf. *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*, and *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*.

21. *Baroness de Staël* : the daughter of Louis XVI's minister, Necker, famous as a novelist and writer of miscellaneous prose.

30-31. *old Despot ! 'The National Assembly? I am that.'* Cf. p. 9, 5-8.

PAGE 32. 3. *the Guelphs* : a faction in mediaeval Italy.

18. *the Bridge at Casano* : a battle in the War of the Spanish Succession in which the Austrians under Prince Eugène defeated the French (1705).

26. *Marquis Victor, the 'Friend of Men'* : Mirabeau's father. Carlyle describes him elsewhere as 'of the pedant species ; his pedantry carried to such a pitch as becomes sublime'. He was one of the group of philosophic economists whose writings, by introducing new ideas, helped to pave the way to the Revolution. He wrote a book called 'The Friend of Man', and was known by this title himself.

PAGE 33. 4-9. *Isle of Rhé ; Castle of If ; Fortress of Joux ; Dungeon of Vincennes ; Pontarlier Jails* : All places where Mirabeau was imprisoned from time to time as a result of his wild, extravagant, and scandalous behaviour.

25. *Sophie Madame Monnier* : Marie Thérèse de Monnier, wife of the Marquis de Monnier, called 'Sophie' by Mirabeau, who having been received into his home by the Marquis as a friend proceeded to make love to de Monnier's wife and carried her off with him. For some time they lived together in Holland, but ultimately Mirabeau was arrested for 'wife-stealing', (for which he had already been tried in absence and (nominally) condemned to death), and was brought back to France and imprisoned at Vincennes. Whilst there he corresponded with his mistress in a series of indecent love-letters, published later as 'Letters to Sophie'.

Mirabeau is a difficult man to judge. In his relations with women he was a moral. His writings include much that is both obscene and profane ; his life was wild and dissipated. But he was a man of genius, gifted with tremendous vitality, amazing charm in spite of his ugliness, and a penetrating understanding. He was a great orator, and the only really great statesman of the revolutionary period. His intention for France was wholly good ; and if he had secured the

power that his political talents deserved, he would have given France a constitutional monarchy and saved her from the horror and degradation of the Terror. But his past life was such that none could trust him. When he was recognized among the deputies of the Third Estate in the procession, the people hissed him. Later the King and Queen shrank from contact with him. If we turn to his personal history, we find that his family background and upbringing had been such as might warp any child. A friend once warned his father that he ran the risk 'of making a scoundrel out of the material meant by nature for a great man'. Perhaps here we have the key to the contradictions of Mirabeau's dynamic personality.

PAGE 36. 10, 11. See p. 142, 10-11.

27. *alegar*: Sour ale; vinegar formed by the acetous fermentation of ale.

PAGE 38. 12, 13. *the Washington-formula*: Lafayette had fought in the American War of Independence as a young man, and whilst in America had imbibed the doctrines of responsible government. He greatly admired Washington and named his son after him. But Washington and the 'Fathers of the American Constitution' were no believers in direct democracy or in mob rule. Like them Lafayette desired to reconcile liberty with order, and he remained a constitutionalist to the end.

21-4. *King Louis*.....*any more*: We saw the King and Queen last, fifteen years ago, upon their knees, borne down by the weight of the crowns which they must wear (p. 23). Now they move across the stage in the opening scene of the tragedy that is to engulf them. Characteristically Louis can be dismissed in a sentence. He is cheerful. Well-intentioned, kindly disposed, in every crisis he remained hopefully smiling; always good-natured, kingly only once: upon the scaffold. But the queen, for all her faults and follies, Carlyle cannot pass by so easily, she 'who beyond all women in European history, excepting one,* has charmed and saddened mankind.' (Acton) In a famous passage of his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* Burke describes Marie Antoinette as he saw her in her youth when she was still only dauphiness: 'glittering like the morning-star, full of life and splendour and joy'. By 1789 the difficulties and anxieties of her position had taken toll of her gaiety and charm. Married at the age of fourteen, from the beginning she had many enemies at the French court; she was Austrian and the pledge of an unpopular alliance; the court was a mass of intrigue and the Queen was foolish in pushing the claims of her favourites; her husband was dull and lethargic and her pursuit of pleasure and gaiety was excessive; her behaviour was indiscreet. She interfered unwisely in public affairs, acting often from motives of personal feeling or frivolity; she had identified herself with the party of reaction and dreaded the meeting of the Estates General. In the eyes of the people she personified all that they most hated in the court, and she was intensely unpopular. 'On

* (the exception is tantalizing: can it be any one but Mary Queen of Scots? Ed.)

the opening day (of the Estates) the Queen was received with offensive silence; but she acknowledged a belated cheer with such evident gladness and with such stately grace, that applause followed her' (Acton). During the Revolution it was she, and not the King, who became the centre of royalist activities. 'Ignorant as she was and passionate, she could never become a safe adviser. But she acquired decision, vigour, and self-command, and was able sometime to strengthen the wavering mind of her husband.' (Acton) But she saw no meaning in the ideals of democracy and her policy of intrigue, her attempt to deceive the revolutionaries whilst seeking help from abroad, was fatal to the royal cause; she perished, says Acton, chiefly through her insincerity. Yet Carlyle, that hater of shams, has no ringing word of condemnation. Like Acton he seems to say 'we may allow the retribution which befell her follies and her errors to arrest our judgment'. 'Silence alone is adequate.' (p. 159).

PAGE 39. 1, 2. *black falsehood.....her name*: a reference to the scandals which had gathered round the Queen's name; and perhaps particularly to the famous Affair of the Diamond Necklace. The story is too long to be told here, but can be read in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

3. *Vive la Reine*. Long live the Queen!

13. *imperial Theresa's Daughter*: Marie Antoinette was the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa. (see p. 86, 29)

PAGE 40. 28, 29. *they rose.....the Assembly*: This is the traditional view of the situation at the beginning of July 1789, and the view dramatized by Carlyle in the pages that follow which tell the story of how the people stormed the Bastille, a royal fortress dominating the city of Paris. But in sober fact the fall of the Bastille was far from being a spontaneous act by 'the people'. Recent studies show that the Parisians were less concerned at this moment 'to save the Revolution' than to save themselves in a time of increasing disorder, and in particular to get arms to defend themselves, not against the royal troops but against bands of brigands who had for months infested the neighbouring forests, threatening the safety of the citizens. (Madelin, *The French Revolution*). On the night of 12-13 July, according to Madelin, the brigands broke into the city and indulged in an orgy of looting; and it is probable that the mob which stormed the Bastille was largely composed of these same brigands, reinforced with criminals and the riff raff of the city, and organized from behind the scenes by those who desired an act of violence for their own ends; these were probably the extreme revolutionaries allied with the Orleanist faction, which were scheming for the overthrow of Louis XVI in the interests of his cousin Philippe d'Orleans (Philippe Egalité), who hoped to become King himself or at least Regent, with popular support. But whatever doubts arise as to the events of 14 July and the storming of the Bastille, its effect is clear: the royal absolutism, of which the Bastille had been a symbol, was at an end; (see p. 43, 10 and 50, 18) the Assembly had been saved; but not by its own act; a new power had arisen in France: the Paris mob directed by powerful minds behind the scenes. Power over the mob was ultimately secured by

the Jacobins (see below p 128) who used this terrible instrument to achieve their own supremacy. 'The appalling thing in the French Revolution is not the tumult but the design. Through all the fire and smoke we perceive the evidence of calculating organisation. The managers remain studiously concealed and masked; but there is no doubt about their presence from the first.' (Acton)

PAGE 40. 34. *Fourteenth* : 14 July 1789, the day of the storming of the Bastille.

PAGE 41. 7. *Flesselles* : was Provost of the Merchants, the chief magistrate of the city. He was not in any sense a traitor, though timorous, waiting for orders before distributing arms.

12. *National Guard* : the name given to the newly-formed citizen army of Paris. Lafayette became its commander.

17. *Permanent Committee* : In the prevailing uncertainty and disorder the Electors of Paris had taken over the administration of the city and they now set up a Permanent Committee to organize the National Guard.

25. *Such a figure drew Priam's curtains* : an illusion to Priam King of Troy and the fall of Troy. From Shakespeare's *King Henry IV*, Part 2, I. i. 70 :

'Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd.'

PAGE 43. 6. *Gardes Francaises* : a regiment of the regular army on duty at this time in Paris which had very largely gone over to the side of the revolutionaries.

10. *the Bastille* : a royal fortress of great strength which for centuries had towered over the city. 'The Bastille not only overshadowed the capital, but it had darkened the hearts of men, for it had been notorious for centuries as the instrument and the emblem of tyranny. The captives behind its bars were few and uninteresting (seven in all, and each confined for good reasons. Ed.), but the wide world knew the horror of its history, the blighted lives, the ruined families, the three thousand dishonoured graves within its precincts, and the common voice called for its destruction as the sign of deliverance. At the elections both nobles and commons demanded that it should be levelled with the ground' On the previous day 'men talked wildly of destroying the Bastille, as a sign that would be understood.' (Acton) Although the Bastille was no longer an instrument of tyranny it was a symbol.

16-17. *The Hôtel-de-Ville* : the Town Hall, the headquarters of the new Committee.

33. *cannon all duly levelled* : in point of fact the cannon were at this date used only for ceremonial salutes; but at the request of the mob-leaders they were withdrawn from the embrasures and the embrasures boarded up. (Madelin)

PAGE 44. 10. *Que voulez-vous?* What do you want?

. 19. *the Invalides*: the small garrison of old soldiers.

PAGE 46. 24. *Brest*: a great naval port in the west of France.

31. *The Brest Diligence*: the stage-coach just arrived from Brest.

PAGE 48. 18. *Broglie*: the Marshal de Broglie in command of the royal troops at Versailles.

20. *Quais*: river banks, wharves.

21. *Pont Neuf*: one of the chief bridges over the river Seine.

29. *Avis au Peuple*: Warning to the People!

36,37. *motionless* . . . *Roman Senator*: A reference to the story told by Livy of how when the Gauls broke into the city of Rome in 390 B.C. the Senators sat motionless each in his house, and for a moment abashed the rude conquerors by their impassive dignity.

PAGE 49. 6. *canaille*: a word of contempt for the mob; rabble.

37. *chamade*: the signal of surrender.

PAGE 50. 1. *Swiss*: The King's of France had a famous regiment of Swiss guards.

18. *the Bastille is fallen*: the news of the fall of the Bastille was hailed with joy throughout Europe. The symbol of tyranny had fallen; it seemed to herald the dawn of a new and better age.

'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very Heaven!'

So wrote Wordsworth, (*Prelude* XI, ll. 108-12); whilst the Whig statesman Charles James Fox exclaimed of the fall of the Bastille 'How much the greatest event it is that has ever happened in the world! and how much the best!'

PAGE 51. 6. *Place de Grève*: The square in front of the Town Hall.

29. *Lamp-iron*: The mob made use of the iron posts from which lanterns were hung to light the streets as gallows on which to hang their victims.

PAGE 52. 18,19. *double-barrels*.....*Meudon*: The King's chief interest was hunting. In his diary he had no entry to make on this fateful 14 July 1789 except the word 'nothing' because he had had no success at hunting that day.

PAGE 53. 30. 31. *after his surrender*.....*in July*: after the fall of the Bastille a new elective municipal government was established for Paris, and Bailly, first President of the National Assembly, was chosen as first mayor. On 17 July Louis went to the Hôtel-de-Ville, recognized the new city government, confirmed the appointment of Bailly, and appeared before the people wearing the revolutionary cockade of red, white and blue, thus proclaiming in effect that 'the royal power which had ruled France since the conversion of Clovis ruled France no more'. On his way to the Town Hall the King passed

along densely packed streets lined with the new National Guards, 'in a gloomy and menacing silence'; on his way back he was cheered. It was after this that he was voted the title 'Restorer of French Liberty'.

PAGE 54. 25. *tri-colour cockade*: the red, white and blue cockade, the symbol of the revolution, was adopted as the national badge.

32. *Queues*: the women in the bread-queues outside the bakers' shops waiting to buy bread.

PAGE 55. 6. *Œil-de-Boeuf*: see p. 15, 6. Carlyle uses this phrase to signify the court.

22. *lockmaking*: Louis' hobby was making locks.

PAGE 57. 16. *O Richard, O my King*: a song from a popular opera of the day about the captivity of Richard I of England (Richard Cœur de Lion).

19, 20. *white Bourbon Cockades*: the white cockade was the royal badge. Louis' family name was Bourbon. The first Bourbon King had been Henry of Navarre, Henry IV, Henri Quatre, (1589-1610).

PAGE 61. 4. *Allons!* Let us go! ('Come on!')

16. *Press of Women*: a reference to the English press-gangs by which, at that period, young men were seized ('impres-ed') and forced to serve in the navy. (cf Hardy's *The Trumpet Major*)

34-8 *Judith*..... *he slept*: after the arrest of Charlotte Corday (see below p. 153-9), a Bible was found in her room open at the story of Judith.

PAGE 64 1-2 *Maid of Orléans*: Joan of Arc is known as the Maid of Orléans.

11. *Bronze Henri*. the bronze statue of King Henry IV, (Henry of Navarre), Louis' ancestor, which stood on one of the great bridges over the Seine, the Pont-Neuf.

12. *Louvre*.....*Tuileries*: the Louvre and the Tuileries were royal palaces.

30. *Meudon*.....*Saint-Cloud*: villages between Paris and Versailles.

A GENERAL NOTE ON VOLUME I, BOOK III, CHAPTERS VI-XI. (PAGES 65-86)

The factors in the situation to be kept clearly in mind are the following;—

At Versailles, some miles from Paris

(i) The King himself; well-meaning, desiring moderate reform, and always anxious to avoid any use of force; but at the same time determined to retain as much of the royal power as possible; fatally incapable of decision or action; and with no clear grasp of the situation or any definite policy. More interested in his hunting than in any-

thing else. 'There is another world for the expiation of guilt; but the wages of folly are payable here below.' (Acton)

(ii) The Court; 'more royalist than the King'.

(iii) The Queen; 'the only man about the King (Mirabeau's comment); more anxious to meet danger bravely than to avert it'; regarded by the people as their chief enemy.

(iv) Philippe d'Orléans ('Egalité') the King's cousin; scheming for power and it is thought using the revolutionary mob for his own ends. He is not mentioned by Carlyle in this section. His part in the events is obscure.

(v) The National Assembly; meeting in one of the halls of the palace; engaged in drafting a constitution which, although it preserved the form of a constitutional monarchy with an executive of ministers to be appointed by the King, left the Crown no real power or freedom of action (p. 67, 31-2 and footnote).

In Paris

(vi) The new municipal government at the Hôtel-de-Ville representing the Paris middle class, a rival to the Assembly; desirous of bringing the King and the Assembly to Paris where their own power could be exercised more effectively over both Crown and Assembly.

(vii) The National Guard; the middle-class citizen army of Paris of which the nucleus was the old royal regiment the *Garde Française*.

(viii) The mob; the savage, half-starved, proletariat, suspicious of the Hôtel-de-Ville, the Assembly and the Court. Excellent material for any conspirators once the policy of violence had been white-washed by the general approval given to the storming of the Bastille, and the failure to check the murders that had followed it.

Whilst the 'Menads' were mobbing the Assembly at Versailles, the National Guard in Paris were insisting that Lafayette lead them to Versailles to oust the royalist Flemish regiment and to replace them by some of themselves. Lafayette was reluctant to launch an attack on the palace (but did not mind leaving Versailles at the mercy of the Menads for several hours). Finally he set out at their head, with a mandate from the Hôtel-de-Ville to take command of the palace, and to bring the King to Paris. (p. 73, 32 and p. 75ff.)

The King had three possible alternatives:—

To capitulate to the mob: this would mean flinging wide the door to mob rule and the reign of violence.

To be saved by Lafayette: this would mean virtually abdicating.

To fly from Versailles and set up his government elsewhere: this would mean civil war.

In point of fact Louis took no decision, but allowed himself to be swept away by the tide of events.

PAGE 67. 27. *tant mieux*: so much the better! (see p. 65, 27)

PAGE 70. 11-17. *One reads.....and heart*: Carlyle's belief in the disinterested patriotism of all the 'Menads' is probably excessive. Some genuinely believed 'that hunger is caused by bad government' and had honestly come for bread. But there were others who had not, but who were the tools of outside agents. Most significant of all, says Acton, there was a group 'who were well supplied with money to be distributed among the soldiers of the Flemish regiment, and who effectually performed their office.' (Acton, p. 131) The story of Thùroigne's money-bags does not seem to have been the royalist calumny which Carlyle thought it.

PAGE 72. 1. *Bartholomew Night*: the night of St. Bartholomew's Day (24 August), 1572, when the Roman Catholics in Paris massacred the Protestants.

PAGE 72. 2, 3. *chétif château*: a little country-house.

12-20. *The Courtand simple*: the King had to decide whether to remain or to fly and rally support for the monarchy. To fly would be equivalent to deciding on civil war; as when Charles I raised his standard at Nottingham in August 1642.

PAGE 74. 28-30. *nor didvictual*: a quotation from Homer.

PAGE 76. 29, 30. *Fourth, that.....in Paris*: there were clever and unscrupulous minds at work behind the march of the women; it seems probable that the Orléanists hoped to profit by it thinking that the King would be killed or forced to abdicate, and that the Duke of Orléans would become King or Regent. The municipal authorities and the National Guard could have stopped the rioters if they had shown a little firmness; but it suited them to act only at the last moment and to appear as Louis's rescuers. They wished to leave him no choice but to abandon Versailles and to take up residence in Paris.

Lafayette's 'fourth point' was the heart and core of the terms which they were offering to the King.

PAGE 77. 19. *Were wise to wist!* he who should know this would be a wise man.

22-3. *Rascality is in.....still*: during the night the mob broke into the palace whilst Lafayette was asleep.

PAGE 79. 30-4. *We are.....at Fontenoy!* in order to understand the situation it must be realized that there were four groups to be reckoned with: (a) the Court itself; (b) the King's bodyguard (p. 54) reinforced by the 'Flanders Regiment'; (c) soldiers of the *Garde Française*, formerly a royal regiment, now identified with the revolutionaries, and under the name Centre Grenadiers forming the nucleus of the Paris National Guard under Lafayette's command, and (d) the mob. The *Garde Française*, now the Centre Grenadiers, had marched from Paris to take control of Versailles and to oust the King's bodyguard from its position (p. 76). But when the two regiments met they remembered that they were old comrades in arms and bloodshed was avoided though some of the bodyguard had already been butchered

by the mob. At this point Lafayette appeared with the rest of the National Guard, and cleared the mob out of the palace.

PAGE 83. 5. *Broglie's whiff of grapeshot*: the Marshal de Broglie had been in command of the royal troops at Versailles in July. Perhaps the Revolution might have been checked in its early days by a display of force. There is a glancing allusion to the 'whiff of grapeshot' with which Napoleon quelled the mob and checked an insurrection in 1795. (cf. a similar reference p. 41, 13)

PAGE 83. 8. *Favras' Conspiracy*: the Marquis de Favras was a nobleman who engaged in a royalist plot (of which the details are obscure) and was executed in 1790.

16. *Cabiric*: gods of fertility.

30, 31. *tripudiating*: dancing for joy (obsolete).

PAGE 84. 6. *Saint-Antoine*: the slum-dwellers from the poorest district of the city (see p. 43, footnote).

PAGE 85. 31-3. *Many of the.....autumn of 1789*: the nobles who fled from France in increasing numbers after October 1789 were known as the émigrés. They plotted abroad with the enemies of France. They were purely selfish in their outlook, and intended to establish their own power by means of an Austrian invasion. They were as much the enemies of the Crown as were the revolutionaries, and would have equally, though by different methods, robbed the King of his powers. Wordsworth who stayed in Orléans in 1791-2 gives a vivid picture of a group of aristocratic army officers who happened to be stationed there, waiting 'with the whole of their desires' the moment when they could flee to join 'the band of emigrants in arms' and meanwhile following the news from Paris in eager hope for the overthrow of the revolutionary régime. One in particular he speaks of worn out with his feverish anxiety.

'.....with the hour
That from the Press of Paris daily brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow cheek
Into a thousand colours; while he read
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his
Touch continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body.' (*Prelude* IX, 125-88).

PAGE 86. 17. *the Tuileries*: a royal palace in Paris itself which became the residence of the King and queen after they left Versailles.

24-25. *not tonsured.....now*: the last, phantom, Merovingian King was forcibly tonsured and shut up in a monastery by Pepin when he took the title of King himself (p. 20, 3-4).

26. *stock of smith-tools*: see p. 55, 22.

PAGE 86. 29. *Moriamur pro rege nostro*! Let us die for our King! Marie Antoinette's mother, Maria Theresa, succeeded her father the Emperor Charles VI, Archduke of Austria, King of Hungary etc.,

etc., in 1740. The enemies of Austria combined to deprive her of her territories. She appealed to the nobles of Hungary appearing before them, it is said, with her infant son in her arms. She was young, and handsome, and high-spirited, and the nobles responded in an outburst of loyalty by waving their swords and crying 'Moriatur pro rege nostra Maria Theresa!' Thompson (*Lectures on Foreign History 1494—1789*, p. 326) throws doubt on the incident by the following amusing comment; they said 'rege' (King) and not 'regina' (Queen) because it was their custom to call their sovereigns Kings; but they said 'nostra' (the feminine form for 'our') not 'nostro' (the masculine form, which should have been used to agree correctly with the masculine noun 'King') because, 'after all she was a woman'. 'It was a clever solution of a grammatical difficulty, and their unanimity did them credit!' Carlyle overlooked this nicety and printed 'nostro'.

PAGE 88. 24. *Nessus' Shirt*: a poisoned shirt which clung to his flesh and caused him terrible pain.

25. *Hercules*: the most famous of legendary Greek heroes.

PAGE 90. 15. *Achilles Funeral*: i.e. the funeral rites of the greatest of the Greek heroes, performed upon the windy plains of Troy.

31. *Il ne souffre plus*: he suffers no longer.

PAGE 91. 24. *kennels*: gutters.

27. *Sermo*: word.

PAGE 92. 5. *Mandement*: the official utterance of a bishop to his clergy.

8. *Nomine Domini*: in the name of the Lord (in the name of God).

28. *the Civil Constitution of the clergy*: the name of the edict by which the Assembly had reorganized the Church, making it entirely subject to the State (see p. 96, footnote 2).

PAGE 94. 5. *Caput Mortuum*: a death's-head, a skull.

PAGE 97. 18. *Maison-bouche*: see p. 5, footnote 2.

21. *Place du Carrousel*: a public square near the palace of the Tuileries.

29. *Taisez-vous*: be quiet.

PAGE 98. 6. *Will Royalty fly off towards Austria*: The Emperor of Austria, Leopold II, was Marie Antoinette's brother. The people feared that he would attack France on behalf of the monarchy.

PAGE 98. 31. *Municipality*: side by side with the Assembly, which represented the whole country, there was the municipal government of Paris, known as the Commune of Paris. Set up at the time of the fall of the Bastille (see p. 53, 30 and Notes). The Sections were the electoral districts of the city, each with their own committee.

PAGE 99. 13. *Hereditary Representative*: i.e. the King; this phrase expressed the King's new position in the constitution.

16, 17. *Queen Chrimhilde* : one of the characters in the mediaeval German epic the *Nibelungenlied*.

24. *Nécessaire* : necessary.

PAGE 100. 5. *Chevalier du Nord* : the Knight of the North.

8, 9. *the assassin's pistol intervene not!* : Gustavus III of Sweden was assassinated in March 1792.

15. *Metz* . on the German frontier. There were some troops at Metz who were still faithful to the King, under the command of the Marquis de Bonville the best general left in France after the flight of the émigrés. The King (or rather the Queen) preferred this place to Mirabeau's scheme for setting up a new government, a constitutional monarchy, at Rouen. It was hoped to rally all supporters of the monarchy to the army at Metz and to avoid being dependent on the émigrés and the Austrian troops (see p. 85, 31-3.)

18, 19. *the Day of Poniards* : an incident recounted earlier in the book in a section omitted from this edition.

PAGE 103. 20. *jarvie* : coachman (obsolete).

PAGE 105. 7, 8. *churn-boots* : the postilion's large boots, supposed to resemble a churn.

11. *jarvie-surtout* : a coachman's overcoat (obsolete).

30. *Sister Elizebeth* : the King's sister. Two years later Princess Elizabeth 'serenely ended her pure and beautiful life upon the scaffold' (during the Terror in May 1793).

PAGE 106. 3-4. *Longhaired Childeric.....with iron* : Childeric or Chilperic I. One of the early Merovingian kings who was assassinated. But he was far from being a 'Do-nothing King', as any study of his life will show. It was only the later Merovingians who were *Rois Fainéants*. He was spoken of as 'the Nero and the Herod' of his age, and it was certainly not surprising that he was assassinated, though not in the sense that Carlyle implies.

PAGE 107. 2. *Lanterne* : see page 51, 29.

27. *Seul il fera* : he will do it alone. On 23 June 1789, soon after the Third Estate had taken the title 'The National Assembly', invited the other orders to join it, and bound itself by the 'Tennis Court Oath' not to disperse, (p. 40, ll. 15, 16) the King held a royal session of the Three Estates. A royal proclamation was read annulling the proceedings of the Third Estate, and directing the Three Estates to meet 'by orders' (cf. p. 26, ll. 16, 17). Louis thus identified himself with the reactionary nobility. But his sympathies were with the people. The proclamation ended with a programme of reform, and when the reading was finished the King spoke in person and declared that if the Estates did not co-operate with him 'he alone would ensure the happiness of his people: he would do it alone'. The words were bold, but on Louis' lips meaningless for he lacked the resolution to carry out any such policy. It was this statement that he recalled in the letter which he left for the Assembly when he fled from Paris;

but as Carlyle truly says, the events of the intervening two years made such a statement futile.

PAGE 108. 11. *Couchant lion* : a lion at rest but with head raised ; a heraldic term.

16. *Roi* : King.

32. *Messageries Royales* : the royal mail, the post.

PAGE 109. 8. *Diligences* : stage-coaches.

19. *roquelaures* : a kind of loose dressing-gown.

PAGE 110. 2. *Saint-Bartholomew* : see p. 72, 1.

5. *Madame Roland* : the wife of one of the leading revolutionaries, the Girondin Roland (see p. 165).

19. '*Sea-green Incorruptible*' : Carlyle's inspired name for Robespierre, who was of a bilious greenish complexion, and personally of a scrupulous honesty (see p. 36.)

34. *à franc étrier* : at full speed ; (étrier = stirrup).

PAGE 111. 11,12. *reserved for a frightful end* : see p. 136.

PAGE 112. 32. *Dandoins.....Engineer Goguelat* : the royalist officers in charge of the military escorts posted along the route to protect the royal family.

PAGE 113. 2, 3. *Café's and dram-shops* : public-houses.

PAGE 114. 8, 9. *The hungry peasants.....Treasure it is* : the peasants jump to the conclusion that the dragoons are there to requisition feudal dues and rents which the landlord's bailiffs could no longer collect.

PAGE 115. 25. *Swenkt* : used in mistake for Swinkt = toil-wearied.

PAGE 117. 17. *Grosse-Tête* : large-headed.

21. *Assignat* : paper money issued by the revolutionary government, with the King's head on it.

PAGE 122. 26. *Alte-là* : Stop !

PAGE 124. 1. *Séance Royale.....June* : see p. 107, 27.

PAGE 125. 17. *Soubrettes* : maids.

PAGE 126. 2. *with a look.....scorn* : Marie Antoinette's hair turned white during the four days' journey from Varennes back to Paris, 'like the hair of a woman of seventy' ; she was thirty-six.

11-12. *Pickleherring Tragedy* : a tragic farce or farcical tragedy.

15, 16. *peine forte et dure* : 'pain strong and hard' (p. 127, 13) : a form of torture by slow pressure formerly used by the law-courts.

PAGE 127. 16, 17. *blue National Argus* : a watchman with eyes all over his body who figures in one of the legends of Greek mythology. The uniform of the National Guard was blue.

A NOTE ON VOLUME II, BOOK IV, CHAPTERS I-VIII
(PAGES 96-128)

There are several errors in Carlyle's account of the Flight to Varennes, but they are not of the slightest importance. It was as he shows it. We travel with the royal party in the lumbering coach, fret with the dragoons at the delay; grow bewildered and suspicious with the villagers; gallop 'in moral certainty' with Drouet through the woods, and at the end travel back the long miles to Paris with the despairing Queen. We may be misinformed on some minor points but as we read we cannot but live through the days of that pathetic, maddening, tragic attempted flight. And at the end there closes down the certainty of doom.

PAGE 127. 20. *growth of republican sentiment*: In July 1791 just after the Flight to Varennes, the republican group in Paris, led by Danton, staged a demonstration on the Champ-de-Mars. The Assembly, acting for once with vigour, directed Bailly, the mayor, to proclaim martial law, (of which the symbol was a red flag), and ordered Lafayette and the National Guard to disperse the demonstrators. A few of the mob were killed, and the incident was spoken off as 'the massacre of the Champ de Mars'. It showed the widening gulf between the Assembly, the middle-class, Lafayette, and the municipal government of Paris (not yet under Jacobin control) on the one hand, and the extremists backed by the Paris mob on the other (Madelin, p. 199). In October 1791 Lafayette resigned his command of the National Guard, and after the Insurrection of 10 August 1792 (p. 128, 2) he managed to leave the country. Bailly fell a victim to the Jacobins in 1793 (p. 166-7).

PAGE 128. 1-2. *their sole salvation.....government*: the insurrection of 10 August was the turning-point of the Revolution. It was the work of the Jacobins the extremist group who were by this time convinced that a policy of violence and terrorism was necessary, both to save the country and to establish their own power. The previous day they had secured control of the Commune (the municipal government of Paris) and henceforth this, rather than the Assembly, was the real centre of power. The 10th August was the Prelude to the September Massacres, the Jacobin dictatorship and the Terror. (Note the word 'Jacobins' at first denoted a club (p. 92, footnote 3) but later a party which used the club as its headquarters). Some months earlier Wordsworth had passed through Paris on his way to Orleans and had visited both the Legislative Assembly and the Jacobin club.

'.....In both her clamorous Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms.'

(Prelude IX, ll. 48-51)

10-12. *The capital.....at home*: unity of power was the evident need of the moment, and as it could not be bestowed upon a king who was in league with the enemy, it had to be sought in a democracy which should have concentration and vigour for its dominant

note. Therefore supremacy was assured to that political party which was most alert in laying its grasp on all the resources of the State, and most resolute in crushing resistance.' (Acton p. 240)

It was the Jacobins who fulfilled these conditions. Danton was now the dominant figure in the government and by his terrific energy and faith in his country he succeeded in reorganizing the army and the national defence, and the enemy was driven back (cf. p. 128, 7-12).

22. *the Temple*: the prison in which the King was confined.

33, 34. *Improvised Commune*: see p. 128, 1, 2.

PAGE 129. 18. *fair peur*. strike terror.

25. *Champ-de-Mars*.....*Altar*: a reference to the Festival of the Federation which had been held in the Champ-de-Mars (a big open space) on the first anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille (see pp. 85, 37-8 and p. 140, 20).

26. *miserere*: the beginning of a prayer.

PAGE 130. 8. *pas-de-charge*: the attack, the charge.

PAGE 131. 3. *now in the* *crisis*: Marat was now a Member of the Commune and of the recently appointed Committee of Public Safety. He advocated terrorism (see p. 29, footnote 1).

7. *Jourdan Coupe-tête*: Jourdan the headsman; see p. 131, footnote 1

15. *Orcus*: the god of the underworld.

25. *Atê and all Furies*: the avengers in Greek mythology.

32. *Sovereign's Conscience*. the Sovereign meant here is the people.

PAGE 132. 7. *From the purpose*.....*abyss*: the crime in this case is the ghastly massacre of the prisoners in the Paris prisons, known as the September Massacres, about to be described. 'We are in the company of men fit for Tyburn' (the public gallows): this is Acton's comment.

PAGE 133. 6. *Accursed Aristocrat Tartuffes*: Carlyle imagines the mob hurling invective at the prisoners who they have been persuaded by agitators are in league with the enemy, and plotting the destruction of France. The revolutionaries were violently opposed to the Church.

8. *Capet Veto*: see p. 138, footnote 1.

PAGE 136. 14. *An Anglais*: an Englishman.

PAGE 138. 6, 7. *Does it seem*.....*theirs?* Wordsworth, then a young man and an ardent supporter of the cause of liberty, was in Paris soon after the September Massacres, and tells of how he lay awake at night in his room, high up under the roof, gripped with

horror at the thought of what had passed, and with a terrible premonition of horror to come.

'The fear gone by
 Pressed on one almost like a fear to come.
 I thought of those September Massacres,
 Divided from me by one little month,
 Saw them and touched :.....

.....
 For the spent hurricane the air provides
 As fierce a successor; the tide retreats
 But to return out of its hiding-place
 In the greap deep; al' things have second birth;
 The earthquake is not satisfied at once;
 And in this way I wrought upon myself
 Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried
 To the whole city 'Sleep no more'.....

.....
 The place all hushed and silent as it was
 Appeared unfit for the repose of night,
 Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.'

(*Prelude* X, ll. 71-93)

PAGE 138. 12. *Discrowned*: the Convention which met on 21 September 1792 deposed the King, and proclaimed France a republic.

PAGE 140. 1 *Place Vendôme*: one of the public squares.

2. *Salle de Manège*: the Riding School, in which the Assembly held its meetings.

16. *our Constituent*: the Constituent Assembly which Louis attended in February 1790 whilst the debates on the Constitution were taking place. Special preparations were made for his coming on that occasion, and he was received with every mark of loyal respect.

20. *Feast of Pikes*: the Feast of the Federation, July 1790 (see p. 85, 37): a gathering of delegates from the National Guards from all over the country. It was an occasion of great rejoicing, when Lafayette laid his sword on the 'Altar of the Fatherland' and swore an oath of fidelity to the nation, the laws, and the King, and the King himself swore to maintain the constitution as decreed by the National Assembly. Even the Queen played her part, and pledged herself and her baby son, the dauphin, to do the same. They were loudly cheered and 'everyone was drunk with love for the King and the Royal Family'. (cf. Wordsworth, *Prelude* VI, ll. 342-89).

PAGE 142. 10, 11. *Rohan the Necklace-Cardinal*: a reference to a court scandal which occurred in 1785 over the theft of a diamond-necklace. (see *Encyclopædia Britannica*—Diamond Necklace, the affair of the)

PAGE 143. 30, 31. *Girondins*.....*Anarchy*: by 'Patriots' Carlyle means the Jacobins, who claimed to be the truest patriots and the most devoted guardians of the Revolution. Their rivals

the Girondins though filled with noble sentiments, were less clear-sighted and less well-organized than the Jacobins. They desired a rule of law rather than naked terrorism, and were on principle opposed to this method of getting rid of the King, but above all they were working for themselves in their duel for power with the Jacobins. In the end they allowed the King to be condemned rather than risk a challenge to the Paris mob. As a party they lacked both policy and discipline.

PAGE 145. 8. *votes in his soul and conscience* : see p. 150, 10. Note p. 183. 'Isca^{ri}ot Egalité.'

27. *Rouge-et-Noir* : Red and Black : a popular gambling game.

PAGE 147. 3. *O haughty tyrannous man* : addressed generally to all would-be tyrants, not individually to Louis XVI, who was neither haughty nor tyrannous.

PAGE 147. 14. *Lally went on his hurdle* : a reference to the execution of Lally Tollendal the elder which was a travesty of justice.

PAGE 148. 1. *Madame Royale* : the King's eldest daughter.

Madame Elizabeth : the King's sister.

10-11. *the young Prince* : the little dauphin.

30. *Cerberus Municipals* : the Municipal guards. *Cerberus* : the mythical watch-dog of the underworld.

PAGE 149. 21. *save one* : the one is the King's daughter.

24. *Grâce! Grâce! Mercy! Mercy!*

PAGE 150. 3. *Place* : Square.

4. *Louis Quinze* : Louis XV.

10. *vengeful for Lepelletier* : see p. 144. After Lepelletier left the Assembly, he was stabbed by one of the old royal guards. Carlyle tells this dramatic story in a section omitted from this edition.

PAGE 151. 11. *Vive la République* : Long live the Republic!

28-29. *Fraternity of..... Propagandism* : a reference to the 'Propaganda Decrees' by which the French government undertook to help all people everywhere to rise against their rulers, and French generals were instructed to proclaim the sovereignty of the people in any country that they invaded. This was a deliberate challenge to the established governments of Europe, and meant that Revolutionary France was becoming aggressive. To the other governments of Europe the Propaganda Decrees seemed only an incitement to atheism, murder and anarchy.

33. *Ambassador's-Cloak* : Chauvelin was the official French ambassador in England, but it was Talleyrand who carried on the real negotiations behind the scenes. To expel the ambassador of a foreign country means breaking off relations with that country.

PAGE 152. 4, 5. *being shocked.....River Scheldt* : the River Scheldt had been closed to commerce by international agree-

ment as part of the Treaty of Utrecht 1713. This had been done in the interests of Dutch and British trade. After their victory over the Austrians in November 1792 the French overran the Netherlands (modern Belgium) which at that date belonged to Austria, and decreed the opening of the Scheldt. This was not only a serious threat to Dutch, and in a lesser degree to British interests but also equivalent to a proclamation that the revolutionary government of France would not respect 'the sanctity of treaties'. Both Holland and Britain regarded it as making war almost inevitable.

PAGE 152. 7. *The Manifesto*: in which Spain made her declaration of war.

19. *The Mountain*: the name given to the Jacobin party in the Assembly.

34. *Dumouriez*: in March 1793 the French were defeated at Neerwinden by the Austrians and their general, Dumouriez, a Girondin, who had never approved of the execution of the King, went over to the enemy.

36. *The Fall of the Girondins*: the fall of the Girondins was the work of the Commune, (now dominated by the Jacobins), and its recently recruited 'Revolutionary Army of Paris' which Fisher describes as 'a band of 6,000 ruffians'. The final scene was on 2 June when the Assembly was surrounded, guns were trained on it, and the deputies were not allowed to leave until they had decreed the arrest of the Girondins. It was the victory of naked force. Although the Girondins were not yet themselves put to death (Danton was concerned only to eliminate them from the government), their fall marks the beginning of the Reign of Terror, the period when the guillotine had its daily batch of victims ('Guillotine va toujours', p. 163). Knowing all this we can appreciate the deadly irony with which Carlyle concludes his account of the fall of the Girondins. 'Surely', he writes 'the true reign of Fraternity is now not far off!' The Terror lasted from June 1793 to July 1794.

PAGE 153. 5. *dim ferment of Caen*: i.e. the attempted revolt of the Girondins, (see p. 152, 17-40).

PAGE 154. 23. *The living.....see*: Marat had been chiefly responsible for contriving the destruction of the Girondins.

PAGE 158. 27. *Codrus'-sacrifices*: Codrus was a legendary king of Athens who was said to have deliberately courted death as a sacrifice for his country.

PAGE 159. 10. *Trial of Marie-Antionette*: in October 1793 the Jacobins decided to put the Queen to death as part of their policy of terror.

PAGE 162.. 20. *They are doomed and dead*: soon after the Queen's death the Girondin leaders were sent to the guillotine.

21. *after his long.....Marseilles*: Philippe Egalité had been imprisoned at Marseilles since April 1793.

32, 33. *Josephine Empress Bonaparte* : Josephine Beauharnais, a Creole from the West Indies, married Napoleon Bonaparte as her second husband.

PAGE 163. 7. *Brunaire year 2* : see p. 174, footnote 1. According to the new Calendar, Year I began 22 September 1792 because it was the date on which France became a Republic.

33-7. *It is five years.....of Justice* ? the reference is to a scene described by Carlyle in Volume I, Book III, Ch. VI (omitted from these selections). In November 1788 the King obliged the Parlement of Paris (the Paris Law Courts) to register certain edicts. Philippe d'Orléans posed as the champion of the rights of the Parlement. At a Royal Session the members of the Parlement had the right to state and justify their opinions of the edicts which they were required to register. At a Bed of Justice (*lit de justice*), the name given to a formal audience of the Parlement with the King, they must simply obey the royal command to register. On that occasion the King was, in point of fact holding only a Royal Session, but he was treating it like a Bed of Justice. The Parlement of Paris must not be thought of as similar to the English Parliament. It was simply the Paris Law Courts and had the duty and the privilege of registering the royal edicts. In recounting this incident Carlyle speaks of how d'Orléans sunned himself in the applause of the Parlement after the King had left, 'and so has cut his Court-moorings shall we say? And now will sail and drift, fast enough, towards chaos?' Now, on this 6 November 1793 the end of the voyage has come.

PAGE 164. 5. *green frock* : i.e. frock-coat.

6. *clear as Warren* : perhaps a reference to the highly-polished boots of an officer in the British army. 'Warren' was an old name for Woolwich Arsenal.

7. *Brummelleian* : a reference to Beau Brummell, the famous arbiter of fashion in 18th century London.

29. *Brave young Orléans Egalité* : Philippe Egalité's son, later Louis Philippe, King of France, 1830-48.

PAGE 166. 20. *Pompadourism* : Cf. p. 3 footnote 3.

33-5. *Royalism.....Champ-de-Mars* : see p. 127, 20.

PAGE 167. 17. '*Mon ami*' : my friend.

35. *Military Success* :

September 1793 : the French defeat the Austrians and the English in the Netherlands.

December 1793 : the English obliged to withdraw from Toulon.

June 1794 : French victory of Fleurus in the Netherlands forces the Allies to withdraw. The French occupy the Netherlands (Modern Belgium).

PAGE 168. 5. *irreligious of the extremists* : the revolutionaries had from the beginning been opposed to the Church, but certain of the Jacobins, Chaumette, Hébert and his followers went to extreme

lengths of blasphemy and atheism. In November 1793 the Christian religion was abolished; and 'the worship of Reason' was proclaimed as the national religion. A Festival of Reason was held in the Cathedral Church of Paris (Nôtre Dame) with a beautiful actress playing the part of the goddess. (see also p. 175, footnote 2).

16. *Thermidor*: the new name for July.

20. *Camille*: Camille Desmoulins: see pp. 89 and 168, 12.

27. *the poor seagreen Formula*: Robespierre.

28. *the monstrous colossal Reality*: Danton (A good account of Danton will be found in Madelin p. 274-6).

PAGE 170. 32. *Saint-Sacrament*? with extreme and reverent care as a priest might carry the Holy Sacrament.

PAGE 171. 2. *Procureur de la Lanterne*: Procurer of victims for hanging on street-lamps.

3.4. *Ulysses Polytilas*: 'much-enduring Odysseus'; among the ancient Greeks the Straits of Gibraltar were known as the Straits of Gades (modern Cadiz) and were regarded as being the end of the world. In the *O'yssey*, Book XI, Ulysses recounts how he sailed 'to the limits of the world, to the deep-flowing Ocean' that is through the Straits of Gades. Still he held on his course and at length came to the land of shades, and there he met the strengthless dead, and there spoke with his mother's shade, and tried in vain to clasp her once again in his arms. *Polytilas* = much-enduring (Greek) an epithet applied to Ulysses in the *Odyssey*.

PAGE 173. 12. *Ci-devant*: former, in the Revolution it implied a former noble.

22. *Dix-Août*: 10th August; a nickname fashioned out of the insurrection of 10th August 1792.

PAGE 174. 25. *Mumbo-Jumbo*: see p. 6, 11. Here the word is applied to Robespierre's travesty of worship called the Festival of the Supreme Being which is described in this chapter.

PAGE 175. 5, 6. *Citoyens and Citoyennes*: citizens and citizenesses.

23. '*Ce principe consolateur*': the consoling principle.

27. *Peintre David*: Jacques Louis David, a famous republican artist of the classical school. He supported the revolution with enthusiasm, and was the artistic director of the various great national fêtes which took place.

PAGE 176. 1. *Mahomet Robespierre*: so-called by Carlyle because he was claiming to found a new religion.

24, 25. *Être Suprême*: Supreme Being.

36. *Aaron's Rod*: in the Book of Exodus plagues are brought upon Egypt when Aaron, the brother of Moses, stretches out his rod in the name of the God of Israel. The plagues cease as miraculously as they begin at Moses' prayer, but Aaron's rod is not actually mentioned in connexion with their ceasing.

PAGE 177. 22, 23. *The increase.....Reign of Terror*: the ferocity of the Terror increased as Robespierre strove to eliminate all possible enemies. In the seven weeks between the Festival of the Supreme Being and his downfall, 1367 victims perished on the guillotine in Paris alone; they included men and women of all ages, drawn from all ranks and grades of society, and professing all varieties of political principles or lack of principle.

24. *The defeat.....of France*: June 1794, French victory at Fleurus. France was no longer in danger, and had in point of fact become aggressive.

37-9. *At the moment.....a leader*: see p. 178, 16-17.

PAGE 178. 4. *Our fifth-act.....Greek Drama*: a reference to the conventions of classical drama which observes the three unities of time, place, and action. Carlyle sees certain 'natural unities' in the great drama of the Fall of Robespierre.

7. '*blessed*': because it witnessed Robespierre's downfall and the end of the Reign of Terror.

8. *Sections*: the 48 electoral districts of Paris, developed by the Jacobins as cells of the Commune. Their meetings were dominated by Jacobin, politicians, 'who counterfeited the voice of the people'.

9, 10. *Missionary Representatives*: i.e. deputies (Members of the Assembly) sent 'on mission' with special powers.

12. *the Jacobins*: i.e. in this case, the Jacobin Club.

16, 17. *Convention sits.....on that*: the issue was between the Assembly (the Convention), i.e. the lawfully constituted legislature, originally representative, at any rate in some degree, of the whole country, and the Municipality of Paris (the Commune), which since August 1792 had taken power to itself and dominated the government. It is true that the Convention was now only a travesty of a representative assembly; elected in September 1792 under the shadow of the September Massacres it had fallen an easy prey to the Jacobins. If we review events since 1789 we shall see that from the beginning of the Revolution the Assemblies (the National Assembly, 1789, the Constituent, 1789-91, the Legislative 1791-2, and finally the Convention, 1792) had again and again acquiesced in the achievements of violence: the fall of the Bastille and the murders that followed, the 'March of the Menads', the invasion of the Tuileries 20 June 1792, the Insurrection of the 10th August 1792, the September Massacres, the revolutionary army of Paris, the fall of the Girondins, the arrest and execution of the Hébertists, the arrest and execution of the Dantonists. But the Convention remained the only lawfully constituted body which could challenge the Commune: it had the reserve of authority if it could find the courage to use it: courage came from terror: politics had been reduced to the stark formula 'kill or be killed': none knew who might be Robespierre's next victim: united by their fears the deputies turned on Robespierre and struck him down.

Robespierre's fall was accomplished in two stages. The first Carlyle recounts in the earlier part of this chapter, which is omitted from these Selections. There he tells how in a tumultuous sitting, at which Robespierre strove again and again to speak but each time was shouted down, his enemies at last passed the decree for his arrest. This was in the afternoon of 27 July (9 Thermidor). But the Council-General of the Commune, sitting at the Hôtel-de-Ville roused the St. Antoine mob and forbade the gaolers to receive him and his supporters as prisoners, and they were able to take refuge in the Hôtel-de-Ville. The final stage begins when, at about 11 p.m. the Convention, with the courage of despair, met the defiance of the Commune with counter-defiance, and declared Robespierre and those who supported him out-laws, to be arrested and put to death without trial. Meanwhile Robespierre at the Hôtel-de-Ville hesitated to issue the general call to arms which would make him an open rebel and plunge the country into civil war, and by his hesitation signed his own death warrant. For once it was the deputies in the Assembly who acted with vigour. A small army was collected under Barras; twelve deputies 'on mission' rode through the dark streets of Paris their tricolour sashes, symbol of their authority and of the Revolutionary Government, lit up in the flare of torches, and proclaimed far and wide the decree which put Robespierre and his supporters outside the law. The Committees of the Sections went over to the side of the Convention; the mob melted away (it had begun to pour with rain); the soldiers of the 'revolutionary army of Paris' whose commander Henriot was half mad and more than half drunk, bewildered and leaderless gave way without firing a shot, and joined the army of the Convention: the Hôtel-de-Ville lay open to the forces of the Government.

PAGE 178. 19-20. *Meek continual.....be Dawn*: see with what art Carlyle places the clangour and confusion of 'Paris set against itself' in the context of this quiet passage which speaks of hope and eternity.

26. *Destiny as yet.....doubtful urn*: a quotation from Homer.

29. *Henriot*: a creature of Robespierre's in command of the 'revolutionary army of Paris'.

PAGE 178. 30. *Barras*: one of the leaders of the Convention hastily sent to collect troops with which to quell the threatened insurrection. He had gathered a force that is estimated at 6,000 men.

PAGE 179. 16. *Augustin Robespierre*: Robespierre's brother, who chose the previous day to be arrested with him.

19-20. *Sanhedrim of Insurrection*: i.e. the Council-General of the Commune.

PAGE 180. 7. *Moutons*: a slang word for a prison spy.

18. *Maximilien*: Robespierre: his full name was Francois-Maximilien-Joseph-Isidore de Robespierre.

23. *Geniarmes*: Police.

27. *M'enivre de joie* : intoxicates me with joy.

28. *Scélérat* : wretch.

PAGE 181. 1. Wordsworth in the *Prelude* describes how the news of Robespierre's death reached him far away in the English Lake District. Walking by the shore one evening he came upon an excited crowd and their leader hailed him with a great shout 'Robespierre is dead!'

'Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
To everlasting Justice, by this fiat
Made manifest.' (*Prelude* X, ll. 576-78).

25-34. see Chronological Abstract 1794-1830.

PAGE 182. 6. *growing ever milder* . Carlyle's French Revolution was published in 1837. The subsequent history of France does not quite justify his hope of the development of the French Constitution by milder methods growing ever milder'. There was a revolution in 1848 which ended in four days savage fighting in Paris; and another attempted revolution known as the Commune in 1871, which left Paris a city of blazing ruins.

22. *Four Million Landed Properties* . one of the most tangible results of the French Revolution was that by the abolition of feudalism (4 August 1789) the peasants were put in possession of their little farms, and France became a land of 'peasant proprietors'. A recent estimate calculates that about two-thirds of the agricultural workers in France own their land. (Munro, *France Yesterday and Today*.)

28, 29. *Form of Government*.....not yet shot : Carlyle could not foresee that in February 1848 Louis Philippe, 'the Citizen-King' would be driven out.

32. *Cagliostro* : see p. 34, footnote 2.

CHRONOLOGICAL ABSTRACT OF EVENTS

[*Note* : Where no reference is given the event is not mentioned either in the Selections or the Notes. A page number enclosed in square brackets indicates the matter found in brackets on that page ; a page number with a superior number, e.g. 96², means footnote 2 on page 96.]

<i>Date</i>		<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>
1643-1715	Louis XIV.	9	5-7
		24	12
1715	Accession of Louis XV, great grandson of Louis XIV, as an infant. Regency of Duke of Orleans.	9	26
1774	Death of Louis XV.	1-23	
	Accession of Louis XVI.	23	
1775	War of American Independence.	6	25-7
1776	American Declaration of Independence.		
1778	France, acting as the ally of the American colonists, declares war on England.		
1783	End of the War of American Independence : Britain recognizes the independence of the American colonies. The French Crown reduced almost to bankruptcy through the cost of the American War, the extravagance of the court, and the wide immunity of the 'privileged orders' (the clergy and the nobles) from taxation.	[25]	
1788 Aug.	The Estates General summoned after an interval of a hundred and seventy-five years (last meeting 1614).	[25]	
1789 May	<i>Meeting of the Estates General at Versailles.</i>	25-40	
17 June	The Third Estate declare themselves the National Assembly, and invite the other orders to join them.	[40]	
20 "	The Third Estate, excluded on the pretext of repairs from their own hall, take an oath in the Tennis Court not to disperse until they have given France a constitution.	[40] 107	26-7
23 "	The King holds a Royal Session of the Three Estates, annuls the recent proceedings of the Third Estate, directs the Estates to meet 'by orders' (i.e.	107	26-7

<i>Date</i>		<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>
1789	separately), sketches a programme of reform, and makes a personal declaration that if necessary 'he alone will ensure the happiness of his people'. The Third Estate refuse to disperse. The King gives way.	[40]	
27 June	<i>Union of the Three Estates as the National Assembly.</i>	[40]	
July	Royal troops massed in and near Paris. Great excitement and panic in Paris, partly due to fear of bands of brigands lurking in the neighbouring forests. Revolutionary meetings and inflammatory speeches. Soldiers of the <i>Garde Francaise</i> (the royal regiment on duty in Paris) mutiny.	[40] [40] 40 43	28-9 6
14 July	<i>Fall of the Bastille.</i> (The Paris mob seize arms from the <i>Hotel des Invalides</i> . The Paris mob storms the Bastille, massacres many of the garrison, murders the governor, de Launay, and commits other murders. A new elective municipal government is set up in Paris. Bailly is chosen as first mayor. The National Guard, a citizen Militia, is formed, with Lafayette in command. Riots and disorders throughout the country. The mob lynch unpopular officials in the streets of Paris. The royal troops are withdrawn.	40-50 42 43-50 51 41-3 53 ^a 41	
17 July	The King goes to the Hotel-de-Ville, recognizes the new Municipal Government, accepts the results of the fall of of the Bastille, and wears the revolutionary cockade of red, white, and blue. The emigration of the nobles begins. Riots and disorders continue throughout the country.	53*	
4 Aug.	The National Assembly abolishes the feudal rights and privileges of the nobility and the clergy.	[52]	
27 „	The National Assembly issues a Declaration of the Rights of Man (modelled on the American Declaration of Independence).	[52]	

<i>Date</i>		<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>
1789	<i>The Constituent Assembly</i> : The National Assembly begins to draft a new constitution, and becomes the Constituent Assembly.	[52]	
	Bread queues in Paris.	54	
Sept.	The ultra-royalist Flanders Regiment is brought to Versailles.	53	
1 Oct.	A royalist banquet takes place at Versailles.	53-8	
5-6 "	<i>March of the Women to Versailles</i> ('March of the Menads').	60-83	
	The King and Queen brought to Paris to the palace of the Tuileries.	83-5	
	The Constituent Assembly moves to Paris, and henceforth meets in the Salle de Manège (the old Riding School).	85	31-3
1789 Autumn	Flight of the nobles and other supporters of the Old Regime in increasing numbers.		
1790	The King and Queen are practically prisoners in the Tuileries.	[85]	
May	Ascendancy of Mirabeau.	[85]	
July	'The Feast of the Federation' in the Champ de Mars.	140	20
	The Constituent Assembly passes the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, establishing a State church.	96 ²	
Aug.	The King unwillingly gives the royal assent to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.	91 92 ¹	27
Dec.	The King unwillingly gives the royal assent to an edict requiring the clergy to swear fidelity to the Civil Constitution. Those who refuse ('non-jurors') are deprived of their positions.		
1791 2 April	Death of Mirabeau.	87-85	
	The Pope condemns the Civil Constitution of the clergy.		
	Large numbers of the clergy join the ranks of the non-jurors.		
20-6 June	<i>The Flight to Varennes</i> . The King and Queen attempt flight, but are stopped at Varennes and brought back to Paris.	99-128	
	The King temporarily suspended from his office until the new constitution comes into force.		

<i>Date</i>		<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>
1791 17 July	Republican demonstration in the Champ de Mars suppressed by Lafayette and Bailly.	127	20
27 Aug.	The Declaration of Pilnitz: Prussia and Austria, urged on by the émigrés, threaten armed intervention on behalf of the monarchy.		
3 Sept.	The new constitution (the Constitution of 1791), nominally retaining the monarchy, is passed.	[127]	
30 „	The Constituent Assembly disperses.	[127]	
1 Oct.	<i>The new Assembly, known as Legislative Assembly begins.</i> The King chooses his ministers from those in favour of the Limited Monarchy i.e. the constitutionalists, known as the Feuillants.	[127]	
8 „	Lafayette resigns command of the National Guard.		
16, 17 „	Massacre of anti-revolutionaries at Avignon.	131 ¹	
Nov.	The Legislative Assembly passes decrees against the émigrés and the non-juring clergy.		
Nov. Dec.	The King vetoes these decrees	133 138	8
1792 March	Fall of the Feuillant Ministry. The Girondins, moderate, constitutional republicans, in office. The Jacobins, extreme republicans, supported by the Paris mob, become increasingly powerful. The King and Queen are outwardly faithful to the Constitution, but they are secretly corresponding with Austria for the overthrow of the revolutionary government. They are however hostile to the émigrés who, they realize, are plotting to establish the power of the nobles at the expense of the power of the Crown. The Girondins want war with Austria because they believe it will reveal the duplicity of the King and Queen, lead to the downfall of the monarchy, and unite the country behind themselves and a republican form of government.	[127]	
		[127]	

CHRONOLOGICAL ABSTRACT

217

Date		Page	line
1792 April	<p><i>War declared on Austria.</i></p> <p>The Girondins prove inefficient in carrying on the war. Confusion in the army and military disasters in the Netherlands (which at this date belonged to Austria).</p> <p>The King and Queen believed to be in league with the enemy.</p>	[127]	
20 June	<p>The Paris mob invade the Tuileries and insult the King and Queen, but with no result owing to the King's calm demeanour.</p> <p>Lafayette and the Constitutionalists seek to maintain the Constitution and to preserve the monarchy.</p> <p>The Jacobins aim at the overthrow of the monarchy by violence as a prelude to seizing power themselves.</p> <p>The Girondins seek to preserve their own position and to prevent the Jacobin policy of violence.</p>	[127]	
11 July	The country declared in danger.		
25 "	Prussia declares war on France.	[127]	
27 "	<p><i>The Brunswick Manifesto</i> : The Prussian commander, the Duke of Brunswick, issues a Manifesto, threatening dire vengeance on Paris and the people of France if any harm befalls the royal family.</p>	138	
9 Aug.	<p>The Jacobins, led by Danton, Marat and Robespierre, secure control of the Municipal Government of Paris (the Commune).</p>	128	33
10 August	<p><i>The Insurrection of 10th August, (Dix-Aoit).</i> The mob, incited by the Jacobins, storm the Tuileries, and massacres the King's Swiss Guard. The King and Queen seek shelter in the Assembly. The turning-point of the Revolution : the victory of violence.</p> <p>The Legislative Assembly suspends the King from office, and convenes a new Assembly to decide on the future of the monarchy. The Commune secures control of the police, and of the persons of the King and Queen and confine them in the Temple prison.</p>	[128]	135

<i>Date</i>		<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>
1792	Lafayette and the Constitutionals are obliged to flee the country.	38 ^a	
	The Austrian and Prussian armies advance into France. The people of Paris in a state of panic. 'Unity of power was the evident need of the moment.....the creation of a power equal to the danger. The need was supplied by the new municipality' (i.e. the commune under Jacobin control). (Acton)	129 ^a 138	[128]
	Primary elections to the new assembly, the Convention begins. Fall of Verdun: the road to Paris open to the enemy.	129 ^a	
2-4 Sept.	<i>The September Massacres</i> : the prisons had been filled with priests, royalists, aristocrats and 'suspects'. Many hundreds of these prisoners are massacred at Danton's instigation in order to strike terror into the enemies of the Revolution and of the Jacobins. The elections continue.	128-38	
	Danton vigorously organizes the national defence.	[128]	
	The enemy halted.		
20 Sept.	<i>The Convention meets</i> : the stage is set for a trial of strength between the Jacobins and the Girondins.		
21 ..	<i>The Convention decrees the abolition of the monarchy: France becomes a republic.</i>	138	
	The Convention is divided over the question of the King's fate. The Jacobins are determined on his immediate execution. The Girondins are opposed to such an act both on moral grounds and because it would be a triumph for the Jacobins.	143 ^a	30-1
Oct.-Nov.	French military successes. The enemy withdraw.		
6 Nov.	French victory of Jemappes leads to the French (temporary) occupation of the Netherlands.		
	The Convention decrees the opening of river Scheldt.	152	5-6
Nov.-Dec.	<i>'Propaganda Decrees'</i> : the French army will help all people everywhere to rise against their rulers, and will proclaim the Sovereignty of the People wherever it goes.	151	28-9

CHRONOLOGICAL ABSTRACT

219

<i>Date</i>		<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>
1792	Annexation of Nice and Savoy. Revolutionary France is becoming aggressive : war becomes likely with England and Holland.		
11 Dec.	The trial of the King begins.	139	
		42	
1793 Jan.	The trial of the King continues.		
16-19 „	The voting on the question of the King's death.	142-6	
21 Jan.	<i>The execution of the King.</i>	146-52	
1 Feb.	<i>War with England and Holland, and later, Spain.</i>	151-2	
14 „	Catholic-royalist revolt in La Vendée (i.e. the west of France) ; largely inspired by the non-juring clergy.		
18 March	French defeated at Neerwinden. They evacuate the Netherlands.		
9-29 „	<i>The Revolutionary Tribunal set up</i> for the swift trial of suspects without right of appeal. Fouquier-Tinville is public prosecutor. Members of the Assembly cannot be arrested except by decree of the Assembly.	157 ¹	
5 April	Dumouriez, general of the army, a Girondin, goes over to the enemy.	152	34
6 „	<i>The Committee of Public Safety set up.</i> It becomes the real executive in the State. It contains no Girondins and is dominated by the Jacobins.	169 ¹	
May	Revolt against the Revolutionary Government in Lyons.		
26 May—	<i>Fall of Girondins : The Reign of Terror.</i>		
2 June	Those Girondins who escape organize revolt in Normandy without success.	152	36
		152	40
10 July	The Committee of Public Safety reorganized becomes the Great Committee of Public Safety : beginning of the decline of Danton's influence.		
13 „	Murder of Marat by Charlotte Corday	153-6	
17 „	Execution of Charlotte Corday.	156-9	
	The Jacobins reorganize the army and the administration, and the war is conducted with vigour.	[167]	
August	The English occupy the great naval base of Toulon.		

<i>Date</i>		<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>
1793 Sept.	The machinery of the Terror made more effective: the action of the Revolutionary Tribunal speeded up; the Revolutionary Army of Paris (6,000 ruffians) given legal status; private houses thrown open to search: the meetings of the Sections given powers of arrest, with payment to those who attend.		
17 Sept.	Law of suspects passed: it widens the powers of the Tribunal and the Sections and makes it possible to send almost anyone to the guillotine.		
Oct.—Dec.	French victories in the Netherlands.	167	35
3 Oct.	The Girondins imprisoned.		
14 „	Trial of the Queen.	159–60	
16 „	Execution of the Queen.	161–2	
	Execution of Mme Du Barry, former mistress of Louis XV	162	
31 „	Execution of the Girondins.	163–71	
Nov.	Reign of Terror in Lyons		
6 „	Execution of Philippe (Egalite) 'd' Orleans.	162–4	
	Decree for the suppression of Christian worship	175	23
10 „	Festival of Reason in the Cathedral Church of Paris, Notre-Dame.		
	Execution of Mme Roland.	165–6	
12 „	Execution of Bailly.	166–7	
24 „	A new Calendar adopted to date from 22 September 1792.	174 ¹	
Dec.	Rebellion in La Vendée crushed.	[160]	
	Toulon recaptured; first exploit of Napoleon.	173 ¹	
1794 March	Robespierre and Danton combine for the overthrow of Hébert and his followers.		
24 „	Execution of Hébert and his followers	[168]	
	Danton favours relaxing the policy of terror now that, owing to the military successes, France is safe from enemies.	[168]	
	Robespierre conspires against Danton and his followers.	168–9	
31 March	Danton and Camille Desmoulins arrested and tried.	170–3	

<i>Date</i>		<i>Page lin.</i>
1794 5 April	Danton and Desmoulins executed. Robespierre virtually Dictator : The Great Terror.	173-4 [177]
7 May	Belief in a Supreme Being decreed.	175
8 June	Festival of the Supreme Being.	174-7
10 „	Law of the 22nd Prairial increases the powers of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and lays members of the Convention open to arbitrary arrest.	[177]
25 „	French victory at Fleurus in the Nether- lands.	177 24
27-28 July	<i>Fall and death of Robespierre.</i>	[177] 178-81
(9-10 Ther- midor)	Robespierre's followers sent to the guillo- tine. The commune of Paris abolished. Revolutionary Tribunal suspended.	181
Nov.	Jacobin club closed.	
Dec.	Girondins supporters readmitted to the Convention	
1795 5 Oct. (113 Vendemi- aire)	Revolt in Paris against the Convention quelled by Napoleon with 'a whiff of grapeshot'.	
26 Oct.	<i>The Convention dissolved. New Consti- tution : the Directorate, (or Directory)</i>	181
1796-7	Napoleon's victorious campaign in North Italy : Austria defeated.	
May	Socialist rising of Babœuf suppressed.	181
1797 4 Sept. (18 Fructidor)	Coup d'état organized by Napoleon by which the royalist elements are ejected from the council.	181
9 Nov. (18 Brumaire)	Napoleon carries out a coup d'état and reorganizes the government as a thinly disguised dictatorship.	181
Dec.	<i>The Consulate established with Napoleon as First Consul.</i>	181
1802	Napoleon becomes First Consul for life.	
1804	<i>The Empire : Napoleon becomes here- ditary Emperor of the French.</i>	
1814	Fall of Napoleon. <i>Restoration of the Bourbons : Louis XVIII (Brother of Louis XVI)</i>	
1815	The Hundred Days : Napoleon lands in France : Waterloo. Napoleon exiled to St. Helena.	

<i>Date</i>		<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>
1824	Death of Louis XVIII. Accession of Charles X (another brother of Louis XVI; formerly leader of the émigrés) Policy of Reaction.		
1830	The July Revolution: deposition of Charles X. <i>Louis Philippe</i> , the Citizen King (son of Philippe Égalité).		
1848	<i>Revolution</i> : deposition of Louis Philippe. The Second Republic: Louis Napoleon, nephew of Napoleon, elected President.		
1852	Louis Napoleon proclaimed Emperor as <i>Napoleon III</i> . <i>The Second Empire</i> .		
1870	The Franco-Prussian war, Napoleon III defeated at Sedan, abdicates.		
1871	The outbreak of the Commune in Paris, suppressed by the Provisional Government.		
1875	<i>A new Constitution: The Third Republic</i> .		

